

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,582

MARCH 24, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

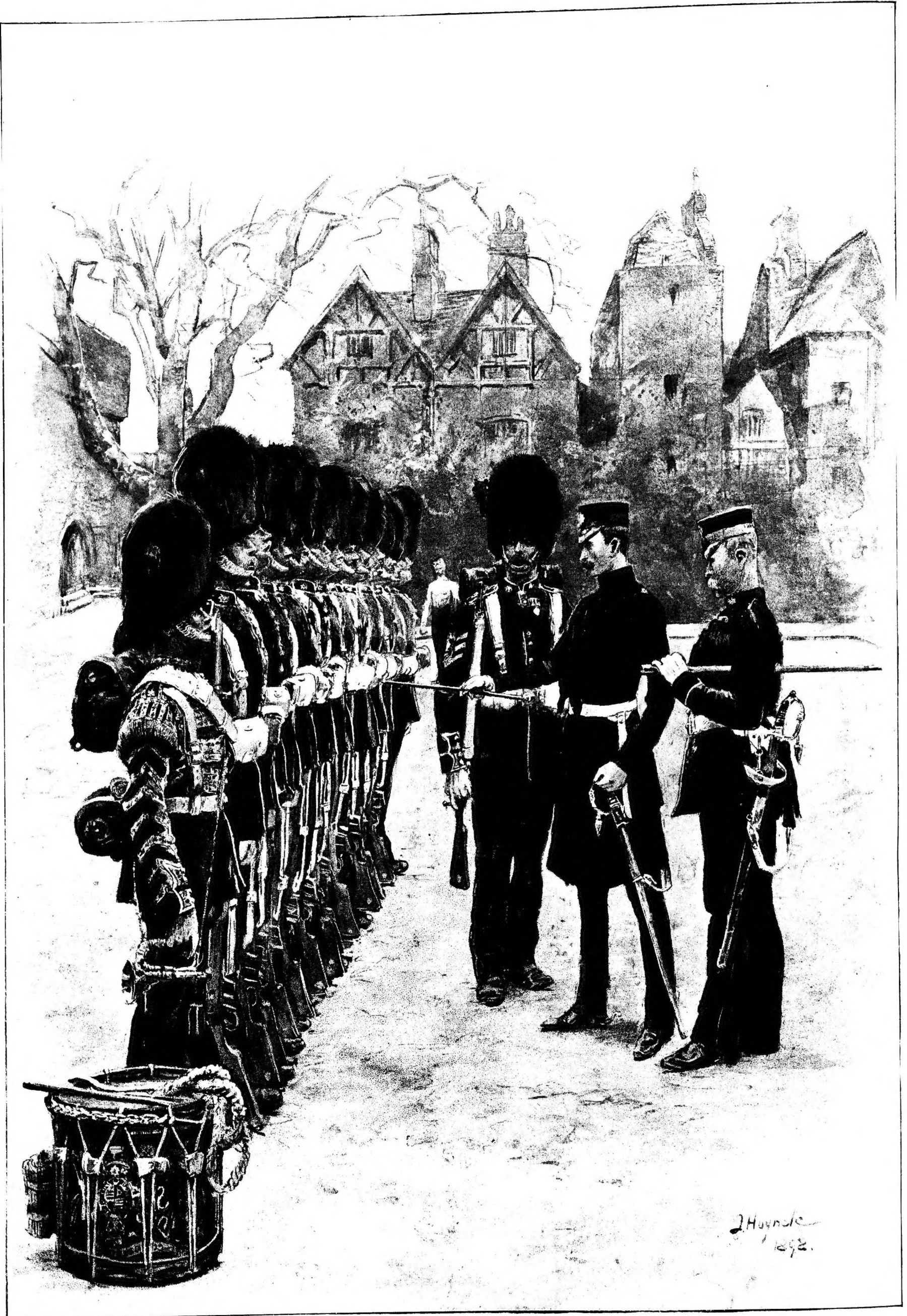
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON



THE ADJUTANT INSPECTING THE GUARD
MILITARY SKETCHES IN LONDON: THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS AT THE TOWER
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY J. HOYNCK

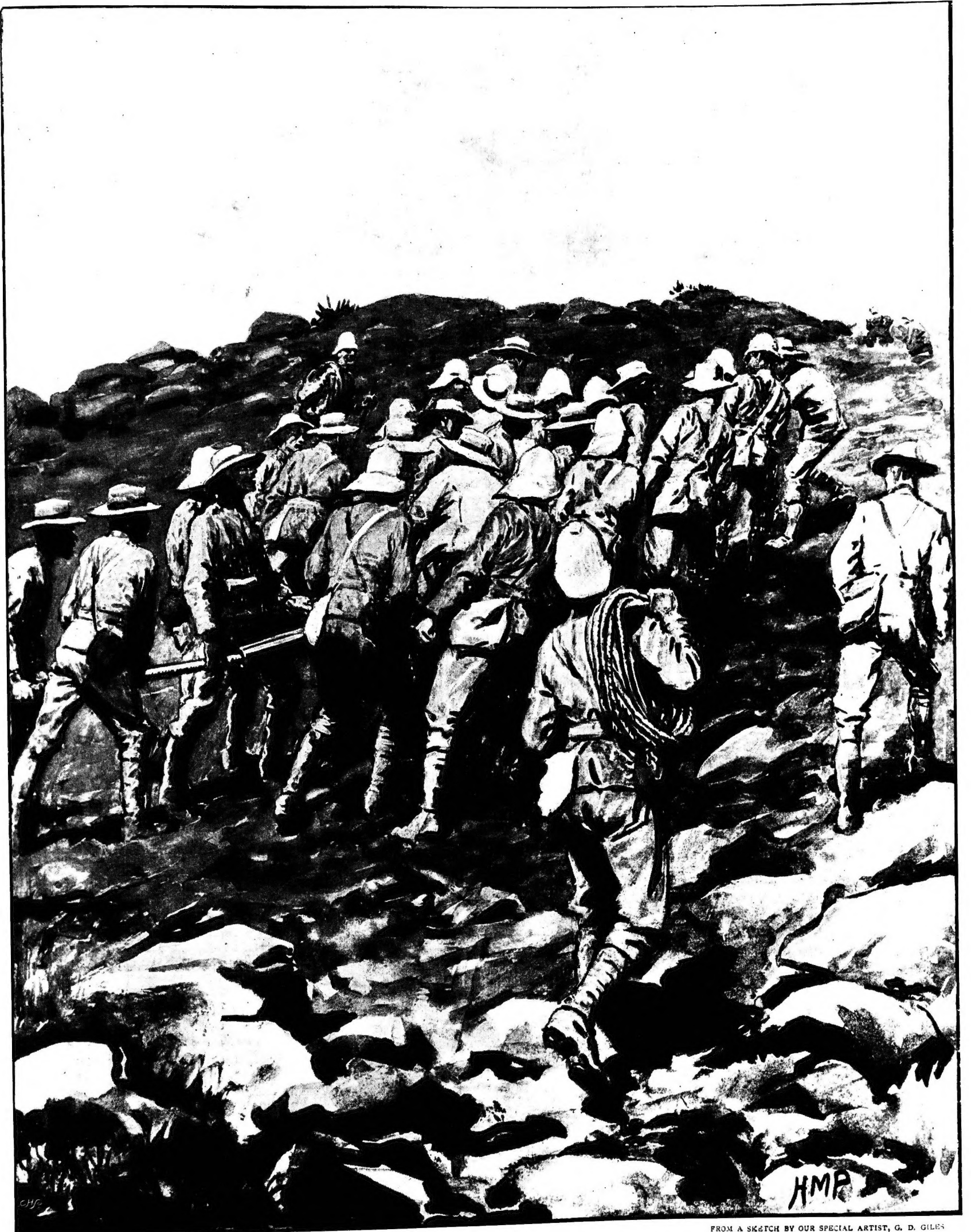
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,582.—VOL. LXI.
Registered as a Newspaper] EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1900

WITH FOUR SUPPLEMENTS:
Three Double Pages—"The Dash for Kimberley,"
and "Guards at the Tower" [EIGHTEENPENCE



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

DRAWN BY H. M. JAGET

When nearing the Modder River, on his famous march, General French's first care was to take steps for covering the passage of the division by Klip Drift. To that end orders were given for a 12-pounder naval gun to be placed at the top of a kopje dominating a ridge, and commanding the river. The bluejackets got cheerily to work, but before they had got far with their big gun, one of the wheels of the carriage collapsed

beyond possibility of quick mending. With little delay the resourceful sailors, with the willing assistance of men of the Oxford Light Infantry, lifted the 12-pounder bodily from the damaged carriage, and hauled and dragged and carried it over broken and constantly rising ground a distance of two miles to the summit of the kopje.

A GRAND EXPLOIT: THE "HANDY MEN" CARRYING A GUN TO THE TOP OF A KOPJE ON THE WAY TO KIMBERLEY

Topics of the Week

ALTHOUGH the war is not yet over—not even half over—it is perhaps not premature to think a little of the task which will confront this country when the Union Jack waves over Pretoria, and all resistance on the part of the Boers is at an end. There are not a few people who regard the Flag at Pretoria as the end—the final triumph which will compensate us for all the blood and treasure we have so freely poured forth during the last few months. That is the view of the shouting Jingo, not of the statesman. The mere sense and symbol of victory are a poor satisfaction for the loss of thousands of lives and for the sorrow and devastation otherwise caused by the war. The real compensation for the sacrifices we have made will have to be sought in the work of reconstruction that must follow annexation—a reconstruction which must bear steadily in view the making of a great, prosperous, happy and united Dominion in South Africa. The planting of the Flag at Pretoria will only be the symbol of the beginning of this great enterprise. In the whole of our Colonial history we have had no more difficult task to deal with. We have had to rule disaffected black men in great numbers, and we have succeeded in transforming them into orderly and even loyal communities by methods which left no other alternative. We have ruled minorities of white aliens, and we have secured their confidence if not all their affection. Never before, however, have we grappled with the task of Anglicising a great colony peopled with a majority of alien whites, all hostile to us, and the majority embittered by the loss of national independence. This is what we have to do in South Africa, and the prospect is not rendered any the more alluring when we remember that in Cape Colony itself we have not yet entirely conciliated the Dutch, though generations have passed since they became British subjects. For the solution of this problem we can do nothing except pursue a policy of justice and generosity. It is to be hoped that once the stimulus of national ambitions and aspirations in the shape of the Republics has been removed the practical good sense of a Teutonic people will induce them to bow to the inevitable. The work of reconstruction will, however, not be limited to the conciliation of the conquered. If the permanent welfare of South Africa is to be served in a statesmanlike way, and in a way which will help the Empire at large, some measures must be taken to promote British emigration to the country on a larger scale, and to render the agricultural conditions favourable to the support of a large British population. The present basis of South African prosperity is ephemeral. It is dependent on mining deposits which may last a few more decades, or perhaps even a century, but when they are gone the country will be a very poor one unless steps are taken to promote and develop its agriculture. A wise agricultural policy, combined with a skilful emigration system, will make South Africa not only permanently prosperous, but permanently British. Finally, there is the purely political question of Federation. This must not be lost sight of by our statesmen, even in the preliminary stages of the settlement which will follow the war. Whenever it is taken seriously in hand it will be a complicated and difficult business, but much may be done to facilitate it when the forms of local government for the Transvaal and the Orange Free State are decided upon. These are the three great tasks which await us after annexation; they are tasks which will tax all our colonial experience, and will occupy the best energies of our statesmen for at least a generation.

Financing the War THE War Loan, as everybody anticipated, has been a brilliant success. The sum asked for was 30,000,000l.; the sum offered is 335,000,000l. No doubt part of this success is due to the favourable conditions offered to the large investor. Looked at from the point of view of a person who is in the habit of buying Consols, "Khakis," on the terms laid down by the Government, were a distinctly good investment. But nowadays it is only bankers and big capitalists who buy Consols; smaller men look about for

something equally safe giving a better return, and to them "Khakis" would appear only a small fraction better than Consols. It is only possible, therefore, to explain the large number of small applications on the hypothesis that many persons subscribed, not for pecuniary, but for patriotic motives. There were altogether no fewer than 30,800 applicants for sums between 100l. and 1,000l., and probably most of these, if they had looked at the question from a strictly business point of view, would have preferred some other investment. Nevertheless, those small investors who get a considerable allotment will not do badly. As soon as the war is over, Khakis, like all other securities, are almost certain to rise, and if the patriotic investor is wise enough to sell at the right moment he will secure a comfortable premium. This calculation turns, of course, on the assumption that the end of the war expenditure is already in sight, and in view of the splendid progress of the past fortnight that assumption may be regarded as perfectly safe. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach estimated for a total war expenditure of about 60,000,000l., and he stated that this was based on the calculation that the forces now in South Africa would have to remain there till the end of September. But if, as now seems probable, the war should be over by the beginning or middle of May, it will surely be possible to very largely reduce the South African Army long before September. On the other hand, no provision has yet been made in the Estimates for the force that will be required to remain as a permanent garrison, nor for the very large sums that will have to be paid as compensation to loyal colonists whose homes have been brutally destroyed by the idyllic and peace-loving Boer. Both these items ought ultimately to fall upon the people responsible for the war, but it is as yet quite uncertain how much revenue can justly be drawn out of the gold mines, or out of the other resources of South Africa. The only possible procedure is for the United Kingdom to bear the whole cost at the outset, in the hope of gradually recovering a considerable part of it.

Zubier Pasha at Khartoum ZUBEIR PASHA'S visit to Khartoum, with the willing consent of the Khedive and Lord Cromer, recalls a very painful memory. When Gordon found himself sorely beset by the Dervishes, he recognised that if there was any human agency which could save the doomed city, it was that of the ex-slave king whom he had previously deported to Cairo. Zubeir Pasha's personal influence and prestige in the Soudan were still almost equal to those of the Mahdi, there were some, indeed, who conceived that he and his confederates were prime movers in the outburst of Mahomedan fanaticism. Be that as it may, the Mahdists had got far beyond his control, and there is strong evidence in favour of the assumption that he would have rendered loyal help to Gordon in saving Khartoum from its impending fate. Unhappily, Mr. Gladstone took a sentimental view of the matter; it went against his humanitarian principles and might possibly shock the Non-conformist conscience if he sent back to the Soudan a man who had so distinguished himself as a slave dealer and slave raider. There was, of course, just a chance that Zubeir would have played a traitorous part by siding with the Dervishes, but, even in that case, the British hero would have been no worse off than before; the situation was so desperate that nothing less than a desperate remedy would suffice. Moreover, Zubeir held Gordon in the highest personal esteem, and was sufficiently patriotic to desire the rescue of the Soudan from that worst of all possible tyrannies, a spiritual despotism founded on and supported by the sword. In all likelihood, therefore, this aged chief will give loyal help to Sir Francis Wingate in the re-constitution of Soudanese society on new and much improved lines.

Indian Income and Expenditure INDIAN finance must be in an exceptionally robust condition to have stood the terrible strain of famine relief expenditure without producing a deficit. Judging from the foreshadowings of the forthcoming Budget which have appeared that seems likely to prove the case. With the exception of the land revenue, which is necessarily diminished, by wholesale remissions to the State's tenants, all the principal receipts are substantially augmented. Even opium, which has been in a staggering condition for some years, comes to the rescue of the State, while owing to the commercial and industrial prosperity of India until the famine set in, railway traffic receipts are exceptionally large. The South African war, too, has proved quite a godsend to India; a saving of more than a quarter of a million sterling will, it is believed, result by the end of the present financial year from the despatch of 8,000 British troops from Bombay to Natal. In fine, the outlook, although still as black as ever from the standpoint of human suffering, has its rays of light for the Minister of Finance. It should not be imagined, however, that there is no farther need for British help. Even if the Calcutta Treasury were overrunning with riches, instead of being merely able to balance income with expenditure, there would remain very wide scope for charity in re-establishing the destitute homes of the ryots, in replacing their dead cattle, in furnishing them with seed, and, above all, in permanently providing for the thousands of helpless widows and orphans whose breadwinners have been swept away by diseases incidental to famine.

The Court

AFTER a short rest at Windsor, the Queen has been carrying out her public duties with renewed energy. Another inspection of Guards going to the front, the visit to Woolwich, and birthday celebrations at the Castle have entailed a good deal of exertion, for which Her Majesty is, happily, none the worse. St. Patrick's Day was kept at Court with special honours, the Queen herself setting the example of wearing shamrock. A loyal Irish woman had sent Her Majesty a lovely Irish harp made out of shamrock, so the Queen picked off a sprig and wore it all day. The Princesses, the Royal children, and the Household also donned the national emblem, whilst the band of the 1st Life Guards played Irish airs whilst the Royal party were at lunch. Further the day happened to be the fourteenth birthday of Princess Patricia of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess's younger daughter, who is staying with her sister at the Castle. Prince Arthur of Connaught came from Eton to lunch, and there was a dinner-party in the young Princess's honour in the evening, followed by a concert from the Queen's band. Another birthday fell next day, that of Princess Louise, who came to spend the anniversary with the Queen. Every evening there has been a small dinner-party at the Castle, Her Majesty's private band usually playing after dinner.

As the Queen had not been to Woolwich for many years past the announcement of the Royal visit aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Her Majesty was to leave the train at Blackheath, so the long drive to the Herbert Hospital should give ample opportunity for the residents to see the Royal party. The Queen had never seen the hospital, which now contains some 400 patients invalided home from the war.

From present appearances the Queen's visit to Ireland promises to bring forth a most enthusiastic display of loyalty. It is nearly forty years since Her Majesty last trod Irish soil, and the Irish people are in the highest glee at the prospect of having their Sovereign amongst them for a fortnight or three weeks. Indeed, the difficulty is to prevent the Queen from being overwhelmed by too much enthusiasm and ceremony, as Her Majesty does not wish to make her visit a State affair; other towns are pleading for a share of the Royal favour, especially Belfast; and addresses of welcome are being planned on all sides. The Queen's portrait and patriotic emblems fill the Dublin shop-windows, and the City means to decorate bravely for the Royal arrival. Leaving Holyhead in the Royal Yacht on Tuesday morning, April 3, under a naval escort, the Queen will reach Kingstown the same evening, and sleep on board the yacht in harbour. The Channel Squadron is to assemble at Kingstown to greet Her Majesty. The entry into Dublin will take place next morning, the Queen receiving the addresses from Kingstown and the City of Dublin on her visit to the Viceregal Lodge, where Her Majesty will stay. During the visit the Queen will make long excursions into the surrounding country, but Her Majesty wishes to avoid State functions as much as possible.

Meanwhile Dublin has welcomed the Duke and Duchess of Connaught very warmly. The Duke's first public act as Commander-in-Chief was to preside over the trooping of the colour at the Castle on St. Patrick's Day, when both Duke and Duchess wore the shamrock. This ceremony over, the Duke and Duchess went to Baldoyle races, where the Prince of Wales's horse, "Ambush II.," won the National Hunt Flat Race. The Duke and Duchess were also present at the Viceregal reception on the eve of St. Patrick's Day.

Certainly Ireland is to the fore in Court ceremonies just now, for the most important duty performed by the Prince and Princess of Wales during the past week was the visit to the city to open the Sale of the Irish Industries Association, held this year at the Mansion House. Crowds welcomed the Prince and Princess, whose visit made the sale an unparalleled success. They bought largely at every stall—lace, woollen materials, knitted goods—chiefly soldiers' comforts, woodwork, embroideries, basket work and the like, the Prince as a smoker, showing especial interest in the efforts at tobacco culture in Ireland. The Prince and Princess remain in town for the present, but the Duke and Duchess of York have gone back to Sandringham to join their children. On April 25 next the Prince will have been Grand Master of English Freemasons for just a quarter of a century, and will then be re-installed in the office.

Princess Christian's hospital train has begun its work in South Africa. It was put together at Durban, and after a trial trip was despatched to Ladysmith.

King Christian of Denmark keeps his eighty-second birthday on the 8th proximo, but it is doubtful whether the Princess of Wales will be with her father for the anniversary as originally intended. The King is in wonderfully good health, and is planning a trip to the Paris Exhibition. If this comes off he may visit England when so near at hand.

NOW READY.

WITH "B.P." IN MAFEKING

A SPECIAL NUMBER

OF

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC"

Containing a History of the Siege of Mafeking, profusely illustrated, mostly by sketches made by officers of the beleaguered garrison and smuggled through the Boer lines by native runners.

This number is quite distinct from, and in addition to, the ordinary issue of the "Daily Graphic," and forms a complete history of one of the most heroic defences in British history.

Price ONE PENNY. Post Free, TWOPENCE.

THE MOST POPULAR NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

In ADDITION to the usual Telegraphic News from Natal,
"THE DAILY GRAPHIC"

Contains SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS from Special Artists and Photographers at the Front.

AN ILLUSTRATED ACCOUNT OF THE WAR
FOR ONE PENNY PER DAY.

Copies of the Special Number, "THE SIEGE OF LADY-SMITH," can still be obtained. Price Twopence, post free, from the Publisher.

"One of the ablest and most impartial of our daily press,"—The RIGHT HON. EARL NORTHBROOK, G.C.S.I., in the *Nineteenth Century* for March.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S GRAPHIC are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom, 4d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 1d. FOR EVERY 2 OZ. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

THE GRAPHIC (6d.)

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE GRAPHIC	Edition.	Yearly, including Summer & Xmas Nos.	Half-Yearly, including Summer or Xmas No.	Quarterly, No extras.
UNITED KINGDOM	Thick	s. d. 31 0	s. d. 15 6	s. d. 7 1
	de Luxe	45 0	22 6	10 4
TO ANY OTHER PART OF THE WORLD	Medium Thick	37 6	18 9	8 8
	Home Thick	39 8	19 10	9 8
	de Luxe	58 0	29 0	13 6

There is a Thin-paper Edition printed, the rate for which abroad is 3s. per annum; but as the appearance of the illustrations on this paper is so inferior in comparison subscribers are particularly invited to order any of the editions quoted above in preference.

All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publishers, THE GRAPHIC OFFICE, 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

TITLE AND INDEX to *The Graphic*, Volume 60, will be sent free to any address. Also Cases for binding the new Volume are now ready. Prices, blue cloth, gilt, 4s., or plain, 3s. Postage 6d. extra. Application to the Publishers.

THE DAILY GRAPHIC WEEKLY PART.

PRICE SIXPENCE. POSTAGE, 4½d.

This Weekly Part of *The Daily Graphic*, bound and stitched in a red cover, contains the Six Daily Issues from Saturday to Friday, and is ready in time for all Outward Mails on Friday Evening.

To those readers living in remote places, where there is only one Mail a week, this Weekly Issue will be found a very useful and convenient form in which to receive *The Daily Graphic*.

Each Part contains nearly 100 Illustrations of Current Events, and all the News of the Week.

Our Special Artist Correspondents at the Seat of War in South Africa remit Sketches of Battles and Descriptive Matter by each Mail from South Africa. This enables readers to obtain a full and concise Illustrated Record of the Boer War.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—

Three Months	11s. od.
Six „	22s. od.
Twelve „	43s. 6d.

PAYABLE WITH ORDER.

OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—Paris Office: 24, Cité Trevisz, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements and Electros should be addressed.

HOW THE TELEGRAPH IS USED IN WAR

(Fully Illustrated)

is the title of a most interesting article, written by a British Officer who has most intimate knowledge of the subject, in this week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

This journal still gives the best pictorial account of the war, of all the popular publications, and in addition has a wealth of readable matter on general topics, finely illustrated.

Great numbers of people make a point of seeing *The Golden Penny* regularly, merely because of the

ILLUSTRATED INVENTION NOTES,

which keep the reader abreast of the times in the matter of the new ideas which are constantly being brought out in the mechanical world. This week, for instance, an invention is described and illustrated which renders milk absolutely pure and free from microbes. The use of the searchlight at fires is also illustrated in a striking way.

Stories, Anecdotes, Birthday Notes, Humorous Verse, Football Competitions, Portraits, Diagrams, Stirring Drawings.

NOTICE TO TRAVELLERS.

"THE GRAPHIC," "DAILY GRAPHIC," OR "GOLDEN PENNY" WILL BE SENT POST FREE BY THE FIRST MORNING MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS IN FRANCE, ITALY, GERMANY, OR THE CONTINENT GENERALLY, FOR ONE MONTH AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:—

"THE GRAPHIC," 2s. 8d.; "THE DAILY GRAPHIC," 4s. 4d.; "THE GOLDEN PENNY," 8d.

A DAILY AND WEEKLY COMFORT TO THOSE AWAY FROM HOME.

OFFICE: 190, STRAND, LONDON.

ORIENT LINE OF

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, TO AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, and TASMANIA.

UNDER CONTRACT TO SAIL EVERY FORTNIGHT WITH HER MAJESTY'S MAIL. Calling at Gibraltar, Marseilles, Naples, Egypt, and Colombo.

	Tons		Tons
AUSTRAL	5,524	ORIZABA	6,297
OMRAH (Twin Screw)	8,291	OROTAVA	5,857
OPHIR (Twin Screw)	6,910	ORMUZ	6,387
ORTONA (Twin Screw)	8,000	OROYA	6,297
ORIENT	5,365	ORUBA	5,857

Managers { F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices: ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. } Fenchurch Avenue, London. For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

LONDON, BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. PARIS, THE RIVIERA, AND ITALY, VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE AND ROUEN. The Cheapest Route, 21-knot Steamers. The Royal Mail Route. Two Express Service from London daily, 10.0 a.m. and 8.50 p.m. Through Bookings and Registration of Baggage. Full Particulars of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

ROYAL MAIL ROUTE TO HOLLAND HARWICH-HOOK ROUTE

TO THE CONTINENT daily (Sundays included). QUICKEST ROUTE TO HOLLAND AND CHEAPEST TO GERMANY. EXPRESS SERVICE TO NORWAY, DENMARK AND SWEDEN. RESTAURANT CARS and THROUGH CARRIAGES to the North and South German Express Trains to and from the Hook. HARWICH-ANTWERP Route for Brussels, etc., every Weekday. COMBINATION TICKETS (Rundreise System), CHEAP THROUGH TICKETS and Tours to all parts of the Continent. From London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. for the Hook of Holland, and at 8.40 p.m. for Antwerp. Direct service to Harwich, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant Car between York and Harwich. The Great Eastern Railway Company's Steamers are steel twin-screw vessels lighted throughout by electricity, and sail under the British Flag. HAMBURG, via Harwich by G.S.N. Co.'s S.S. Wednesdays and Saturdays. Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

C.P.R. OCEAN SERVICES AND ROUND THE WORLD TRIPS.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND } From Vancouver every Month. and HAWAII. } YOKOHAMA (INLAND SEA). } From Vancouver every Three Weeks. SHANGHAI, HONG KONG. } For tickets, free pamphlets, apply Passenger Dept., Canadian Pacific Railway, 67, King William Street, London Bridge, E.C., or 30, Cockspur Street, S.W. Agency of Allan, American, Cunard, Dominion, N.Z. Shipping, Norddeutscher, Orient, P. and O., Shaw Savill, White Star, &c.

JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, AND AROUND THE WORLD.

The MAGNIFICENT STEAMERS of the PACIFIC MAIL, OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL, and TOYO KISEN KAISHA STEAMSHIP COMPANIES from SAN FRANCISCO. FOUR SAILINGS MONTHLY. CHOICE of any ATLANTIC LINE to NEW YORK, thence by picturesque routes of the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. COMPREHENSIVE TOURS arranged allowing stops at points of interest. For Pamphlets, Time Schedules, and Tickets, apply to Ismay, Imrie and Co., 30, James Street, Liverpool; 34, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.; or Rud. Falck, General European Agent, London. City Offices, 49, Leadenhall Street, E.C. West End, 18, Cockspur Street, S.W.; and 25, Water Street, Liverpool.

P. & O. COMPANY'S INDIA, CHINA, & AUSTRALIAN MAIL SERVICES.

P. & O. FREQUENT SAILINGS TO GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, MALTA, EGYPT, ADEN, BOMBAY, KURRACHEE, CALCUTTA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, and NEW ZEALAND.

P. & O. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS & ROUND THE WORLD TOURS.—For particulars apply at the London Office, 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

TOURS IN CANADA.

Express Trains. Dining and Sleeping Cars. Grand Mountain Scenery. Swiss Guides in the Great Glaciers. Fishing, Shooting and First-class Hotels. For tickets, free pamphlets, apply Passenger Department. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, 67, KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C., OR 30, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W. Agency of Allan, American, Cunard, Dominion, Norddeutscher, White Star, &c.

A SUMMER CRUISE TO SOUTHERN SEAS.

An expedition is now fitting out to sail to the Southern Ocean, visiting some almost unknown and very interesting Islands. Good sport can be had. The vessel has accommodation for four passengers. Will sail about the middle of April. A most enjoyable cruise, either for health or sport. For particulars address Dawson and Co., 9, Pancras Lane, London, E.C.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, MILLBANK S.W.

Open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. Free. Students' Days, Thursdays and Fridays, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission 6d.

GEO. REES' GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, SAVOY HOUSE, 115, STRAND (Corner of Savoy Street).

ENGRAVINGS and ETCHINGS SUITABLE for WEDDING PRESENTS "Rising Tide," Peter Graham, R.A.; "In the Hayfield," B. W. Leader, R.A.; "The Duel," Rosa Bonheur; "Summer Slumbers," Lord Leighton, P.R.A.; "Speak, Speak!" Sir John Millais, P.R.A.; "Hero," Alma-Tadema, R.A.; "His Last Furlow," Herbert Dicksee; "Nearly Done," W. Dendy, R.A.; "His First Birthday," Fred Morgan; "The Queen's Birthday," Sadler; "His First Birthday," Meissonier; "La Rixe," Meissonier; A. Drummond; "Two Connoisseurs," Meissonier; "Otter-Hunting," George Earl; "Salmon Clematis," Norman Hunt; "The Queen's Birthday," Meissonier; "Sing Poaching," Douglas Adams; "Diana and Callisto," A. C. Gow, R.A.; "Unto the Lord," Mary Groves; "The Lost Cause," A. C. Gow, R.A.; "Going Down the Wind," A. Thorburn.—GEO. REES' NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE 3d., sent to any part of the world.

LYCEUM.—Mr. F. R. BENSON. SHAKESPEARE SEASON. March 23, 24, 26, 27, and 28, at 8. TWELFTH NIGHT, and MATINEE, Saturday, March 24, at 2. Box Office (Mr. H. Scarisbrick) 10 to 10.

HAYMARKET.—SHE STOOFS TO CONQUER. at 3 and 8.50 (Last Performances). 2.15 and 8. THE BUGLE CALL. TUESDAY NEXT, March 27, THE RIVALS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE. EVERY EVENING, at 8, Shakespeare's A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. (With the whole of Mendelssohn's Music.) MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2. Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open from 10 to 10. HER MAJESTY'S.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE. Sole Lessee, Mr. J. H. LEIGH. Under the Management of Mr. MARTIN HARVEY. EVERY EVENING, at 8. DON JUAN'S LAST WAGER. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open daily 10 to 10. Telephone, 3,700 Gerrard. MATINEES of THE ONLY WAY every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.9.

THE LONDON HIPPODROME, CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. Managing Director, Mr. H. F. MOSS. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m. THE MOST ATTRACTIVE AND UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.

EARLY PERFORMANCES, 11.0 a.m. THE WORLD'S GREAT SHOW, 2.10 and 7.10.

AN ENORMOUS SHOW: Adelina Antonia, the Marvellous Continental Gymnast, concludes an Extraordinary Performance with a Double Backward Somersault from the roof. Mlle. D'Audlin, the only Lady Sword Swallower in the world, who will conclude a Series of Extraordinary Feats, Swallowing a 16 Candle Power Electric Lamp alight; "Fritz," Continental Sword Swallower, will Swallow a Watch, which will be heard ticking in his inside; Angelotti, the remarkable Hungarian Protean Artist, 45 changes in 28 minutes. Francis and Melli, Comical Clown Instrumentalists; the SWALLOW Sensational Rifle Shots, Male and Female; BOWIE BILL and the WHITE SQUAW; ROSENO, Character Sketches from Dickens; Frank and Amy MAJILTON, Comical Juggling Comedians; KATIE KYRLE, Ballad Vocalist; the Japanese CHIYOKICHIS, Sword and Rope Walkers; the "CORRIS" Duetists and Dancers; Jeannette LATOUR, Vocalist; the WOELLHAFFS, Statue Dancers. Eccentric Pierrots, and Pantomimists; Marian DARE, Indian Club and Sword Act; Laurie WALLIS, Transformation Dancer; WILLIS, Conjuror; Charles ROSE, Acrobatic Clog Dancer; Will JUDGE, Clog and Chair Dancer; Billie TAYLOR, Comedian; Maud STUART, Serio; DUVALO, Contortionist; the GARDEN QUINTETTE, Scotch Dancers; Louise AGNESE, Irish Vocalist; the EVALO Troupe, Comical Turks. During the Afternoon and Evening Performances, Miss Annie LUKER'S Great Dive from the Roof, &c., &c. ALL FREE.

See the Grand SWIMMING ENTERTAINMENT and Prof. CLIFFORD'S Long-distance Swim Under Water, at 6.0 and 10.0; the Great Fight; ZEO'S Maze and Harem, &c.

NOTICE.—THE GREAT FISHERIES EXHIBITION now on view will close on the 6th prox. No Extra Charge, and all Entertainments as usual.

OPEN FROM 10 A.M. TILL 11 P.M.

THE WORLD'S GREAT SHOW, 2.10 AND 7.10.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.—St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, and Regent Street, W. THE PRESENT GIANTIC PROGRAMME, A TREMENDOUS HIT. The Funnist Programme in the World. Nightly, at 8. Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 and 8.

WE HAVE BEEN ADVISED

by

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

(Mr. W. T. Maud),

Recently released from

LADYSMITH,

that a

GREAT NUMBER

of

SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS

of the

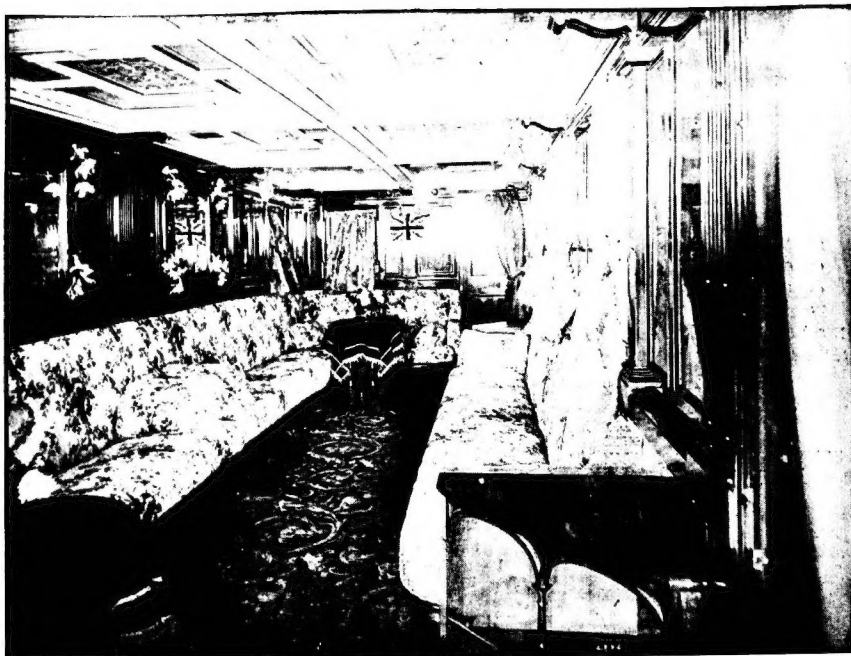
SIEGE

are now on the way.

These will appear in the pages of

THE GRAPHIC.

Ready Every Friday.



THE DUCHESS OF TECK'S BOUDOIR ON THE "DUNOTTAR CASTLE"



LADY ROBERTS'S BOUDOIR ON THE "DUNOTTAR CASTLE"

Lieutenant-Colonel Stacpole

Sir Donald Currie

LADY ROBERTS LEAVING FOR THE FRONT.

ON Saturday morning a most distinguished company thronged Waterloo Station to bid good-bye to Lady Roberts, who, with her two daughters, the Hon. Aileen and the Hon. Ada Roberts, has left for the Cape to join her husband and to visit the grave of her only son, the Hon. F. Roberts, V.C., who died after fighting so bravely at Colenso. In addition to Lady Roberts the Duchess of Teck was leaving to join her husband at the front, together with her two sisters the Marchioness of Ormonde and Lady Chesham, while another passenger was Sir Frederick Carrington on his way to assume his command. Amongst those assembled to bid good-bye to Lady Roberts was the Lord Mayor, who wished her a safe voyage and a speedy return on behalf of the Corporation, and presented her with a bunch of sham-



Sir Baker Russell Lady Roberts Lady Currie The Duchess of Teck Lady Chesham The Marchioness of Ormonde

A GROUP ON THE "DUNOTTAR CASTLE"

rock, in honour of St. Patrick's Day. At Southampton Lady Roberts was received by Sir Donald and Lady Currie, General Sir Baker Russell and his staff, and taken on board the *Dunottar Castle* by Sir Donald, a hearty reception awaiting them on board.

Every care has been taken to ensure comfort to the travellers. One of the State rooms on the upper deck, set apart for the Duchess of Teck, had a pleasing arrangement of pink roses, various white flowers, violets, shamrock, and trailing greenery; while the Princess's sitting-room at the back of the music-room was similarly decorated. The cabins of Lady Roberts and her daughters, immediately aft of the dining saloon, had likewise received attention, and were made bright and cheerful with flowers relieved with the bright green of the shamrock. It is an interesting fact that Lord Roberts, when on his way out to South Africa in the *Dunottar Castle*, selected for Lady Roberts and his two daughters the cabins which they should occupy on their voyage.



A correspondent with General French's column writes:—"Eight miles from Kimberley we got a message by heliograph from the besieged: 'The Boers are shelling the town.' We signalled: 'This is General French, coming to relief of Kimberley.' Thinking it might be the Boers who were signalling, the besieged flashed the

query: 'What regiment are you?' Our reply satisfied them that the long-looked-for relief was at hand. The Boers fled before our advance, and we rode into Kimberley unopposed."

RELIEF IN SIGHT: COLONEL KEKEWICH AND HIS STAFF WATCHING COLONEL FRENCH APPROACHING KIMBERLEY

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

Two Prophets

To a New York journal, on the day after the capture of Bloemfontein by Lord Roberts, President Kruger cabled, "The British will never reach Pretoria." To a friend, at the time of Lord Roberts's departure from England to assume supreme command in South Africa, Lord Wolseley said: "Roberts will enter Bloemfontein on or about the 15th March, and he will raise the British flag at Pretoria, say on the 15th May." Lord Wolseley had already won signal fame as a military prophet. Unfolding a map on the eve of his departure for that country in 1882, and pointing to Tel-el-Kebir, he said that he would engage and beat the army of Arabi Pasha there about the 13th September, and he kept his word to the very letter. As to the respective claims, therefore, of "Oom Paul" and our Commander-in-Chief to superior prevision there can be very little doubt. Besides, the language of desperation is rarely to be relied upon, and we know that the iron of despair has already entered the soul of the President of the Transvaal, just as it has penetrated still deeper into the hearts of his fellow President of the Free State. Proof of this is to be found not only in the mendacious and distorting bulletins which continue to be issued from Pretoria, but also in the fact that on the very day—but perhaps this was a mere coincidence—when Bloemfontein was entered by our triumphant troops, three high executive officials of the two Boer Republics "left for Europe as a delegation seeking European intervention"—not mediation, mark you, but positive intervention. That was also the mission, it will be remembered, on which M. Thiers set out when at last Paris was in the iron and inexorable grip of the Germans; but if M. Thiers could not get one single European Power to raise a little finger on behalf of the "grand nation marching at the head of civilisation," what hopes can Messrs. Fischer, Wessels, and Wolmarans have of enlisting the practical sympathy of Europe on behalf of two petty South African States marching in the positive rear of civilisation.

Cæsar-like Despatch

But even Napoleon—had even he, the greatest commander of modern times, ever such a month's continuous career of brilliancy as fell to the genius of the septuagenarian conqueror of Kandahar? His own despatch, detailing the results of his unbroken career of victory, is a model of Cæsar's brevity and comprehensiveness. Writing on March 14 at Bloemfontein, Lord Roberts says:—"On February 12 this force crossed the boundary of the Free State; three days later Kimberley was relieved; on the fifteenth day the bulk of the Boer army under one of its most trusted generals was made prisoner; on the seventeenth day news came of the relief of Ladysmith; and on March 13, twenty-nine days from the commencement of the operations, the capital of the Free State was occupied. This is a record of which any army would be proud—a record which could not have been achieved except by earnest, well-disciplined men, determined to do their duty, whatever the difficulties and dangers. Exposed to the extreme heat of the day, bivouacking under heavy rain, marching long distances often on reduced rations, all ranks have displayed an endurance, cheerfulness, and gallantry which is beyond all praise." Compare this Cæsar's despatch, which will always rank as a classic contribution to our military literature, with the lengthy explanations—each taking the form of an *Apologia pro Vita Sua*—at last forwarded by Lord Methuen and General Gatacre as to the massacres of Magersfontein and Stormberg, explanations which were sent home by Lord Roberts with severe comment in one case, and a still severer lack of all comment in the other. Those despatches may have their demerits, while not wanting in truthfulness; but for sheer, downright mendacity and distortion it would be hard to find a parallel to Commandant Delarey's official report on the action at Driefontein, unless it were to be found in the French account of the Alma, with its purely imaginary *combat acharné*, on the Telegraph Height.

At Bloemfontein

And, then, what must have been the feelings of the people of Pretoria when, in spite of this great oratory of Delarey, it only proved to be the prelude of our entry into Bloemfontein! It was precisely in the same way that the Parisians, in 1870, first went almost mad with joy over purely imaginary defeats of the Germans

on the Moselle and the Meuse, and then equally frantic with rage and shrieks of "Nous sommes trahis!" on their discovering that the defeats in question were all the other way about. In the case of the Free Staters the "traitor" was their own President Steyn, who sneaked away from Bloemfontein, as Louis Napoleon, the Man of Destiny, had sneaked away from Metz. Napoleon III., who had betrayed his country, was formally deposed by an assembly of Republicans, with the usual fuss and fume of French politicians. But notice how the same thing was done for Mr. Steyn, the betrayer of his country, by "little Bobs." No formal decree of deposition, but just a passing reference to the flight of Steyn as "the late President of the Orange Free State. *Vixit!* He was once alive! General Roberts occupied the Free State capital amid demonstrations of popular joy such as suggested a belief on the part of the inhabitants that their town was being relieved more than captured, with all its ample store of locomotives and rolling stock, invaluable to the victors for the future conduct of the campaign. That so much of this rolling stock fell to the victors was mainly due to a most plucky act on the part of Major Hunter-Weston, of the Royal Engineers—the son of one of the defenders of Lucknow—who, on the night of General French's arrival with his cavalry on the south of the town, made a détour dash for the railway on the north, passed the Boer lines, and destroyed the track. Lord Roberts had threatened to shell the town unless it surrendered; but, as it turned out, there was little need for what diplomatists would call the *douce violence*. Mr. Fraser, a Scotch Boer who has opposed Steyn for the Presidency, with other prominent members of the "late" Free State Executive, hastened to make their submission to the captor of Cronje, who then made his formal entry into Bloemfontein amid the frantic cheering of the populace, and installed himself in the Presidency after running up the Union flag in the corner of whose silken folds Lady Roberts herself had embroidered a four-leafed shamrock. The Guards, wired one observer, "presented a magnificent appearance as they marched into Bloemfontein," in spite of their having seen all the hardest service in the Western Campaign. Before inspecting them Lord Roberts addressed to them congratulations on the splendid manner in which they had performed the march of thirty-eight miles in twenty-eight hours. Through a small mistake, he said, he had not been able to march into Bloemfontein at the head of the brigade, as was intended, but, he added, "I promise you I will lead you into Pretoria."

The Fruits of Victory

Bloemfontein contains a good many inhabitants of British origin who cheered the war-worn but splendid-looking "Tommies" till they were hoarse; but even the purely Dutch residents could not withhold their admiration of the men who had come to deliver them from the galling and treacherous yoke of intriguers like Kruger and Steyn. Major-General Pretymann, who had accompanied Cronje to Cape Town, was made Military Governor of the town, markets were opened, and proclamations were issued calling upon the Free Staters to surrender, and in less than no time, as one correspondent wired, "we are getting in rifles faster than a factory could turn them out." Steyn had fled to his new "capital" at Kroonstad, as Gambetta before him had "ballooned" it from Paris to Bordeaux, but his burghers showed no great disposition to follow him. On the contrary, they soon began to surrender in hundreds to Lord Roberts, who combined firmness and clemency in a remarkable degree, proving himself to be the best of administrators as well as the most brilliant of soldiers. In particular, he won the hearts of the wounded Boers by assuring them that, as soon as they recovered sufficiently, they might go home instead of being detained as prisoners of war, and otherwise in general both he and his troops behaved in such a manner as to fill the Boer mind with astonishment and gratitude.

The collapse of the Free State, and its conversion from a Boer Republic into a Crown Colony of the British Empire, had, indeed, been of the most sudden kind and promised soon to become complete. Some of our military critics at home professed to feel nervous when told that Lord Roberts had committed himself to what appeared to them the precarious course of at once despatching two battalions of the Guards in three trains south to Springfontein, to join hands with the converging forces of Clements and Gatacre and Brabant. But "Bobs" well knew what he was about—knew from Fraser and his other Free State informants that he was exposing his troops to no such perils as had previously befallen our armoured trains at Chieveley and elsewhere, and the result was that Pole-Carew, with his 2,000 Guardsmen, received nothing but the surrender of considerable number of Boer rifles on his way south

to Norval's Pont, where Clements had crossed the Orange River, just as Gatacre had at last crossed the stream further to the east at Bethulie, where the waggon-bridge had been saved by the splendid daring of Captain Grant, R.E., Major Shaw, and Lieutenant Popham, of the Derbyshires, who, in the face of the utmost danger, coolly extracted the charges with which the Boers had mined the structure. The latter had managed to destroy several spans of the railway bridge at Norval's Pont, but Girouard—the Canadian engineer who had constructed Kitchener's railway on the Nile—reported to Lord Roberts that it would "soon be ready for traffic," and on the 19th inst. the regular railway service between Bloemfontein and Cape Town was re-opened. From the Free State to the Transvaal capital the distance, roughly, is only 300 miles, or three-fourths of the way from London to Edinburgh. Joubert seems to be concentrating his men for a stand somewhere in the north of the Free State; and it is this concentration, and absorption of the burghers from all outlying parts, to which Mafeking will primarily owe its relief more than to the advance of Colonel Plumer from the north or Colonel Peakman from the south.

The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

THE House of Lords is looked down upon by superior business persons as a more or less ornamental adjunct to the Legislative machine. Really, when it takes work in hand it can give pounds to the Commons in handicapping for the race of work done. On Monday the War Loan Bill came before it—that immaterial proposal to raise a trifle of 35 millions sterling. There were not more than a dozen peers in their places, and the number did not include the Prime Minister. In his absence, an example followed by most of his colleagues, Lord Cross took charge of Ministerial business. This in itself was quite an event, the Lord Privy Seal being in these days rarely in evidence. No objection being taken to the proposal to read the Bill a second time, Lord Cross determined to make the most of the mood of complaisance. He proposed the suspension of the Standing Order, so that the Bill might straightway be read a third time and passed. This was done, and after a laborious sitting extending full five minutes noble lords went home justly feeling that they deserved well of their country.

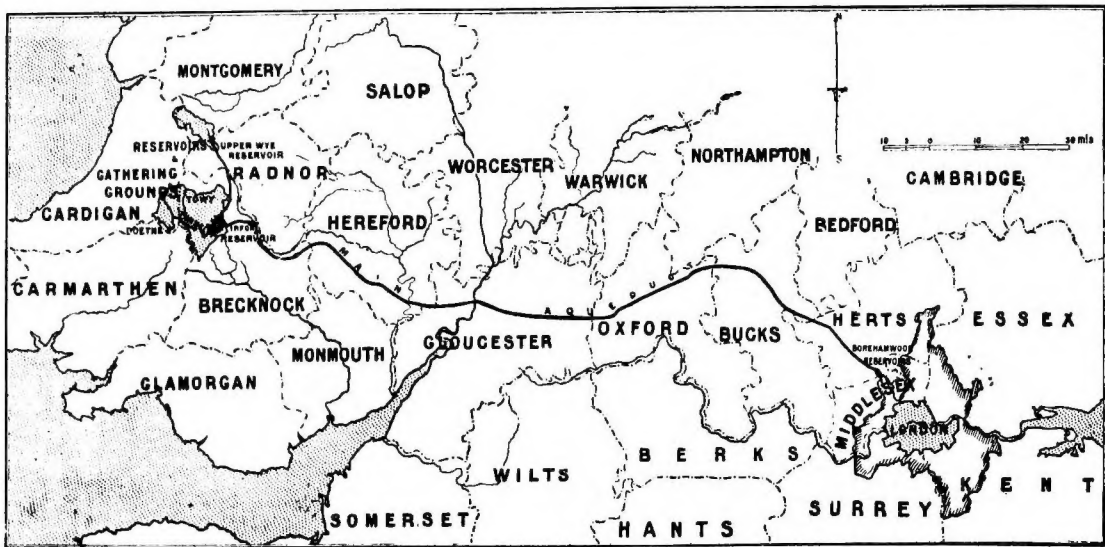
In the Commons the week has been, practically, exclusively devoted to money matters. The Budget Bill occupied Monday for its second reading. On Tuesday the Consolidated Fund Bill was dealt with. On Thursday the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland gave Mr. Redmond and his motley following an opportunity of repeating speeches several times made in the hearing of the present Parliament. To-day (Friday) the ground was cleared for the Civil Service Estimates.

In finance matters, as in all others, Ministers have their way with monotonous regularity. Practically opposition is effaced; a condition of things which, whilst it expedites business, does not add to the gaiety or interest of the sittings. The predominance of financial subjects has brought and kept Sir William Harcourt to the fore on the Front Opposition Bench. Since he formerly dissociated himself from common action with former colleagues, Sir Henry Fowler is regarded as the official representative of the Opposition in matters of finance. On an earlier stage of the Budget he essayed this rôle, venturing to offer the criticism that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have been better advised had he raised the War Loan by the machinery of terminable annuities. Immediately after Sir William, standing in the same place as the right hon. gentleman had occupied at the table, showed how hopelessly ignorant he was of the whole matter, and how impregnable was the position the Chancellor of the Exchequer had taken up on this particular point.

Apart from the irresistible temptation to keep former colleagues in their proper place the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer has throughout the debates shown himself one of the most thorough-going supporters of his successor. Attacks on the Budget have mostly come from the Ministerial side, authorities like Mr. "Tommy" Bowles and Mr. "Jemmy" Lowther assuming the duties of adverse criticism. Mr. Lowther sees a vision whereby a ten-shilling duty on corn would bring in an annual income of 24 millions. Why, with this Golconda at hand, the Chancellor of the Exchequer should go about trifling with tea, meddling with beer and spirits, clapping fifty per cent. on the income tax, is more than Mr. Lowther can comprehend. As to Mr. Bowles he is for taxing diamonds, feathers, and laces, ignoring, as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach put it, two of the highest and holiest feelings of the feminine nature—love for lace and diamonds and a tendency to smuggling.

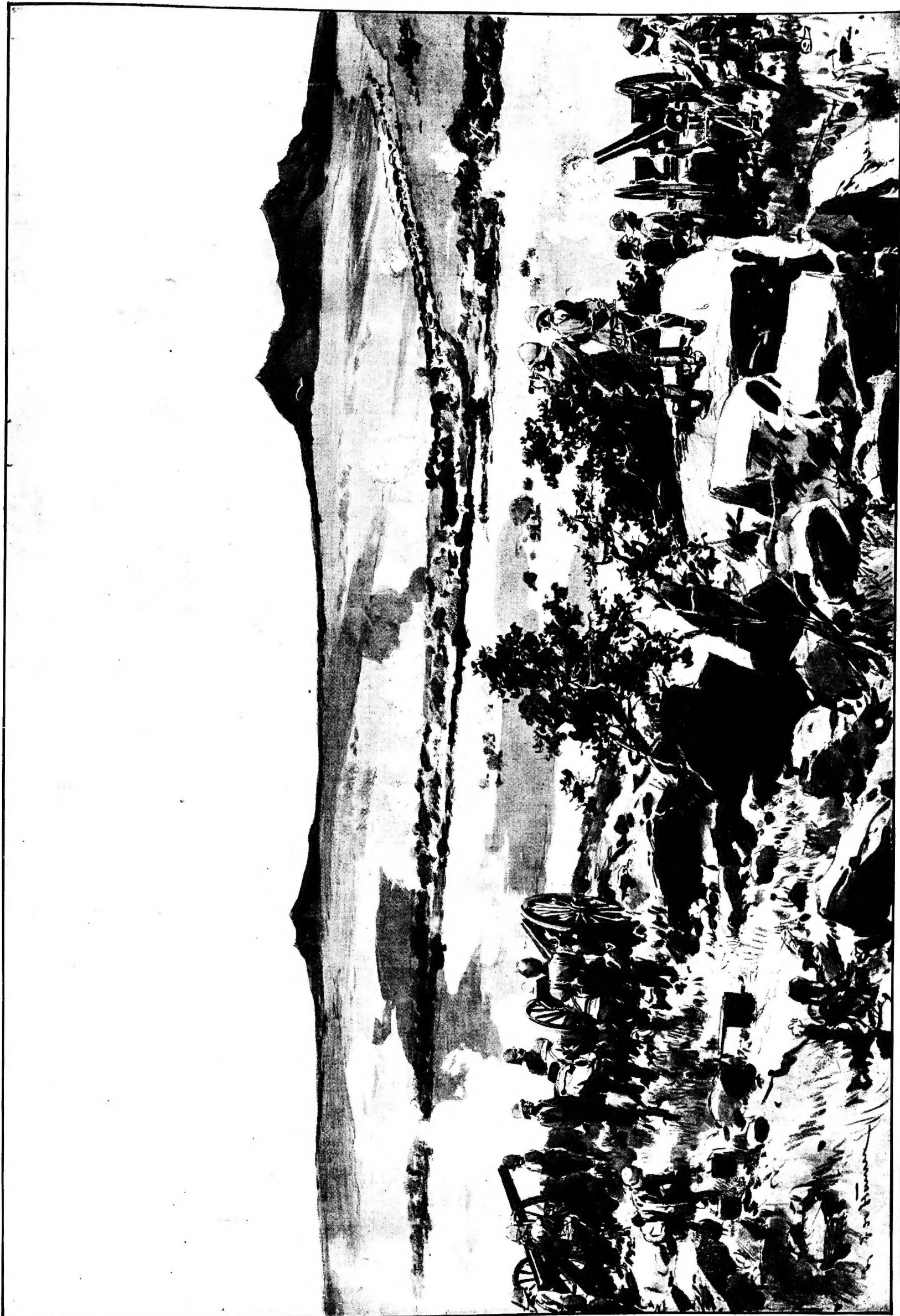
It is curious to observe how little weight the necessity of raising for the expenditure of the year a revenue approaching 150 millions has upon the spirits of the representatives of the people. It would utterly squash some nations. The House of Commons regards it as a joke, huge in proportion to the gigantic sum. That Sir William Harcourt should be in good humour is natural enough. It is his Death Duties, yielding this year 17½ millions, to make the whole thing possible. An added sweetness in his cup is the spectacle night after night of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach jealously guarding the Death Duties against the raids of Mr. Bowles and others seated on his side of the House. These are the men whom, in 1894, Sir Michael led against Sir William Harcourt's epoch-making Budget. If he had been able to muster only sixteen more votes he would have destroyed it. Now, when anyone talks of loosening the Treasury grip on the estates of departed millionaires, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is up in arms.

For his own part Sir Michael has cause for content in the general reception his Budget has met with in the House of Commons and beyond its walls. He has struck out pretty well all round, and the only quarter from which complaint and remonstrance have come is that of the produce exchange. Objection is taken to the proposed contract note stamp, and as it will admittedly create inconvenience, and will not yield more than 150,000*l.*, it will be dropped.



The general idea of this scheme, which was brought before Parliament on Thursday, is to bring the water by aqueduct from Wales. The first reservoir to be constructed would be on the Irfon, a tributary of the Wye. It would form a large lake, covering 2,850 acres, and would yield 121 million gallons daily for London. On the Towy and the Upper Waters of the Wye, two other reservoirs of smaller capacity would also be made, yielding 44 and 46 million gallons respectively. The total water supply would, therefore, be over 200 million gallons daily, or more than the present London water supply. The watershed area supplying the three reservoirs would be over 200 square miles. The water would be brought by gravitation to London by an aqueduct about 150 miles long.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL SCHEME FOR THE NEW LONDON WATER SUPPLY



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENE

Lord Kitchener, hearing that Cronje had evacuated Mafeking, and was moving back on Bloemfontein, determined to cut him off at the Modder River, which he would have to cross somewhere about Koodoos Drift. With this object in view, Lord Kitchener despatched General French to Koodoos Drift to secure it before Cronje could cross it. General French at once proceeded to carry out this order, and in the very nick of time arrived on the scene as Cronje's long line of waggons was entering the river bed. Our artillery at once came into line, and Cronje

was stopped and had to stay where he was, unable to advance or retreat. His lager was shelled each day, and a force which had advanced to his relief was driven back. Cronje's case was hopeless. He was caught in a death trap, and ultimately had to surrender.

GENERAL CRONJE'S LAST MOVE: GOING INTO THE DEATH TRAP

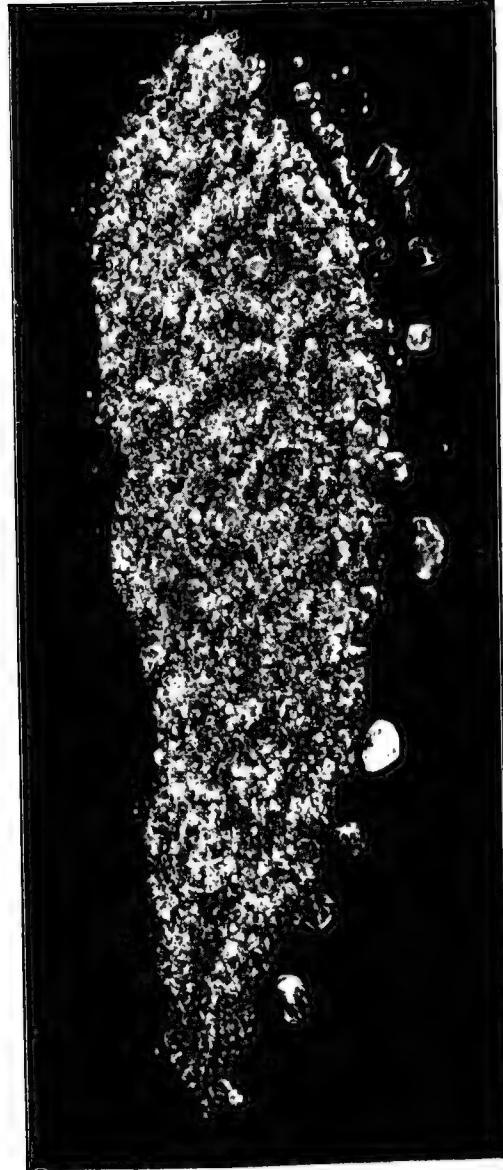


The Shamrock's Erin's badge by law,
Where'er her sons are found.
From Bloemfontein to Ballybank,

'Tis ordered by the Queen,
We've won our right in open fight—
The wearin' o' the green.

Rudyard Kipling.

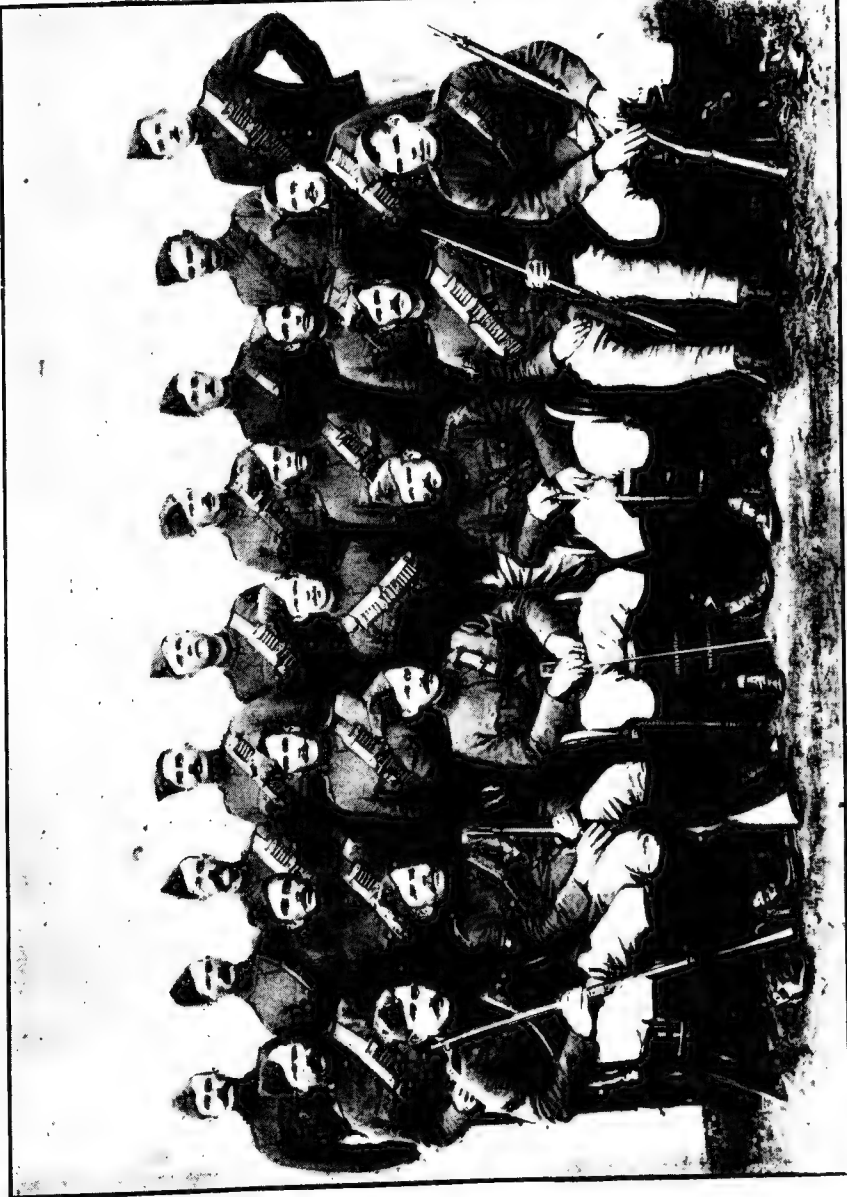
THE QUEEN'S TRIBUTE TO THE GALLANTRY OF HER IRISH SOLDIERS



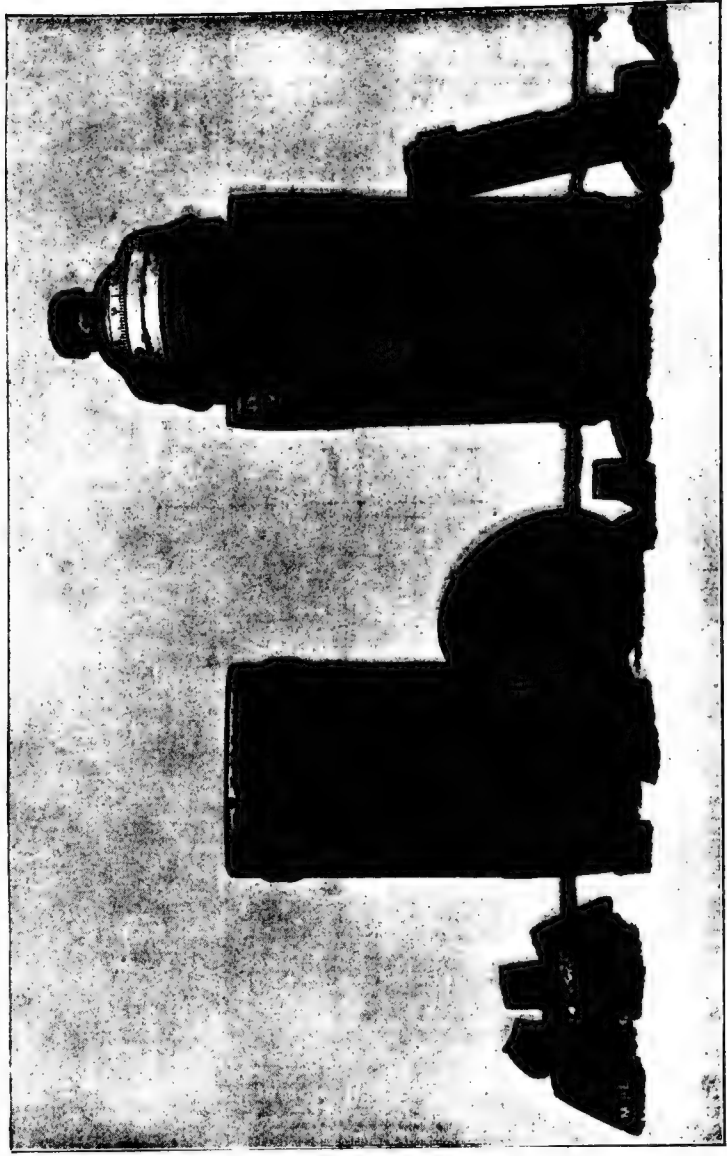
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENNETT, KIMBERLEY
A TWO DAYS' FIND IN THE DIAMOND MINES
A SAMPLE OF KIMBERLEY'S PRODUCE



This Photograph, by Bennett, Kimberley, is taken from the Diamond Mine.
A VIEW OF KIMBERLEY DURING THE SIEGE



The garrison at Kimberley, with the exception of 600 Regular troops, was conducted entirely by Volunteers. The Regulars consisted of some 500 men of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, some Engineers, and a mountain battery. Our photograph, which is by Bennett, Kimberley, shows the officers engaged in the defence of the town
SOME OF THE DEFENDERS OF KIMBERLEY



At first, when the town was subject to the fire of small guns, all went well, but with the advent of a big gun a new turret was added to the defences.
Our photograph is by Bennett, Kimberley
TWO SHELLS FIRED INTO KIMBERLEY

The Story of Kimberley

WHEN the history of the Boer war of the closing years of the century comes to be written, with all its moving incidents of advance and retreat, of hope deferred, of patient endurance, of unflinching gallantry, among the chief chapters will be those which are devoted to the siege of Kimberley, and to the great ride of General French's cavalry division by which the long-suffering town was relieved. Mafeking, Kimberley, Ladysmith—these three names will be remembered in the annals of the British Empire while the Empire lasts. We live too near the time just now perhaps; we are in the very midst of the excitement which has attended the events of the great war in South Africa; we are full of the pride and joy and hopes which all true Englishmen feel in the deeds of our Army. Posterity, having the full record before them, and sufficient time having elapsed to give the proper sense of perspective and relation to the events of the war, will be able to form a more accurate judgment. But of such events as the siege and relief of the three beleaguered towns (for we hope and

the clouds of dust on the plain of Alexandersfontein heralded the advance of French's cavalry. In the town, when it was surrounded by the Boers, were four companies of the 1st Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, a detachment of the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch, a detachment of the Royal Engineers, some 7-pounder guns, and the local forces, which, under the auspices of Mr. Cecil Rhodes and the De Beers Company, were raised to a very considerable body. With these troops, under the command of Colonel Kekewich, of the Lancashires, Kimberley proposed to fight it out to the last, and entered upon the early days of the siege with a light heart.

Kimberley's Tower of Strength

So vast was the influence and strength of the great company which governs the "Diamond City" that it is said that at the end of the siege it was still possible to have maintained the population for another six weeks. To the foresight of the De Beers Company was mainly due the provisioning of the town, the providing of labour for the defensive works, the purchase of guns and ammunition, even the manufacture of a large gun and the shells it fired. Mr. Rhodes himself was the principal besieged resident, and he did

Kimberley the defence, with the exception of 600 regular troops, was conducted entirely by citizen soldiers literally fighting for their hearths and homes, as most of them had their families with them in the town, the siege having come upon them more or less as a surprise. The defences of the town, thanks to the tailing heaps, were in a satisfactory condition very soon after it became certain that the town would be besieged, and the energy of the De Beers Company had added a strong force to the regular garrison. The great danger, of course, was the food supply. Kimberley had to come eventually to horse and mule's flesh, but it was not reduced to the straits of Mafeking, where stray dogs had to go into the *pot au feu*.

The Early Days of the Siege

October passed without any event of importance; there were "siege sports," cricket matches, and so on, and there was only a slight diminution of the little luxuries of life. The armoured trains made reconnaissances, and there was the occasional sound of an explosion when the Boers blew up some of the railway culverts. On October 23 the message came out that everyone was cheerful, and that a wedding had been celebrated on that day. Mr. Cecil



When the Boers brought a big gun to bear on Kimberley, the effect on private property was disastrous. All the enemy's fire appeared to be directed on the defenceless part of the town—the houses, the market, and the sanatorium. In one house a shell came through the wall of a room in which there was a large portrait of

the Queen; the frame was a trifle damaged, but otherwise the picture was uninjured, although the room was wrecked—a circumstance which was regarded by the superstitious as auguring well for the safety of the town. Our portrait is by Bennett, Kimberley

A GOOD OMEN AT KIMBERLEY: THE EFFECT OF A SHELL IN A ROOM AT KIMBERLEY

believe that even now Mafeking has been freed) there will be no divergence of opinion at any time. "Her Majesty's flag was kept flying"—that, in half a dozen words, tells the whole glorious story.

The Investment

Mafeking and Kimberley, lying close to the border line of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State respectively, were the first to feel the pressure of the enemy. Forty miles south of Mafeking the armoured train fight, which occurred early in October, soon after the Boer ultimatum was received in London, marked the first blood of the war. At the same time the railway to the south of Kimberley was cut. Mr. Cecil Rhodes had arrived in the town on October 11, and had expressed his intention of staying there to see the thing through, declaring—so it is said—that he considered Kimberley "as safe as Piccadilly." He did not then realise—no one did in South Africa or in England—that for four months the town would be ringed round by hostile commandos, that a British army would dash itself in vain against the "Gibraltar" of the Magersfontein heights, and that the population would have to burrow in the ground and to descend into the deep levels of the mines to escape death from six-inch shells. So much the more credit to him and Colonel Kekewich and the civil population. For 122 days they endured all. "Her Majesty's flag was kept flying" from the time that the town was isolated to that great day in February when

not hesitate to draw upon the resources of the company to the full. Kimberley owes much to the great corporation which undertook the task of feeding 46,000 people within a circumscribed area for four months.

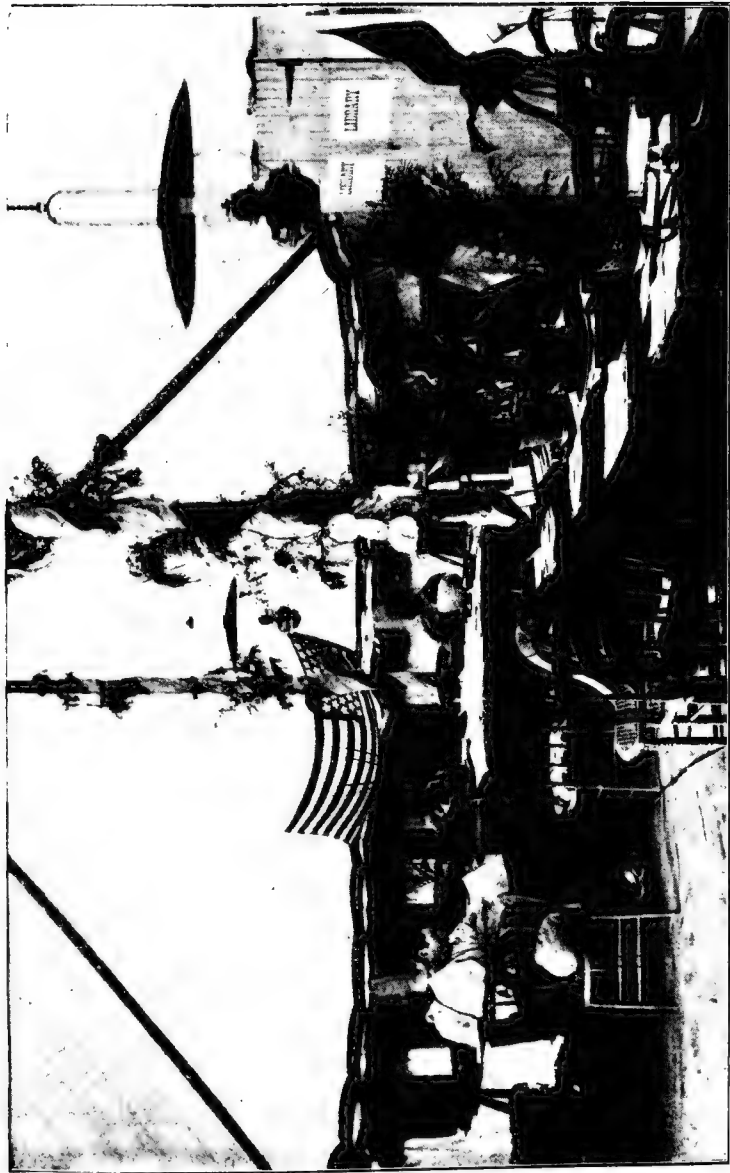
The Defences

Kimberley, with its adjacent villages of Beaconsfield and Kenilworth, had no defensive position around it save those which were ready to hand in the "tailing heaps" of refuse earth after the diamond washing from the mines. Upon these the garrison built their sandbag forts, which were manned by the Town Guard. The most important fort was at the Premier Mine; it was from there that, after the Boers had cut off the water supply derived from the Vaal River on the north, the main supply was pumped by the De Beers Company. This fort was held by Captain O'Brien, of the Lancashires, and Lieutenant Rynd, R.A. Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, writing in the *Times* recently upon the events of the siege, of which she was an eye-witness throughout, points out how the siege of Kimberley differs from those of Mafeking and Ladysmith. Mafeking, though defended largely by a volunteer force, was very well provided with Imperial officers, and most of the women and children had left at the beginning of the siege. At Ladysmith the garrison was almost entirely military, with a small civilian population. But at

Rhodes moved about saying very little to anyone. He dressed like a simple Afrikaner farmer, and made a good-looking Boer. President Kruger had put a price—three hundred acres of land with full stock of cattle—on his head. The Boers were all round the town willing to wound but afraid to strike. That was the Kimberley budget of news at the end of October. On the 24th there was a skirmish at MacFarlane's Farm, seven miles north of the town; and on November 4 General Wessels, the Boer commandant, sent in word that he was going to bombard if Colonel Kekewich did not surrender. Colonel Kekewich refused to surrender.

The Bombardment

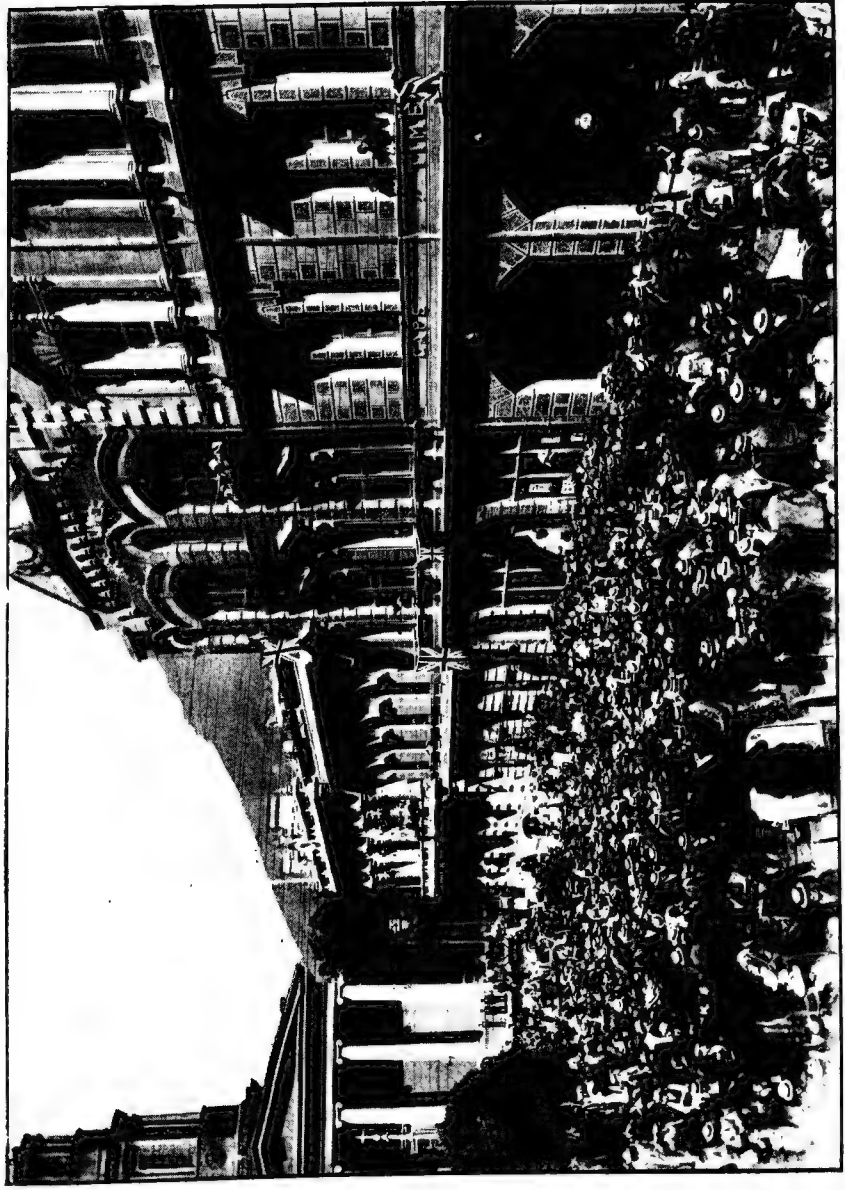
Wessels therefore began his bombardment, which did not do much damage. A message, dated November 8, stated that the majority of the shells fell on the *débris* heaps and open spaces on the outskirts of the town. In Kimberley itself one cooking-pot was damaged and the broken pieces were put up at auction with a brisk demand. On November 16 there was a sortie, under Major Scott-Turner, to the south-east for the purpose of ascertaining the enemy's strength, and on the 24th the garrison received the news that a relief force was on the way. On November 25 another, and more determined, sortie was made, and on the 26th the gallant Scott-Turner and twenty-one men lost their lives in a third sortie made towards



THE READING-ROOM AT THE FIELD HOSPITAL, WYNBERG



THE SURGICAL DIVISION: THE FIELD HOSPITAL AT WYNBERG



THE scene here depicted gives an idea of the eagerness of the people at Cape Town to have the rumour of the relief of Kimberley confirmed. The *Cape Times* has been in the habit of printing and distributing telegrams from the front on slips of paper, which are sold at a penny each. When the telegram announcing the relief of Kimberley was printed, it was ranted on slips and sold at three pence. The crowd in St. George's Street outside the office of the newspaper was dense, and it took up the slips as they were issued with avidity. Our photograph is by J. E. Bruton, Cape Town

"KIMBERLEY RELIEVED": RECEPTION OF THE NEWS IN CAPE TOWN



The military camp at Wynberg has been turned into a military hospital. Wynberg is a fair-sized village on the eastern side of Table Mountain, and ranks as one of the most healthy among foreign stations. The scene in our illustration shows one of the tents in the hospital. The man on the right is the orderly of the R.A.M.C. in charge of the patients. The three photographs of the hospital are by J. E. Bruton, Cape Town

INSIDE A TENT IN THE FIELD HOSPITAL AT WYNBERG

Wimbledon, in the direction from which Lord Methuen's force was advancing.

The Relief Column

Meanwhile Methuen's relief column had been advancing from De Aar and the Orange River, and had to fight its way past the Boer positions at Belmont (November 23), Gras Pan (25th) and the Modder River (28th), the last battle being fought on the same day as the sortie, which, in fact, was made in conjunction with it. Flashlight signals were nightly exchanged between the besieged and the relief force, and after the fight on the Modder River the immediate relief of the town was almost taken for granted. "On December 1," says Mrs. Maguire, "we got into touch with the relief column signaller, and on the 4th Lord Methuen reported that he had crossed the Modder River. When, on December 11, we heard a great battle going on beyond the hills of Spytfontein, and could see the shells bursting on the ridge, we felt that it was only a matter of hours till we welcomed our deliverers. We looked anxiously across the plain hoping to see the advancing troops. All we did see, however, was the Boers heliographing to us these words: "We have smashed up your column." That was on the fatal day of Magersfontein, and from that time till the middle of February there were three months of weary waiting. After the battle of the Modder Lord Methuen had sent word to Colonel Kekewich that the relief column would not be able to remain in the town any time and that all non-combatants must leave. Colonel Kekewich communicated the message to the Town Council and it aroused much feeling. It was felt to be hard that, after enduring a siege, 30,000 people should be called upon to leave suddenly without provision having been made for them. After Magersfontein, however, the question was not as to when the civilians should be turned out, but when the relief force would get in, and as time went on the date of relief seemed further and further off.

Waiting

Methuen having been checked, Kimberley went through a long and weary spell of waiting, and it was now that Mr. Rhodes and the De Beers Company came forward to the help of the town. Provisions got scarcer and scarcer (chickens in January cost 25s.



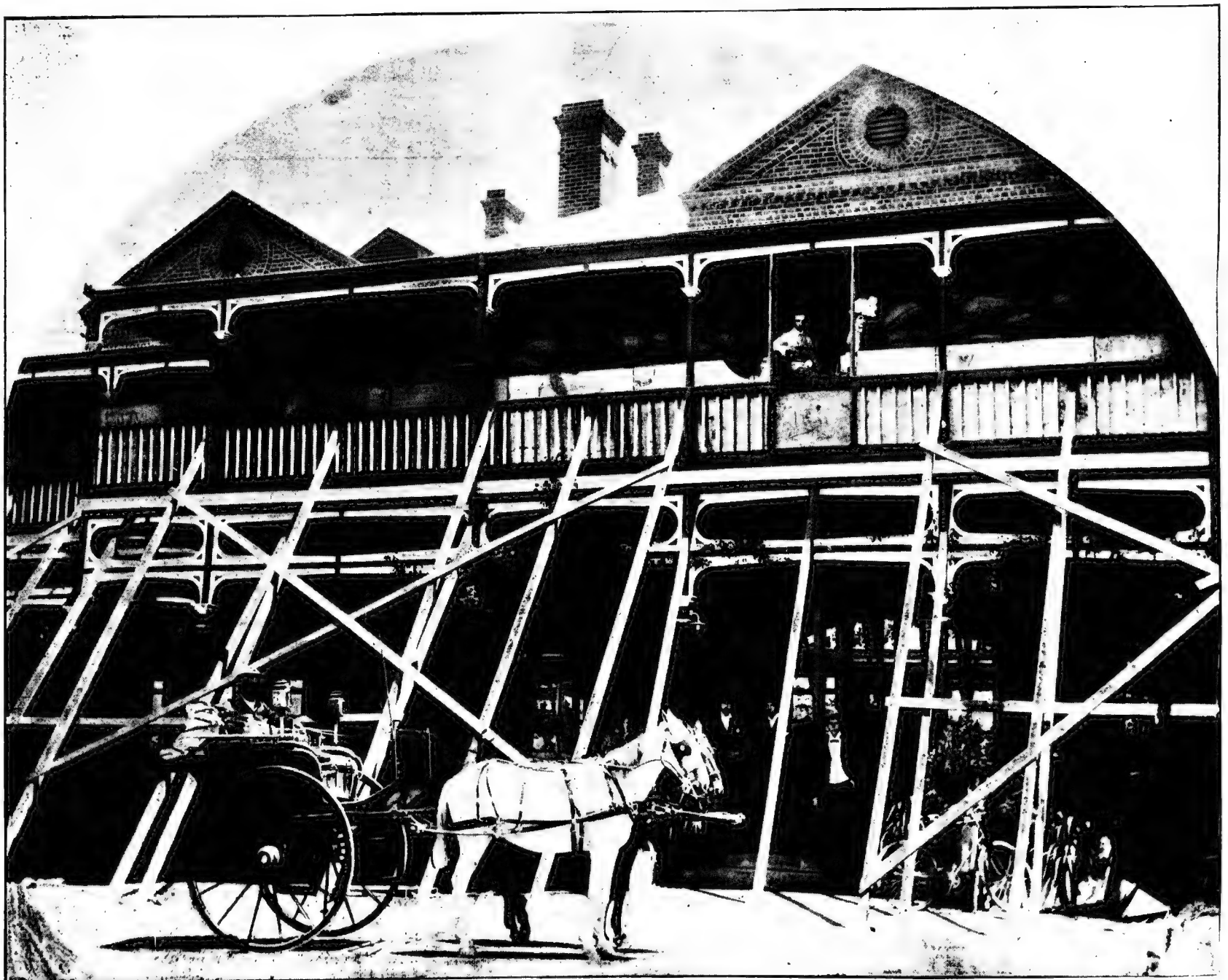
Christiania, which is twenty-seven miles from Warrenton, is the last village in the Transvaal on the south-western corner of the Republic. It is situated on the Vaal River, and in former times was celebrated as a notorious centre of the illicit diamond trade. This photograph (by Bennett, Kimberley) was taken before the war broke out.

THE LANDROST OF CHRISTIANIA AND HIS FAMILY

each, eggs 2s. each). Relief works were started on which 13,000 men were employed at a cost of 2,000l. a week. Mr. Labram before his death built armoured trains and engines, and the 4.1 gun with carriage and shell complete which caused quite a panic among the Boers when on January 19 it suddenly opened fire. On February 9 Mr. Labram was killed by a shell from the Boer big gun which had begun bombarding the town from Kamfersdam on January 7. Mr. Rhodes now offered the women and children the shelter of the mines, and 2,600 of them went down into the deep levels. Everything was done for their comfort by the De Beers staff.

Help at Last

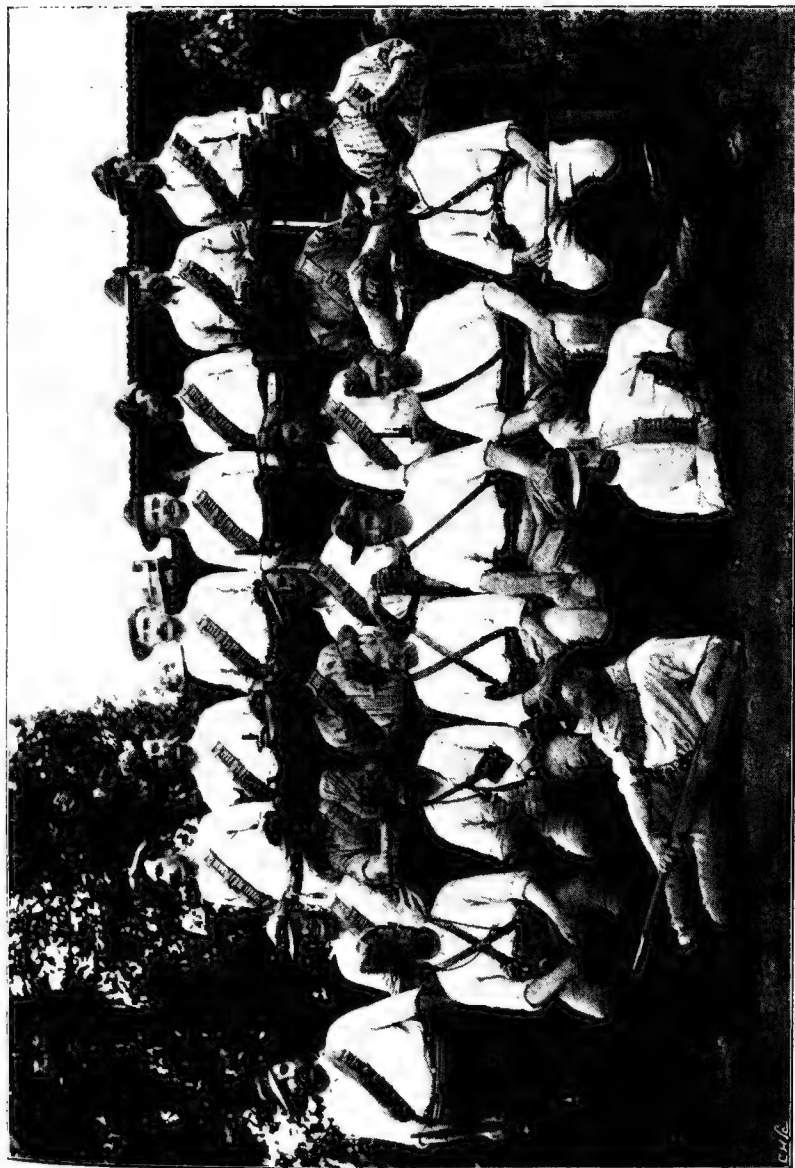
On February 10 Kimberley heard with delight from Lord Roberts that he was about to begin active operations. The Cavalry Division of his army was even then gathering at Ernslyn and Gras Pan, and on the 11th had begun its wonderful ride which was to end at Kimberley. Dekiel's Drift on the R. River was seized; the Boers holding it were attacked by a storm of shell from forty-two guns, and gone within half an hour. From Dekiel's Drift the cavalry and artillery pressed on north to the Modder River, and on the 15th the whole ten thousand men and ten batteries of artillery, having gone completely round the left flank of Cronje's position at Magersfontein, swept into the town of Alexandersfontein. Their entry into the plain was a wonderful sight; the kopjes all round were held by the Boers, who poured a heavy fire into the advancing horsemen. They were driven out as the column swept along thundering over the veldt. For miles this great ride was kept up; horses, worn out by the heavy work of the past three days, fell and died, rolling in the dust, and the guns were dragged along with difficulty by teams that were almost dead beat. But there was no time to pause. The column swept on, and, like magic, Kimberley was relieved. The people saw the great dust cloud, come out into the plain, and in a moment found themselves in presence of the deliverers. The pale women and children came from the mines, Kimberley hung out flags and decorations, the worn horses and men were cheered and patted and kissed, and the sufferings of the past were forgotten in that great moment. "Her Majesty's flag had been kept flying."



Mr. Cecil Rhodes was in Kimberley during the whole of the siege, and once stated that he felt as safe there as if he were in Piccadilly. The view of the house in which he lived in the beleaguered town is interesting, as showing how the buildings in the beleaguered town were prepared for the siege. Sitting beside

the Maxim gun on the verandah are to be seen Mr. Luard, Reuter's correspondent, and the Hon. Mrs. Maguire. Our photograph is by Bennett, Kimberley.

THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY: MR. RHODES'S HOUSE BARRICADED



This eminently servicable group are the non-commissioned officers and men of the Cape Mounted Police who were at Fourteen Streams, and had to evacuate the place owing to the advance of a large body of Boers. Our photograph is by Bennett, Kimberley

CAPE MOUNTED POLICE AT FOURTEEN STREAMS



Fourteen Streams is on the north bank of the Vaal River, and was formerly an important forwarding station before the railway was opened through Bloemfontein. The men here shown belong to the force of Cape Mounted Police who were at the station until the place was evacuated. Our photograph is by Bennett, Kimberley

WASHING-DAY AT FOURTEEN STREAMS



MEN WOUNDED IN A SORTIE

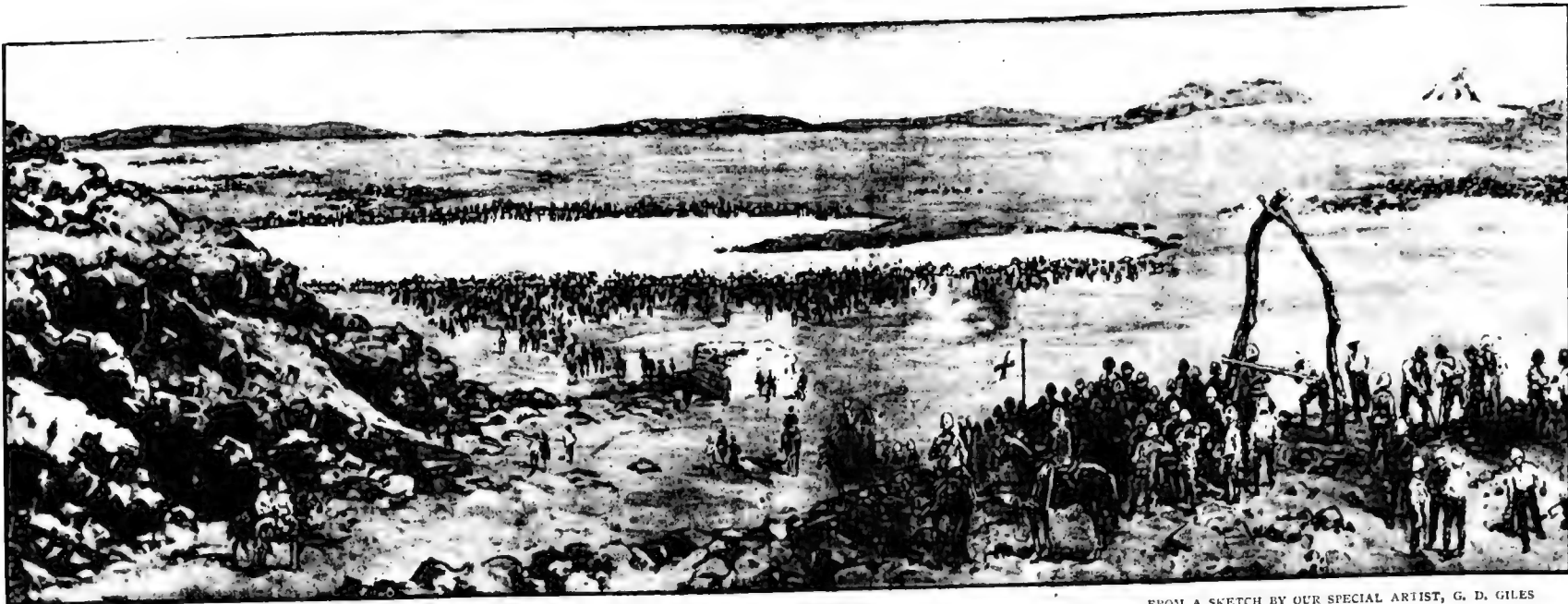
Both these photographs show the men who were wounded in the first sortie the Kimberley garrison made.

That was on October 24, when the Loyal North Lancashires and some Colonial troops, under Colonel Scott-Turner, drove the Boers from an entrenched position. Our losses were three killed and twenty-one wounded. Our photographs are by Bennett, Kimberley

THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY: THE CARE OF THE WOUNDED



A WARD IN THE HOSPITAL



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

Randam is twenty-six miles from Modder River, from which General French with his flying column began his brilliant march on Kimberley. This march is one of the finest achievements of British troops. In four days our little column covered 100 miles, fought two small engagements, and finished by entering Kimberley six

hours before it was expected to do so. The infantry who followed were concentrated at Randam. Our illustration shows the flying column watering their horses at the end of the first day's march.

RANDAM, WHERE GENERAL FRENCH'S FORCE FIRST HALTED ON THE WAY TO KIMBERLEY

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

THOSE who have that which may be described as a keen sense of the inevitable are convinced that the Government will go to the country almost immediately after the termination of hostilities. Should the dissolution occur during the season, the General Elections will not seriously affect trade, for so many have been thrown into mourning by the war that comparatively few entertainments will be given this year. Moreover, the Paris Exhibition will attract a large number of English visitors during the season months.

London tradesmen, and others who generally benefit by the season, will, however, have a glorious opportunity afforded them to recover any loss due to those causes by the peace celebrations. The celebrations will be so contrived as to occupy the inside of a week, and visitors from every part of the country will flock to London on that occasion.

It is proposed to erect a monument in London to perpetuate the memory of those who have fallen in South Africa. Such a memorial should have the names of all who fell engraved on the pedestal. The proposal is, of course, in its infancy, and will be communicated to the public only when it has been more matured, and when events have developed sufficiently to offer a suitable opportunity. It may be suggested that the members and the friends of the City Imperial Volunteers should erect a monument in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House to perpetuate the memory of those who, belonging to that force, have fallen in South Africa in the course of the campaign. Obviously the suggestion has but to be made to be adopted.

It is now certain that a regiment of Irish Guards will be formed in the near future. That is as it should be, but the addition will make it necessary for the authorities to call



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

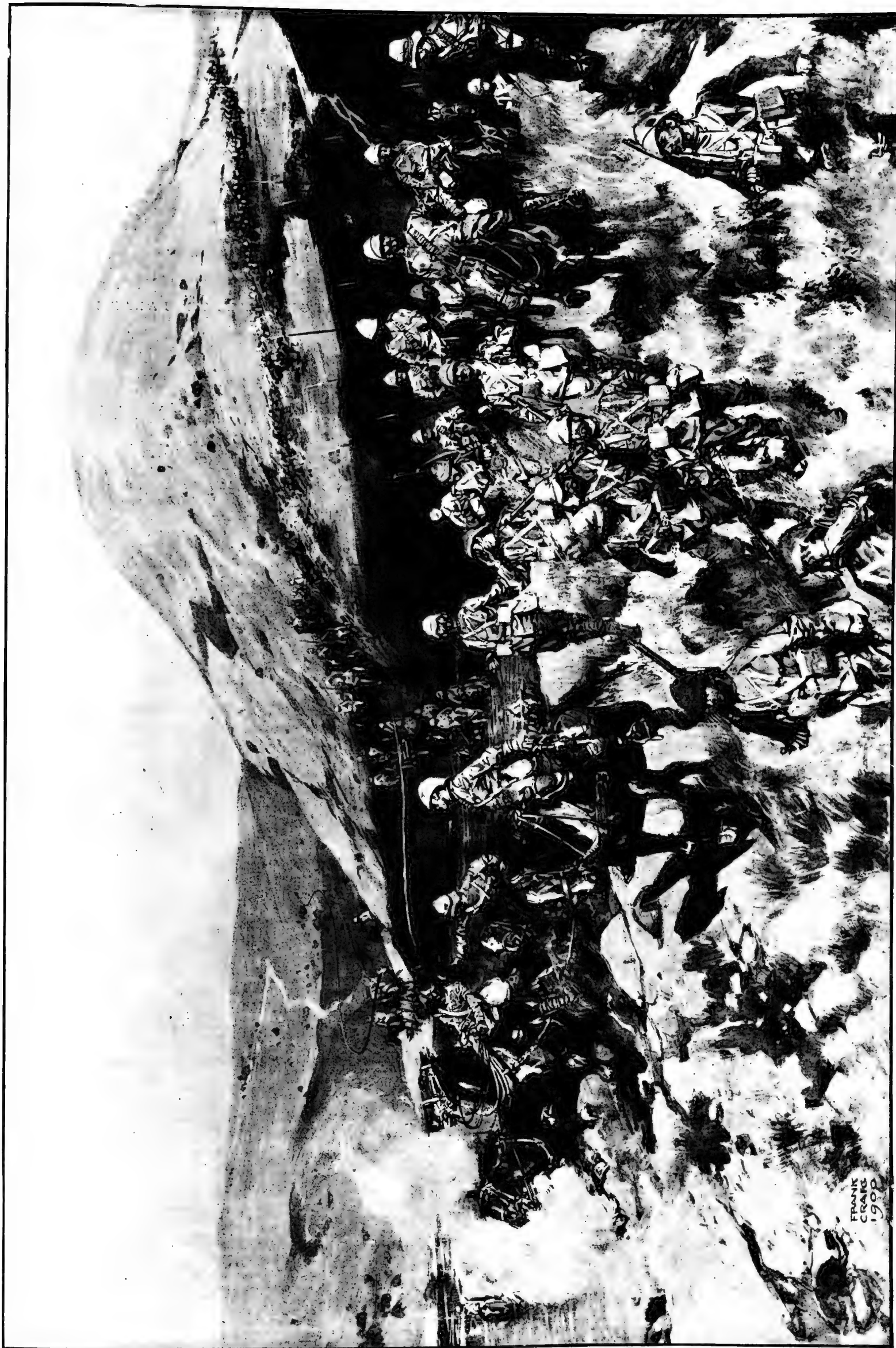
Our Special Artist writes:—"No one who had not been in Kimberley could realise the urgent necessity for its immediate relief. Towards the end of the siege it was noticeable that all civilised notions of a siege had been abandoned. The defence works were the safest place to go to, the most dangerous to undefended portions of the town, the market and sanatorium. The Boers had determined, if they could not bring about the fall of the town by fair means, to secure it by foul ones, by the murders of the civil population. The effect of the shells on the houses were simply appalling. If the relief force had not arrived when it did, there could have been little hope of the town holding out for many days more. The women and children were terrified at every hour of the day or night lest these terrible shells might fall among them. No house was secure. At Mrs. Gainford's house some eight people were sitting in the verandah, the women knitting, and the babies lying on the floor beside them, when the shell, smashing in from the back, burst the whole corner of the house out, and reduced it to utter ruin. Another house was that of Mrs. Robert Solomon, who was killed as she came up from the cellar, where she had taken refuge, with a child in her arms. My sketch of the house shows the wreck it was reduced to."

WARRING ON THE DEFENCELESS: AN INCIDENT IN THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY

into existence a regiment of Welsh Guards. It would be inexcusable to leave that Principality alone unrepresented. There are those who maintain that India should also provide a contingent of Guards, whilst others would like to see the Sovereign surrounded by a bodyguard representing every Colony. The latter suggestion, could it be carried out, would probably arouse enthusiasm throughout the Empire.

Many military men are considering whether it is advisable to resume the expensive, and some of them grotesque, uniforms which have been handed down to us, with modifications, from other times. There are those who argue that many of the uniforms are unsuitable to the modern conditions of warfare. They say that so soon as a war breaks out these uniforms have to be discarded, and that precious days are lost whilst the men are being provided with workable clothes. On the other hand a striking uniform causes many young men to enlist. There is much to be said on both sides of the discussion, but it is inevitable that certain familiar peculiarities, such as the busby and the kilt, are doomed.

The next Government will have sufficient work to keep it busy throughout its natural life, for it will have to undertake the reform of the Army, the reconstruction of the whole force to meet the requirements of the times, and the reform of the Civil Service. The entire machinery will have to be replaced, and the opposition which the Government will have to encounter will be especially severe. It is to be hoped that the successful termination of the war will be the signal for a cessation of recriminations as to the conduct of this or that officer in the field. Mistakes may have been committed; but when large bodies of men are assembled, errors of judgment must occasionally occur. It is possible that inquiries will have to be held as regards the surrender of certain regiments or portions of regiments, but those inquiries can only make it clear that the force of circumstances made surrender inevitable.



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

The Flying Column under General French, leaving the infantry still massing at Randam, pushed on at 1.40 on the morning of February 22, marched for about an hour, and then halted till daylight. About 5.15 the march was resumed, and the next halting place was at the Riet River, where they encountered the enemy. Here there was a slight engagement. At about six o'clock in the evening the enemy brought a 9-pounder on to the flat, and began shelling General French and his Staff, the advance scouts having already been fired upon. The range was only about 3,000

yards, and five shells were placed in most unpleasant proximity to the party. Our guns quickly came into action, and the Boer gun limbered up and disappeared. Our artillery then devoted its attention to the kopjes, which the Boers were known to occupy, on the Kimberley side of the Riet River. Here the enemy unmasked two guns, one a 9-pounder and the other a 14-pounder. Four batteries were brought into action against these two guns, which were completely knocked out in a few minutes, but got away. The enemy, dismayed at the

rapid movement of our troops and their unexpected mobility, fled in all directions, and the column crossed at Kuit's Drift without any further opposition at that point. It was hard work after the long march getting the artillery up the steep sand banks. The troops marched forward in magnificent order right across the flat country, and, spread out in squadron columns, made a most imposing sight

FROM A SKETCH BY G. D. GILES

GENERAL FRENCH'S DASH FOR KIMBERLEY: CROSSING THE RIET RIVER



A correspondent writes:—"A military Church parade is always an impressive sight, and never fails to stir spectators who are always struck with the fervour and reverential demeanour of the congregation. The service in the open air in a beleaguered town is even more stirring, and the whole service comes home to one in a way that is not possible except in such circumstances." Our photograph is by Bennett, Kimberley

SUNDAY MORNING IN KIMBERLEY DURING THE SIEGE: CHURCH PARADE

"Nurse!" at the Globe Theatre

By W. MOY THOMAS

MISS CLO GRAVES'S new farce with which the Globe Theatre has re-opened under the management of Mr. Richard Lambart, is constructed after a rather old-fashioned pattern, the fun depending much upon riotous extravagancies in which her numerous personages indulge without any very manifest motives. There is, however, some novelty as well as humour in its conception, and the dialogue is brisk and amusing. A member of the audience, it is true, appeared to take offence where the Process-server Bittles made allusion to his domestic circumstances somewhat in the vein of Mrs. Martha Cluppings at the trial of *Bardell v. Pickwick*, and as in the case of Charles Reade's celebrated "*Ruffian in the Gallery*," the remonstrant's protest seems to have impressed some critical spectators. But it is fair to the author as well as to the official licenser of plays to say that the passages of dialogue which appeared justly open to objection involve

rather questions of taste than of positive indelicacy. The "root idea" of Miss Graves's piece is that of a wild young bachelor who, though he has no sort of ailment, permits his friends to persuade him that he is in a condition of health which requires that he shall betake himself to his bed—or at least to his couch, and submit to the ministrations of a doctor and a professional nurse. Unfortunately the reasons that induce his friend, together with his valet, to maintain this elaborate hoax, are not very clearly explained; but as the patient, Mr. Reginald Fastnet, is but half convinced, and is given to revolt against the orders of his medical attendant and nurse, it will easily be understood that the author has been able to evolve out of this datum some diverting situations. The fun is at its height when Nurse Finch, after a short absence, returns and finds her patient entertaining a party of roystering friends in direct contravention of orders; it acquires an additional momentum when a "grass widow," who calls to apologise for having disturbed the sufferer by playing her piano in an adjacent flat, is caught up in the whirl of excitement, and is speedily followed

by a jealous, fire-eating husband, who has just returned from Central Africa with a stuffed gorilla and a murderous rifle; it reaches its climax when, in the midst of these wild proceedings, the Process-server, armed with a warrant for Fastnet's arrest for contempt of court, suddenly makes his appearance out of a refrigerator. The racket and hurly-burly, however, calm down upon the arrival of Fastnet's rich aunt, Miss McCloskie—particularly as the latter discovers in the nurse, in whom the patient has now developed a tender interest, the cousin whom she has chosen for his wife. All this belongs no doubt to the impossible world of the farce writer, rather than to any region peopled by some folk outside the walls of a theatre; but the piece is played with spirit and humour, and the situations awaken much laughter. The high tide of mirth is chiefly maintained by Mr. Sydney Brough as Fastnet, and Miss Lottie Venne as Nurse Finch; but Mr. Maltby's Dr. Hopper, Mr. Kinghorne's Sims the discreet valet, Miss Zerbun's Miss McCloskie, and Mr. Cheeseman's Bittles, are all amusing sketches of character.



The whole town of Kimberley and its surroundings can be seen from the conning tower, built over the hauling gear of the De Beers mine, and from this point of vantage Colonel Kekewich and his officers kept watch day and night. The conning tower was a favourite target of the Boers during the bombardment

KIMBERLEY DURING THE SIEGE: VIEW OF THE TOWN FROM THE CONNING TOWER OF DE BEERS MINES



"She plucked a wild rose from a bush by the wayside, and passing the stalk through the bullet hole, pinned the brim against the crown by a thorn. 'There,' she said, putting on the hat again, with a little affectation of coquetry, 'how's that?'"

A NIECE OF "SNAPSHOT HARRY'S"

By BRET HARTE. Illustrated by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD

PART III.

ONCE on their way Mr. Brice's spirits returned. "I told you last night," he said, "that I hoped to meet you the next time with a better introduction. You suggested 'your uncle's.' Well, are you satisfied?"

"But you didn't come to see *me*," said the girl mischievously.

"How do you know what my intentions were?" returned the young man gaily, gazing at the girl's charming face with a serious doubt as to the singleness of his own intentions.

"Oh, because I know," she said with a toss of her brown head.

"I heard what you said to Uncle Harry."

Mr. Brice's brow contracted. "Perhaps you saw me too when I came," he said with a slight touch of bitterness as he thought of his reception.

Miss Flo laughed. Brice walked on silently; the girl was heartless and worthy her education. After a pause she said demurely: "I knew he wouldn't hurt you—but *you* didn't. That's where you showed your grit in walking straight on."

"And I suppose you were greatly amused?" he said scornfully.

The girl lifted her arms a little wearily, as with a half sigh she readjusted her brown braids under her uncle's grey slouch hat which she had caught up as she passed out. "Thar ain't much to laugh at here!" she said. "But it was mighty funny when you tried to put your hat straight, and then found thar was that bullet hole right through the brim! And the way you stared at it—Lordy!"

Her musical laugh was infectious and swept away his outraged dignity. He laughed too. At last she said, gazing at his hat, "It won't do for you to go back to your folks wearing that sort o' thing.

Here! Take mine!" With a saucy movement she audaciously lifted his hat from his head, and placed her own upon it.

"But this is your uncle's hat," he remonstrated.

"All the same—he spoiled yours," she laughed, adjusting his hat upon her own head. "But I'll keep yours to remember you by. I'll loop it up by this hole, and it'll look mighty purty. Jus' see!" She plucked a wild rose from a bush by the wayside, and, passing the stalk through the bullet hole, pinned the brim against the crown by a thorn. "There," she said, putting on the hat again with a little affectation of coquetry, "how's that?"

Mr. Brice thought it very picturesque and becoming to the graceful head and laughing eyes beneath it, and said so. Then, becoming in his turn audacious, he drew nearer to her side.

"I suppose you know the forfeit of putting on a gentleman's hat?"

Apparently she did, for she suddenly made a warning gesture, and said: "Not here! It would be a bigger forfeit than you'd keef for." Before he could reply she turned aside as if quite innocently, and passed into the shade of a fringe of buckeyes. He followed quickly. "I didn't mean that," she said—but in the meantime he had kissed the pink tip of her ear under its brown coils. He was, nevertheless, somewhat disconcerted by her undisturbed manner and serene face. "Ye don't seem to mind bein' shot at," she said with an odd smile, "but it won't do for you to kalkilate that *everybody* shoots as keeffully as Uncle Harry."

"I don't understand," he said, struck by her manner.

"Ye ain't very complimentary or you'd allow that other folks might be wantin' what you took just now, and might consider you was poaching," she returned gravely. "My best and strongest

holt among those men is that Uncle Harry would kill the first one who tried anything like that on—and they know it. That's how I get all the liberty I want here—and can come and go alone as I like."

Brice's face flushed quickly with genuine shame and remorse. "Do forgive me," he said hurriedly. "I didn't think—I'm a brute and a fool!"

"Uncle Harry allowed you was either drunk or a born idiot when you was promenadin' into the valley just now," she said with a smile.

"And what did you think?" he said, a little uneasily.

"I thought you didn't look like a drinkin' man," she said audaciously.

Brice bit his lip and walked on silently. At which she cast a sidelong glance under her widely spaced heavy lashes and said demurely, "I thought last night it was mighty good for you to stand up for your fren' Yuba Bill, and then after ye knew who I was to let the folks see you kinder cottoned to me too. Not in the style o' that land grabber Heckshill, nor that peart newspaper man neither. Of course I gave them as good as they sent," she went on with a little laugh, but Brice could see that her sensitive lip in profile had the tremulous and resentful curve of one who was accustomed to slight and annoyance. Was it possible that this reckless self-contained girl felt her position keenly? "I am proud to have your good opinion," he said with a certain respect mingled with his admiring glance, "even if I have not your uncle's."

"Oh, he likes you well enough, or he wouldn't have hearkened to you a minit," she said quickly. "When you opened out about them greenbacks I just clutched my cheer so"—she illustrated her

words with a gesture of her hands, and her face actually seemed to grow pale at the recollection—"and I nigh started up to stop ye, but that idea of Yuba Bill bein' robbed twice I think tickled him awful. But it was lucky none o' the gang heard ye or suspected anything. I reckon that's why he sent me with you—to keep them from doggin' you and askin' questions that a straight man like you would be sure to answer. But they daren't come nigh ye as long as I'm with you!" She threw back her head and rose-crested hat with a mock air of protection that, however, had a certain real pride in it.

"I am very glad of that if it gives me the chance of having your company alone," returned Brice smiling, "and very grateful to your uncle, whatever were his reasons for making you my guide. But you have already been that to me," and he told her of the footprints. "But for you," he added, with gentle significance, "I should not have been here."

She was silent for a moment, and he could only see the back of her head and its heavy brown coils. After a pause she said abruptly, "Where's your handkerchief?"

"He took it from his pocket; her ingenious uncle's bullet had torn rather than pierced the cambric."

"I thought so," she said, gravely examining it, "but I kin mend it as good as new. I reckon you allow I can't sew," she continued, "but I do heaps of mending, as the digger squaw and Chinamen we have here do only the coarser work. I'll send it back to you, and meanwhile you keep mine." She drew a handkerchief from her pocket and handed it to him. To his great surprise it was a delicate one, beautifully embroidered, and utterly incongruous to her station. The idea that flashed upon him, it is to be feared, showed itself momentarily in his hesitation and embarrassment.

She gave a quick laugh. "Don't be frightened. It's bought and paid for. Uncle Harry don't touch passengers' fixin's; that ain't his style. You oughter know that." Yet in spite of her laugh he could see the sensitive pout of her lower lip.

"I was only thinking," he said hurriedly and sympathetically, "that it was too fine for me. But I will be proud to keep it as a souvenir of you. It's not too pretty for that!"

"Uncle gets me these things. He don't keer what they cost," she went on ignoring the compliment. "Why, I've got awfully fine gowns up there that I only wear when I go to Marysville once in a while."

"Does he take you there?" asked Brice.

"No!" she said quietly. "Not"—a little defiantly—"that he's afeard, for they can't prove anything against him; no man kin swear to him, and that ain't an officer that keers to go for him. But he's that shy for me he don't keer to have me mixed with him."

"But nobody recognises you, do they?"

"Sometimes—but I don't keer for that." She cocked her hat a little audaciously, but Brice noticed that her arms afterwards dropped at her side with the same weary gesture he had observed before. "Whenever I go into shops it's always 'Yes, Miss,' and 'No, Miss,' and 'certainly, Miss Dimwood.' O, they're mighty respectful. I reckon they allow that Snapshot Harry's rifle carries far."

Presently she faced him again, for their conversation had been carried on in profile. There was a critical, searching look in her brown eyes. "Here I'm talkin' to you as you were one—" Mr. Brice was positive she was going to say, "one of the gang," but she hesitated and concluded, "one of my relations—like Cousin Hiram."

"I wish you would think of me as being as true a friend," said the young man, earnestly.

She did not reply immediately, but seemed to be examining the distance. They were not far from the cañon now and the river bank. A fringe of buckeyes hid the base of the mountain, which had begun to tower up above them to the invisible stage road overhead. "I am going to be a real guide to you now," she said suddenly. "When we reach that buckeye corner and are out of sight, we will turn into it instead of going through the cañon. You shall go up the mountain to the stage road, from *this* side."

"But it is impossible," he said in astonishment. "Your uncle said so."

"Coming down, but not going up," she returned with a laugh. "I found it, and no one knows it but myself."

He glanced up at the towering cliff; its nearly perpendicular flanks were seamed with fissures some clefts deeply set with stunted growths of thorn and "scrub," but still sheer and forbidding, and then glanced back at her incredulously. "I will show you," she said, answering his look with a smile of triumph. "I haven't trapped over this whole valley for nothing! But wait until we reach the river bank. They must think that we've gone through the cañon."

"They?"

"Yes—anyone who is watching us," said the girl drily.

A few steps further on brought them to the buckeye thicket, which extended to the river bank and mouth of the cañon. The girl lingered for a moment ostentatiously before it, and then saying "Come," suddenly turned at right angles into the thicket. Brice followed, and the next moment they were hidden by its friendly screen from the valley. On the other side rose the mountain wall leaving a narrow trail before them. It was composed of the rocky *débris* and fallen trees of the cliff, from which buckeyes and larches were now springing. It was uneven, irregular, and slowly ascending, but the young girl led the way with the free footstep of a mountaineer, and yet a grace that was akin to delicacy. Nor could he fail to notice that, after the Western girl's fashion, she was shod more elegantly and lightly than was consistent with her rude and rustic surroundings. It was the same slim shoe-print which had guided him that morning. Presently she stopped, and seemed to be gazing curiously at the cliff side. Brice followed the direction of her eyes. On a protruding bush at the edge of one of the wooded clefts of the mountain flank, something was hanging, and in the freshening southerly wind was flapping heavily, like a raven's wing, or as if still saturated with the last night's rain. "That's mighty queer!" said Flo, gazing intently at the unsightly and incongruous attachment to the shrub, which had a vague, wierd suggestion. "It wasn't there yesterday."

"It looks like a man's coat," said Brice, uneasily,

"Whew!" said the girl. "Then somebody has come down

who won't go up again! There's a lot of fresh rocks and brush here too. What's that?" She was pointing to a spot some yards before them, where there had been a recent precipitation of *débris* and uprooted shrubs. But mingled with it lay a mass of rags strangely akin to the tattered remnant that flagged from the bush a hundred feet above them. The girl suddenly uttered a sharp feminine cry of mingled horror and disgust—the first weakness of sex she had shown—and recoiling, grasped Brice's arm. "Don't go there! Come away!"

But Brice had already seen that which, while it shocked him, was urging him forward with an invincible fascination. Gently releasing himself and bidding the girl stand back, he moved towards the unsightly heap. Gradually it disclosed a grotesque caricature of a human figure, but so maimed and doubled up that it seemed a stuffed and fallen scarecrow. As was common in men stricken suddenly down by accident in the fulness of life, the clothes asserted themselves before all else with a hideous ludicrousness, obliterating even the majesty of death in their helpless yet ironical incongruity. The garments seemed to have never fitted the wearer, but to have been assumed in ghastly jocularity—a boot half off the swollen foot, a ripped waistcoat thrown over the shoulder, were like the properties of some low comedian. At first the body seemed to be headless, but as Brice cleared away the *débris* and lifted it, he saw with horror that the head was twisted under the shoulder, and swung helplessly from the dislocated neck. But that horror gave way to a more intense and thrilling emotion as he saw the face—although strangely free from laceration or disfigurement, and impurpled and distended into the simulation of a self-complacent smile—was a face he recognised! It was the face of the cynical traveller in the coach—the man whom he was now satisfied had robbed it.

A strange and selfish resentment took possession of him! Here was the man through whom he had suffered shame and peril—and who even now seemed complacently victorious in death. He examined him closely; his coat and waistcoat had been partly torn away in his fall; his shirt still clung to him, but through its torn front could be seen a heavy treasure belt encircling his waist. Forgetting his disgust, he tore away the shirt and unloosed the belt. It was saturated like the rest of his clothing with water, but its pocket seemed heavy and distended. In another instant he had opened it, and discovered the envelope containing the packet of greenbacks, its seals still inviolate and unbroken. It was the stolen treasure!

A faint sigh recalled him to himself. The girl was standing a few feet from him regarding him curiously.

"It's the thief himself!" he said in a breathless explanation. "In trying to escape he must have fallen from the road above. But here are the greenbacks safe! We must go back to your uncle at once!" he said excitedly. "Come!"

"Are you mad?" she said in astonishment.

"No," returned Brice in equal astonishment, "but you know I agreed with him that we should work together to recover the money, and I must show him our good luck."

"He told you that if you met the thief and could get the money from him you were welcome to it," said the girl gravely, "and you have got it."

"But not in the way he meant," said Brice hurriedly. "This man's death is the result of his attempting to escape from your uncle's guards along the road—the merit of it belongs to them and your uncle. It would be cowardly and mean of me to take advantage of it."

The girl looked at him with an expression of mingled admiration and pity. "But the guards were placed there before he ever saw you," said she, impatiently. "And whatever Uncle Harry may want to do he must do what the gang says. And with the money once in their possession—or even in yours, if they knew it—I wouldn't give much for its chances—or *yours* either—for gettin' out o' this hollow again."

"But if *they* are treacherous, that is no reason why I should be so," said Brice, stoutly.

"You've no right to say they are treacherous, when they knew nothing of your plans," said the girl sharply. "Your Company would have more call to say *you* were treacherous to it for making a plan without consulting them." Brice winced, for he had thought of that before. "You kin offer that reward *after* you get away from here with the greenbacks. Put," she added, proudly, with a toss of her head, "go back if you want to! Tell him all! Tell him where you found it—tell him I did not take you through the cañon, but was showing you a new trail I had never shown to *them*! Tell him that I am a traitor, for I have given them and him away to you, a stranger, and that you consider yourself the only straight and honest one about here!"

Brice flushed with shame. "Forgive me," he said hurriedly, "You are right, and I am wrong again. I will do just what you say. I will first place these greenbacks in a secure place—and then—"

"Get away first—that's your only holt," she interrupted him quickly, her eyes still flashing through indignant tears. "Come quick, for I must put you on the trail before they miss me."

She darted forwards, he followed, but she kept the lead, as much, he fancied, to evade his observation as to expedite his going. Presently they stopped before the sloping trunk of a huge pine that had long since fallen from the height above, but, although splintered where it had broken ground, had preserved some fifty feet of its straight trunk erect and leaning like a ladder against the mountain wall. "Thar," she said, hurriedly pointing to its decaying but still projecting lateral branches, "You climb it—I have. At the top you'll find its stuck in a cleft among the brush. There's a little hollow and an old water way from a spring above which makes a trail through the brush. It's as good as the trail you took from the stage road this morning, but it's not as safe coming down. Keep along it to the spring, and it will land ye just the other side of Uncle Hiram's cabin. Go quick! I'll wait here until ye've reached the cleft."

"But you," he said, turning toward her, "how can I ever thank you?"

As if anticipating a leave-taking the girl had already withdrawn herself a few yards away, and simply made an upward gesture with her hand. "Quick! Up with you! Every minute now is a risk to me."

Thus appealed to Brice could only comply. Perhaps he was a

little hurt at the girl's evident desire to avoid a gentler parting. Securing his prized envelope within his breast he began to ascend the tree. Its inclination, and the aid offered by the broken stumps of branches, made this comparatively easy, and in a few moments he reached its top and stood upon a little ledge in the wall. A swift glance around him revealed the whole waterway or fissure slanting upward along the mountain face. Then he turned quickly to look down the dizzy height. At first he could distinguish nothing but the top of the buckeyes and their white clustering blossoms. Then something fluttered—the torn white handkerchief of his that she had kept. And then he caught a single glimpse of the flower-plumed hat receding rapidly among the trees, and Flora Dimwood was gone.

In twenty-four hours Edward Brice was in San Francisco. But although successful and the bearer of the treasure it is doubtful if he approached this end of his journey with the tenuity he had shown on entering the robbers' valley. A consciousness that the methods he had employed might excite the ridicule, if not the censure, of his principals, or that he might have compromised them in his meeting with Snapshot Harry, considerably modified his youthful exultation. It is possible that Flora's reproach, which still rankled in his mind, may have quickened his sensitiveness on that point. However, he had resolved to tell the whole truth—except his episode with Flora—and place the conduct of Snapshot Harry and the Tarboxes in as favourable a light as possible. By first he had recourse to the manager—a man of shrewd, worldly experience, who had recommended him to his place. When he had finished and handed him the treasured envelope the man looked at him with a critical and yet not unkindly expression. "Perhaps it's just as well, Brice, that you did come to me at first and did not make your report to the president and directors."

"I suppose," said Brice, diffidently, "that they wouldn't have liked my communicating with the highwayman without their knowledge?"

"More than that—they wouldn't have believed your story."

"Not believe it?" said Brice flushing quickly. "Do you think—"

The manager checked him with a laugh. "Hold on! I believe every word of it, and why? Because you've added nothing to it to make yourself the regular hero. Why with your opportunity and no one able to contradict you, you might have told me you had a hand-to-hand fight with the thief, and had to kill him to recover the money, and even brought your handkerchief and hat back with the bullet holes to prove it." Brice winced as he thought of the fair possessor of those articles. "But as a story for general circulation it won't do. Have you told it to anyone else? Does anyone know what happened but yourself?"

Brice thought of Flora, but he had resolved not to compromise her, and he had a consciousness that she would be equally loyal to him. "No one," he answered boldly.

"Very good. And I suppose you wouldn't mind if it were kept out of the newspapers? You're not hankering after a reputation as a hero?"

"Certainly not," said Brice indignantly.

"Well, then, we'll keep it where it is. You will say nothing. I will hand over the greenbacks to the Company but only as much of your story as I think they'll stand. You're all right as it is. Yuba Bill has already set you up in his report to the Company, and the recovery of this money will put you higher! Only—the *public* need know nothing about it."

"But," said Brice amazedly, "how can it be prevented? The shippers—who lost the money—will have to know that it has been recovered!"

"Why should they? The Company will assume the risk and repay them just the same. It's a great deal better to have the reputation for accepting the responsibility than for the shippers to think that they only get their money through the accident of its recovery."

Brice gasped at this large business truth! Besides, it occurred to him that it kept the secret and Flora's participation in it from Snapshot Harry and the gang. He had not thought of that before.

"Come," continued the manager with official curtness. "What do you say? Are you willing to leave it to me?"

Brice hesitated a moment. It was not what his impulsive truthful nature had suggested. It was not what his youthful fancy had imagined! He had not worked upon the sympathies of the Company on behalf of Snapshot Harry as he believed he would do. He had not even impressed the manager. His story, far from exciting a chivalrous sentiment, had been pronounced improbable! Yet he reflected he had, so far, protected *her*! And he consented with a sigh.

Nevertheless, the result ought to have satisfied him. A dazzling cheque enclosed in a letter of thanks from the Company the next day, and his promotion from "the road" to the San Francisco office, would have been quite enough for any one but Edward Brice. Yet he was grateful, albeit a little frightened and remorseful over his luck. He could not help thinking of the kindly tolerance of the highwayman, the miserable death of the actual thief, which had proved his own salvation, and above all the generous, high-spirited girl who had aided his escape. While on his way to San Francisco, and yet in the first glow of his success, he had written her a few lines from Marysville enclosed in a letter to Mr. Tarbox. He had received no reply.

Then a week passed. He wrote again and still no reply. Then a vague feeling of jealousy took possession of him as he remembered her warning hint of the attentions to which she was subjected, and he became singularly appreciative of Snapshot Harry's proficiency as a marksman. Then, cruellest of all, for your impassioned lover is no lover at all if not cruel in his imaginings, he remembered how she had evaded her uncle's espionage with *him*; could she not equally with *another*? Perhaps that was why she had hurried him away—why she had prevented his returning to her uncle. Following this came another week of disappointment and equally miserable cynical philosophy, in which he persuaded himself he was perfectly satisfied with his material advancement, that it was the only outcome of his adventure to be recognised—and was more miserable than ever.

A month had passed when one morning he received a small package by post. The address was in a handwriting unknown to him, but opening the parcel he was surprised to find only a handkerchief neatly folded. Examining it closely he found it was his

own—the one he had given her—the rent made by her uncle's bullet so ingeniously and delicately mended as to almost simulate embroidery. The joy that suddenly filled him at this proof of her remembrance showed him too plainly how hollow had been his cynicism and how lasting his hope! Turning over the wrapper eagerly he discovered what he had at first thought was some business card. It was, indeed, printed and not engraved in some common newspaper type, and bore the address, "Hiram Tarbox, Land and Timber Agent, 1101 California Street." He again examined the parcel; there was nothing else—not a line from *her*! But it was a clue at last—and she had not forgotten him! He seized his hat, and ten minutes later was breasting the steep sand-hill into which California Street in those days plunged, and again emerged at its crest, with a few struggling houses.

But when he reached the summit he could see that the outline of the street was still plainly marked along the distance by cottages and new suburban villa-like blocks of houses. No 1101 was in one of these blocks—a small tenement enough—but a palace compared to Mr. Tarbox's Sierran cabin. He impetuously rang the bell and, without waiting to be announced, dashed into the little drawing-room and Mr. Tarbox's presence. That had changed too; Mr. Tarbox was arrayed in a suit of clothes as new, as cheaply decorative, as fresh and—apparently—as damp as his own drawing-room.

"Did you get my letter? Did you give her the one I enclosed? Why didn't you answer?" burst out Brice after his first breathless greeting.

Mr. Tarbox's face here changed so suddenly into his old dejected doggedness that Brice could have imagined himself back in the Sierran cabin. The man straightened and bowed himself at Brice's questions, and then replied with bold, deliberate emphasis.

"Yes, I *did* get your letter. I *didn't* give no letter o' yours to her. And I didn't answer your letter *before*, for I didn't propose to answer it at all."

"Why?" demanded Brice indignantly.

"I didn't give her your letter because I didn't kalkilate to be any go-between twist you and Snapshot Harry's niece. Look yar, Mr. Brice. Sense I read that ar' paragraph in that paper you gave me I allowed to myself that it wasn't the square thing for me to have any more doin's with him and I quit it. I jest chucked your letter in the fire. I didn't answer you because I reckoned I'd no call to correspond with ye, and when I showed ye that trail over to Harry's camp it was ended. I've got a house and business to look arter, and it don't jibe with keepin' company with 'road agents.' That's what I got out of that paper you gave me, Mr. Brice."

Rage and disgust filled Brice at the man's utter selfishness and shameless desertion of his kindred, none the less powerfully that he remembered the part he himself had played in concocting the paragraph. "Do you mean to say," he demanded passionately, "that for the sake of that foolish paragraph you gave up your own kindred? That you truckled to the mean prejudices of your neighbours and kept that poor defenceless girl from the only honest roof she could find refuge under? That you dared to destroy my letter to her, and made her believe I was as selfish and ungrateful as yourself?"

"Young feller," said Mr. Tarbox, still more deliberately, yet with a certain dignity that Brice had never noticed before, "what's between you and Flo, and what rights she has fer thinkin, ye 'ez selfish' and 'ez ongrateful' ez me—ef she does, I dunno!—but when ye talk o' me 'givin' up my kindred,' and sling such hogwash az 'ongrateful' and 'selfish' round this yer sittin' room, mebbee it mout occur to ye that Harry Dimwood might hev *his* opinion o' what was 'ongrateful' and 'selfish' ef I'd played in between his niece and a young man o' the Express Company—his nat'ral enemy. It's one thing to hev helped ye to see her in her father's own camp, but another to help ye by makin' a clandestine post-offis o' my cabin. Ef, instead o' writin', you'd hev posted yourself by comin' to me, you mout hev found out that when I broke with Harry I offered to take Flo with me for good and all—ef he'd keep away from us. And that's the kind o' 'honest roof' that that thar 'poor defenceless girl' got under when her or ppled aunt died three weeks ago, and left Harry free. It was by 'trucklin' to them 'mean prejudices' and readin' that thar 'foolish paragraph,' that I settled this thing then and thar!"

Brice's revulsion of sentiment was so complete, and the gratitude that beamed in his eyes was so sincere, that Mr. Tarbox hardly needed the profuse apologies which broke from him. "Forgive me!" he continued to stammer, "I have wronged you, wronged *her*—everybody. But if you knew, Mr. Tarbox, how I have felt over this, how deeply—how passionately—"

"It *does* make a man looney sometimes," said Mr. Tarbox relaxing into demure dryness again, "so I reckon you *did*! Mebbe she reckoned so too, for she asked me to give you the hankercher I sent ye. It looked as if she'd bin doin' some fancy work on it."

Brice glanced quickly at Mr. Tarbox's face. It was stolid and imperturbable. She had evidently kept the secret of what passed in the hollow to herself. For the first time he looked around the room curiously. "I didn't know you were a land agent before," he said.

"No more I was! All that kem out o' that paragraph, Mr. Brice! That man Heckshill, who was so mighty perlit that night, wrote to me afterwards that he didn't know my name till he'd seed that paragraph, and he wanted to know ef, ez a 'well-known citizen,' I could recommend him some timber lands. I recommended him half o' my own quarter section—and he took it! He's puttin' up a mill thar, and that's another reason why we want peace and quietness up thar. I'm tryin' (betwixt and between us, Mr. Brice) to get Harry to clar out and sell his rights in the valley and the water power on the Fork to Heckshill and me. I'm opening a business here."

"Then you've left Mrs. Tarbox with Miss Flora in your cabin while you attend to business here," said Brice tentatively.

"Not exactly, Mr. Brice. The old woman thought it a good chance to come to 'Frisco and put Flo in one o' them Catholic Convent Schools—that asks no questions whar the raw logs comes from, and turns 'em out first class plank all round. You foller me, Mr. Brice? But Mrs. Tarbox is jest in the next room, and would admire to tell ye all this—and I'll go in and send her to you." And, with a patronising wave of the hand, Mr. Tarbox complacently disappeared in the hall.

Mr. Brice was not sorry to be left to himself in his utter bewilderment! Flo, separated from her detrimental uncle, and placed in a convent school! Tarbox, the obscure pioneer, a shrewd speculator emerging into success, and taking the uncle's place! And all this within that month which he had wasted with absurd repinings. How feeble seemed his own adventure and advancement; how even ludicrous his pretensions to any patronage and superiority. How this common backwoodsman had set him in his place, as easily as *she* had evaded the advances of the journalist and Heckshill! They have taught him a lesson, perhaps even the sending back of his handkerchief was part of it! His heart grew heavy, he walked to the window and gazed out with a long sigh.

A light laugh, that might have been an echo of the one which had attracted him that night in Tarbox's cabin, fell upon his ear. He turned quickly to meet Flora Dimwood's laughing eyes shining upon him in the doorway.

Many a time during that month he had thought of this meeting—had imagined what it would be like—what would be his manner towards her—what would be her greeting and what they would say. He would be cold, gentle, formal, gallant, gay, sad, trustful, reproachful—even as the moods in which he thought of her came to his foolish brain. He would always begin with respectful seriousness, or a frankness equal to her own—but never, never again would he offend as he had under the buckeyes! And now face to face with her pretty one shining upon him, all his plans, his speeches, his preparations vanished, and left him dumb. Yet he moved towards her with a brief articulate something on his lips—something between a laugh and sigh—but that really was a kiss, and—in point of fact—promptly folded her in his arms.

Yet it was certainly direct, and perhaps the best that could be done, for the young lady did not emerge from it as coolly, as unemotionally, nor possibly as quickly as she had under the shade of the buckeyes. But she persuaded him—by still holding his hand—to sit beside her on the chilly, highly varnished "green rep" sofa—albeit to him it was a bank in a bower of enchantment. Then she said with adorable reproachfulness: "You don't ask what I did with the body?"

Mr. Edward Brice started. He was young and unfamiliar with the evasive expansiveness of the female mind at such supreme moments.

"The body—oh, yes—certainly."

"I buried it myself—it was suthin' too awful!—and the gang would have been sure to have found it, and the empty belt. I burned *that*. So that nobody knows nothin'."

It was not a time for strictly grammatical negatives, and I am afraid that the girl's characteristically familiar speech, even when pathetically corrected here and there by the influence of the convent, endeared her the more to him. And when she said, "And now, Mr. Edward Brice, sit over at that end of the sofa and let's talk," they talked. They talked for an hour, more or less continuously, until they were surprised by a discreet cough and the entrance of Mrs. Tarbox. Then there was more talk, and the discovery that Mr. Brice was long due at the office. "Ye might drop in, now and then, whenever ye feel like it, and Flo is at home," suggested Mrs. Tarbox at parting.

Mr. Brice *did* drop in frequently during the next month. On one of these occasions Mr. Tarbox accompanied him to the door. "And now—ez everything ez settled and in order, Mr. Brice, and ef you should be wantin' to say anything about it to your bosses at the office ye may mention *my* name ez Flo Dimwood's second cousin, and say I'm a depositor in their bank. And," with greater deliberation, "ef anything at any time should be thrown up at ye for marryin' a niece o' Snapshot Harry ye might mention, keerless like, that Snapshot Harry, under the name o' Henry J. Dimwood, hes held shares in their old bank for years!"

THE END

The Two Rival Authors of "God Save the Queen"

HENRY CAREY

To be born into the world a child of misfortune, and to quit it wantonly—only to find a suicide's grave—is surely the most unhappy destiny that could befall any mortal! Yet, such was the destiny of Henry Carey, the reputed author and composer of the National Anthem, "God Save the Queen." To say that such a man "flourished," as in the language of an old-time biographer, were to use the term in coldest irony and cruellest mockery; since, from entrance to exit, the career of poor Carey on life's stage was one of singular disaster, albeit it is on record that he disported thereon as a man of "a very facetious disposition." The known facts of his history are most meagre; even the exact date and place of his birth being unascertained. A reputed son of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, young Henry Carey appears, some time about the end of the seventeenth century, to have been early left in London to his own resources, and to have tried to make the most of them by teaching music, for which he had some capacity, and composing ballads and songs—as well as the airs for them—for certain of the comedies that then had a vogue. By these efforts he acquired a theatrical connection, and was encouraged thereby to write a few burlesques and farces, a "serious" drama or two which were produced with some applause at Goodman's Fields Theatre (*The Honest Yorkshireman* was perhaps the best of these farces), and subsequently, in 1743, to publish his writings in a volume entitled, "The Musical Century, in One Hundred English Ballads, on Various Subjects and Occasions." Of these one hundred ballads, perhaps the best and, indeed, the only one surviving to-day is the delightful and ever popular "Sally in Our Alley." Had Carey written nothing more than this simple and charming ballad, his name would have been entitled to some remembrance. But the effort of his life, for which his title to a claim on the gratitude of all true patriotic Englishmen can never be disregarded, was in his manipulation of the existing words of the National Anthem of England, and in his setting of these words to the air with which we are all so

familiar. With regard to his adaptation of the words of the anthem, which, by the way, were originally written some sixty or seventy years before, and, it is believed, in praise of Charles I., not much can be said of the literary effort involved. A comparison between the merits of the original stanzas of the anthem and of Carey's version of it, does not afford, at least from the poetical

standpoint, much margin of doubt as to the degree of excellence the latter has beyond the former. That point, however, need not now be insisted on. As it stands, the existing version of our National Anthem is admitted to be Carey's, and, for the past sixty years at least, has held its place in the heart of the British people. But it is chiefly for his connection with the music of the words of the anthem that Carey's work claims interest. That he was the actual composer of the famous



HENRY CAREY

From an Engraving of the Portrait by J. Worsdale

air was for many years disputed, and gave rise to much controversy in this country and in America. It is now generally admitted that the honour of having written that air belongs to Carey and not to Anthony Young, a contemporary composer and a relative of the famous Mrs. Cibber, the lady who had the distinction of being the first to sing the strains of the anthem before the public from the stage of the theatre in Drury Lane. Perhaps it was owing to Young's relationship with Mrs. Cibber that his name became associated with the anthem. Be that as it may, the evidence in favour of Carey being its composer has been considered sufficiently satisfactory to give him, and him alone, the honour of the accomplishment. Even were it possible, which, of course, it is not now, to take that honour from him, how cruel would be the attempt in view of the tragedy of his life and death! Of that tragedy a biographer wrote:—"The convivial disposition of Carey frequently involved him in pecuniary difficulties. His thoughtlessness and extravagance at last reduced him to circumstances of the greatest distress that, on October 4, 1743, in a fit of desperation, he put a period to his life!" So much, alas! for the author of "God Save the Queen." Truly, his was a "back door" coming and going! Peace to his memory!

DR. J. BULL

It is interesting to remember that, among the names at one time connected with the authorship of "God Save the Queen," that of Dr. John Bull had a prominent place. Bull was born, it is believed, in 1563, and died in 1613, just fifty years of age. In his day he enjoyed a considerable reputation, both as an organist and a writer of anthems. Indeed, so popular was he at Court that Queen Elizabeth specially recommended him to be the first Professor of Music in Gresham College; while, some years later—in 1607—he was selected to entertain her successor, King James, at an organ recital in the Merchant Taylors' Hall, on the annual election day of the Master and Wardens. Bull's career seems, however, to have been seriously handicapped by reason of physical infirmity, a fact strangely inconsistent with the attributes associated to-day with the character of the typical Britisher!

But how the name of Dr. John Bull first became associated with the music of the National Anthem it is not easy now to tell. He could not, of course, have had any hand in the composition of the words of the anthem; at all events, there is not a scrap of evidence extant to raise that point in his favour. As for the belief that he actually com-



DOCTOR JOHN BULL

(From an Old Print)

posed the air to which the anthem it set, it is difficult to find a satisfactory explanation, unless in the fact that Bull filled the post of organist to the Chapel Royal and, in that capacity, received conspicuous marks of the Royal favour both from Queen Elizabeth and King James—favour which might well have called forth from its recipient some such signal service as the writing of a hymn or anthem in praise of his patron. It is absolutely certain, however, that the National Anthem was not composed in honour of the former monarch, great and glorious though Queen Elizabeth was; and it is almost equally certain that it was not the personality of her nephew that inspired its loyal and patriotic sentiments! So far as can now be determined, it was some time during the reign of Charles I., or about fifty years after the death of Dr. Bull, that the earliest mention of "God Save the King"—the original title of the anthem—is to be found. And while the redoubtable name of John Bull has long been a name to command consideration, in this connection, at any rate, its claims to popular regard are, it is to be feared, decidedly unsubstantial. Still, it is interesting to make this reference to Carey's rival, and also to show, as in our illustration, what manner of man that rival was in the flesh.



THE LATE CAPTAIN D. A. N. LOMAX
Killed at Driefontein



THE LATE SECOND LT. P. J. T. U. SIMPSON
Killed at Pieter's Hill



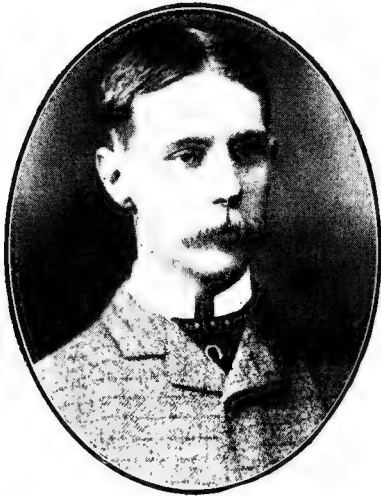
THE LATE LT. H. B. ONRÆT, R.A.M.C.
Killed in the advance on Ladysmith



THE LATE CYRIL ARKWRIGHT
Died of enteric fever at Ladysmith



THE LATE LIEUTENANT F. C. DAVIDSON
Died of wounds received at Grobler's Kloof



THE LATE LT.-COL. C. G. H. SITWELL
Killed at Pieter's Hill



THE LATE LIEUTENANT D. J. KESWICK
Killed near Poplar Grove



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. W. BROWN
Died at Pretoria of wounds received at Colesberg



THE LATE LIEUTENANT S. D. BARROW
Died of gastric fever at Modder River



THE LATE LIEUTENANT F. N. PARSONS
Killed near Driefontein



THE LATE LIEUTENANT R. H. MCCLURE
Killed near Paardeberg



THE LATE CAPTAIN R. PRICE
Died of blood poisoning on the Modder River

OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION

Victims of the War

LIEUTENANT STEPHEN DOUGLAS BARROW, of the Royal Engineers, who died at Modder River of gastric fever, was in his twenty-fourth year, having been born on July 10, 1876, and had seen nearly four years' service. He entered the Engineers on March 29, 1896, and obtained his lieutenantcy on March 21, 1899. He had been acting as adjutant to Colonel Rochfort Boyd. Our portrait is by C. Knight, Aldershot.

Lieutenant Francis Newton Parsons, Essex Regiment, who was killed in action at Driefontein, first joined the above corps as second lieutenant on February 29, 1896, at twenty-one years of age, having been born on March 23, 1875, and was promoted lieutenant on March 1, 1898.

Second Lieutenant Robert Hamilton McClure, of the Seaforth Highlanders, was one of the youngest officers in the Army. He was born on March 30, 1881, and, consequently, was not yet nineteen. He entered the Army as a second lieutenant in the Seaforth Highlanders on August 12 last. Our portrait is by the Arcade Studio, Reading.

Second Lieutenant Francis James Thomas Uniacke Simpson, of the Scots Fusiliers, was only gazetted to the regiment on October 18 last. Our portrait is by Wyrall and Son, Aldershot.

Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Claude G. H. Sitwell, D.S.O., of the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, killed in General Buller's advance on Ladysmith, was born on October 18, 1858. He entered the 85th Foot (2nd Shropshire Light Infantry) from the Militia in September, 1878. He went through the Afghan War, and in 1882 was in Egypt, assisting in the defence of Alexandria, and the occupation of Kafr Dohar. He was also present at the surrender at Damietta, receiving the medal and bronze star. From April 6, 1894, to October 26, 1895, he was employed with the Egyptian Army, and he then went to East Africa, and was engaged in the Uganda Protectorate for four years, commanding the expeditions against the Kitosh Kabras and Kikelwa tribes, in 1895, and being mentioned in despatches for his services in the Wandji Expeditions in 1895-6. He won his D.S.O. by the skill with which he commanded the operations against M'Wanga, which were marked by several engagements. He received his brevet of lieutenant-colonel in October last. Our portrait is by J. Maclardy, Oswestry.

Lieutenant Cyril Arkwright, of the 5th Lancers, died at Ladysmith of enteric fever. Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Captain Rhys Price, of the 1st Welsh Regiment, died of blood poisoning at Modder River. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Captain A. W. Brown, of the 1st Suffolk Regiment, died of

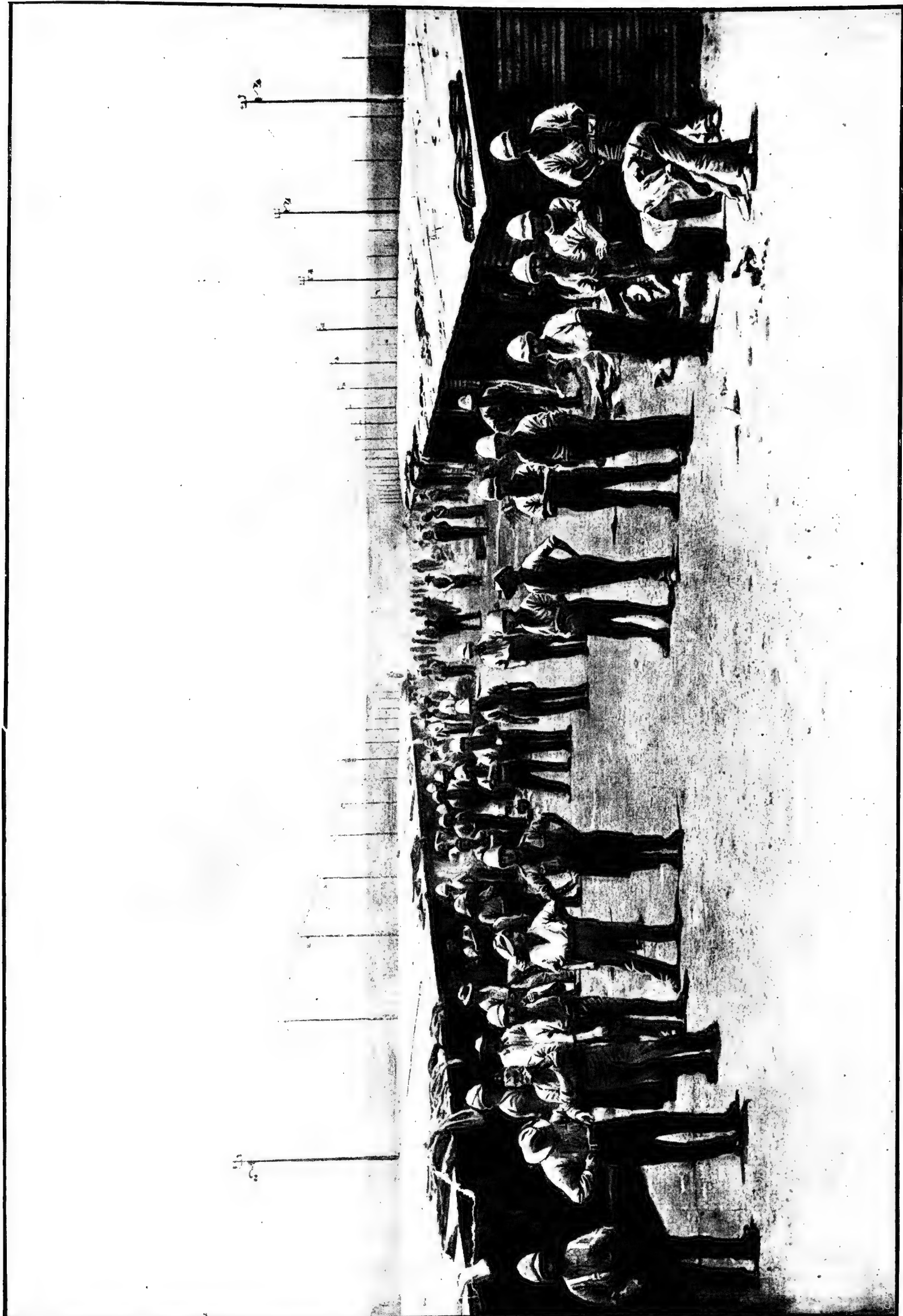
wounds received at Colesberg. Our portrait is by G. Denny and Co., Exeter.

Captain David Alexander Napier Lomax, Adjutant of the 1st Battalion the Welsh Regiment, was killed in the action at Driefontein during Lord Roberts's advance on Bloemfontein. He joined his regiment in 1888, and obtained his captaincy last year. Our photograph is by Heath, Plymouth.

Lieutenant Francis Coventry Dudfield Davidson, of the 2nd Battalion the King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regiment), died of wounds during the advance to Ladysmith. He joined the Army in 1895, and became lieutenant in 1897. Lieutenant Davidson was a son of Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Davidson, H.M.'s Royal Body Guard, who served in the same regiment, then the 4th King's Own. Lieutenant Davidson was educated at Westminster School. Our portrait is by M. Jacquette, South Kensington.

Lieutenant David Johnstone Keswick, of the 12th (the Prince of Wales's Royal) Lancers, was killed near Poplar Grove during the advance of Lord Roberts's force on Bloemfontein. He joined his regiment in 1897.

Lieutenant Hugh Bernard Onraët, R.A.M.C., was killed in the attack on Pieter's Hill during the Ladysmith relief operations. He entered the service last July. Our portrait is by R. W. Elliott, Aldershot.



IN THE STORMBERG AVENUE IN THE MILITARY PRISON CAMP AT WATerval, NEAR PRETORIA
BRITISH PRISONERS IN THE HANDS OF THE BOERS

THE HERO OF MAFEKING AND HIS FAMILY

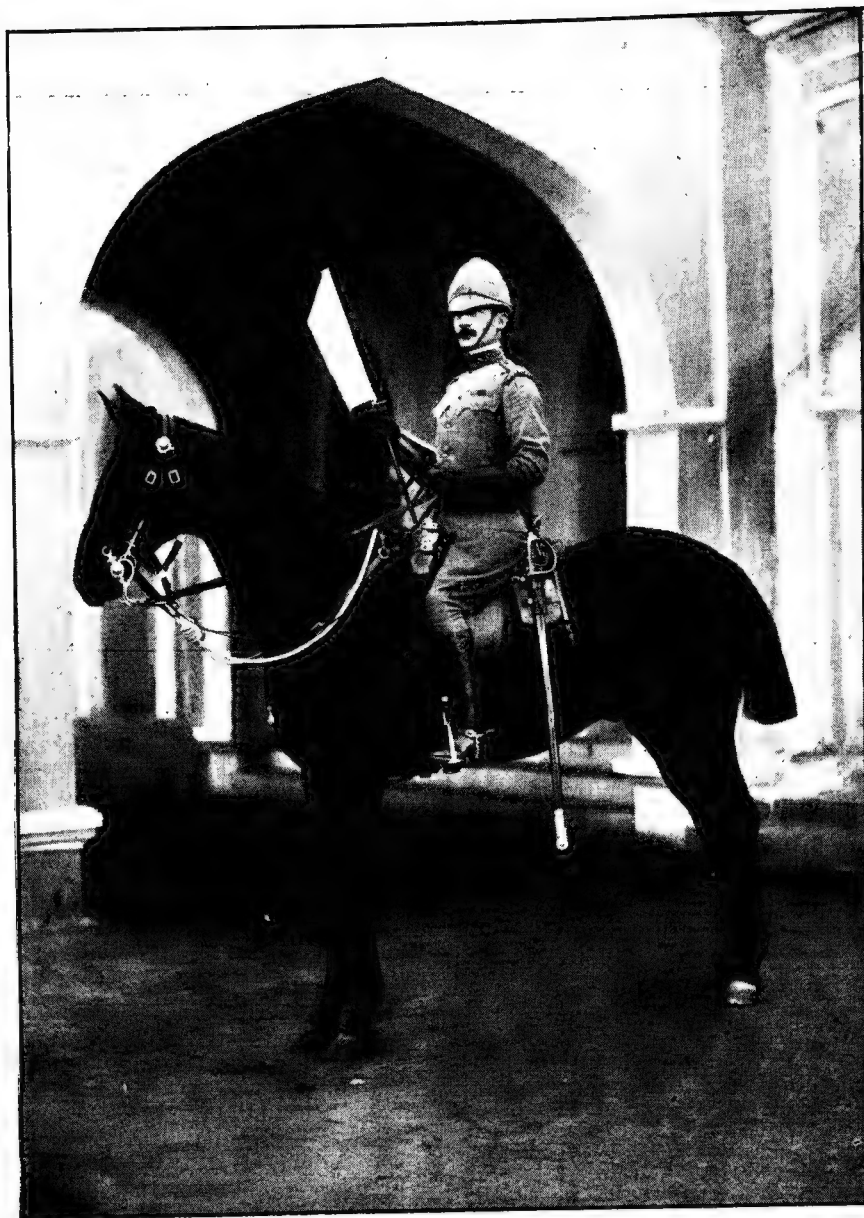


MRS. BADEN-POWELL

"SELF-RELIANCE is the ability to act on your own hook—to be able to see what is the right line to take according to circumstances, to use your own intelligence and act on it."

"DISCRETION, according to some people, is readiness to back out of a job if you see there is any danger in it. I don't mean that. I mean by discretion sufficient cool-headedness to see how by using your pluck and self-reliance you can go into the danger and get through it all right."

These are two definitions of character given by Colonel Baden-Powell in his little book on "Scouting," which was immediately translated into German for the use of the German Army. The proof sheets of it were revised by the Colonel



COLONEL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL, 5TH DRAGOON GUARDS

while he was actually besieged in Mafeking, and in addition to its great value as a military handbook it stands as a record of his own character—for the Hero of Mafeking is essentially himself a scout possessing all the necessary qualities and himself exactly fitting the romantic idea which the name "scout" carries with it—a man of exceptional courage and resource. That is just what Colonel Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell is; and he is much more besides—a first-class sportsman and polo player, a first-rate shot, an admirable actor and singer and writer, and an artist of great power. And with all this he is, what all really great men are, modest and kind-hearted. Such is "B. P.," the man whose name is in the mouths of all of us as household words. What wonder, then, that in a recent message sent out from



MISS BADEN-POWELL

the besieged town held by him and his companions for the Empire so bravely and long, one of the war correspondents should use language such as this:—"We have learned," says, "that Pretoria is pressing Snyman to take Mafeking and then get south to help the Staters. They want him to explain the cause of delay. He has been for four months 2,000 miles from the town with a large force. Why has he not taken it? Snyman can't say; the thing must be Providence. We know why old Snyman did it. It is because he can't. No doubt Providence; but we don't forget Baden-Powell."

"B. P." comes honestly by his wonderful ties. There is a dash of Nelson's blood in his



MR. FRANK BADEN-POWELL
Painter and Sculptor



MR. WARRINGTON BADEN-POWELL, Q.C.
Attorney-General



A FAMILY GROUP



EXAMINING AN ASHANTI PRISONER
From a Water-colour by Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell



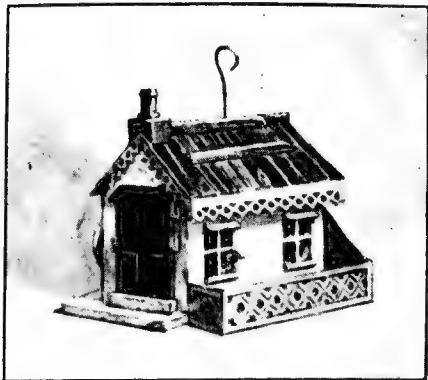
MAJOR B. F. S. BADEN-POWELL
1st Battalion Scots Guards



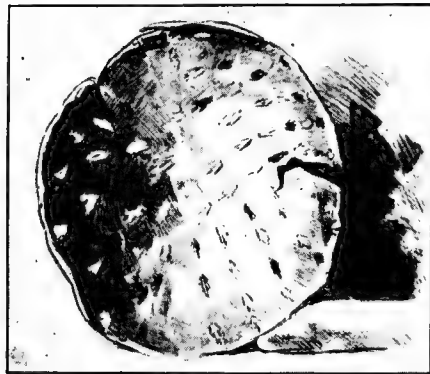
COLONEL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL, 13TH HUSSARS



COLONEL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL
13th Hussars, at the age of twenty-one



MISS BADEN-POWELL'S TEN-YEAR-OLD
SPARROW IN THE HOUSE



SACRED ASHANTI BOWL BROUGHT BY COLONEL
BADEN-POWELL FROM COOMASSIE

and two of his immediate progenitors—his father and his maternal grandfather—handed on to him the mind of a thinker and the heart of a fighting man. The father of Colonel Baden-Powell was, from 1827 to 1860, the year of his death, Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford. He matriculated from Oriel College in that University in the spring of 1814, and graduated B.A. in 1817 with first-class honours in mathematics. In 1820 he was ordained to the curacy of Midhurst, and in 1821 obtained the vicarage of Plumstead in Kent. It was while he was vicar of Plumstead that Mr. Baden-Powell became a fellow worker with Herschel, Babbage and Airy, and his ability in his scientific researches in optics and radiation was recognised by his election as F.R.S. in 1824, and by his appointment, in 1827, to the Savilian Chair of Geometry. On becoming Professor, Mr. Baden-Powell resigned his living, and devoted his time to literary and scientific work. He had contributed to "Philosophical Transactions" in 1825 and 1826 two papers on radiant heat, and he followed these up ten years later with a series of four papers on the dispersion of light. Heat and light were not, however, the only subjects of the Professor's research; theological controversy interested him. He was a strong opponent of the Unitarians, and treated doctrinal questions from a latitudinarian point of view in his "Tradition Unveiled" (1839). His other contributions on the subject were "The Connexion of Natural and Divine Truth," "The Unity of Worlds," "The Study of Natural Theology," "The Order of Nature and Christianity without Judaism." To the famous "Essays and Reviews" (1860) he contributed an essay on the study of the evidences of Christianity, which brought out many replies. Professor Baden-Powell was very active in University reform, and was a member of the Commission of 1851. He held advanced views on State education. He died in 1860. Professor Baden-Powell was twice married; his first wife was Charlotte Pope, who died in 1844, and his second wife was Henrietta Grace Smyth, daughter of Admiral William Henry

Smyth. By his first wife he had three daughters and a son, Baden Henry Powell, Judge of the Chief Court of Lahore, and a writer on Indian Law and Land Tenure. By his second wife, the present Mrs. Baden-Powell, he had five sons and one daughter.

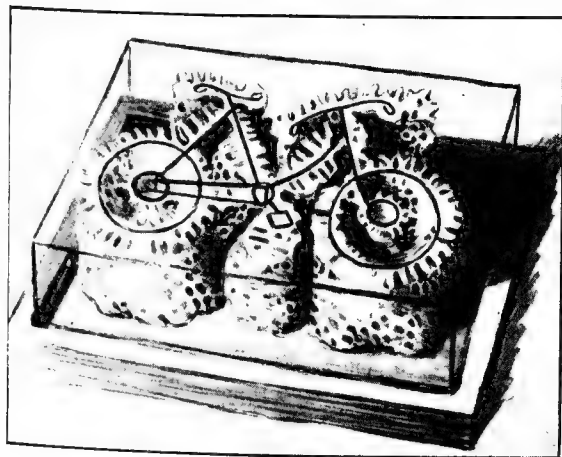
Admiral William Henry Smyth, our hero's maternal grandfather, was son of J. B. Palmer Smyth, who claimed descent from Captain John Smith, of Virginia (1580-1631), and owned large estates in New Jersey, which as a Royalist he lost when the North American Colonies obtained their independence. Admiral Smyth served in the *Cornwallis* in 1805, in the *Powerful* up to 1809, in the *Rodney* in 1811. From 1815 to 1824 he was engaged in the survey of the Sicilian, Greek, and African coasts, and constructed a great number of charts, which are the basis of those still in use. In 1824 he went on the retired list of the Navy and devoted himself to a life of literary and scientific industry. He built and equipped an astronomical observatory at Bedford, and in 1845-6 was President of the Royal Astronomical Society, and was honorary or corresponding member of at least three-fourths of the literary and scientific societies of Europe. Admiral Smyth married at Messina, in 1815, Annarella, daughter of Mr. T. Warrington, of Naples, and among their sons are Sir Warrington Wilkinson Smyth, a famous geologist and mineralogist, the late Mr. C. Piazza Smyth, for many years Astronomer Royal for Scotland; and Sir Henry Augustus Smyth, K.C.M.G. One of his daughters, Georgiana Rosetta, married the late Sir W. H. Flower, K.C.B., Director of the Natural History Museum; and another is, as already stated, the mother of the Hero of Mafeking.

The town house where Mrs. Baden-Powell and her daughter live is a perfect museum of curiosities brought home by the Colonel and other members of the family from strange lands. Among these is an Ashanti bowl and stand of great antiquity, which the Colonel found in the chief temple at Coomassie. In the bowl when discovered was some grain as an offering to the idol. The bowl is quaintly decorated with a sort of embroidery of pure gold. On the walls and screens hang wonderful drawings in sepia by a great-grandmother, and close to them some charming water-colours by the Colonel himself—who, as has already been said, is a first-class draughtsman. His work has appeared from time to time in *The Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*, and one of the accompanying illustrations is a reproduction of one of the sketches which hang in his mother's house—"The Examination of an Ashanti Prisoner." In the same room is a fine marine picture, by Mr. Frank Baden-Powell, M.A., of Balliol, painter and sculptor, whose "Wooden Walls of England" is one of the chief treasures of the Gallery at Salford.

Everywhere, too, in the family mansion can be found the individuality of the only sister, Miss D. S. Baden-Powell. Beautiful *repoussé* work in silver (of which the Princess Louise possesses a choice specimen) represents her artistic nature, but her peculiar forte is natural history. She has 30,000 bees

in the back drawing-room, all healthy, and all ready for work now that spring time is coming, and a ten-year-old sparrow in a cottage-cage which follows her all over the house. She has caused her bees to make the honeycomb bicycle, of which we give a drawing, and she has special glass working-quarters for them in which she has studied them for years.

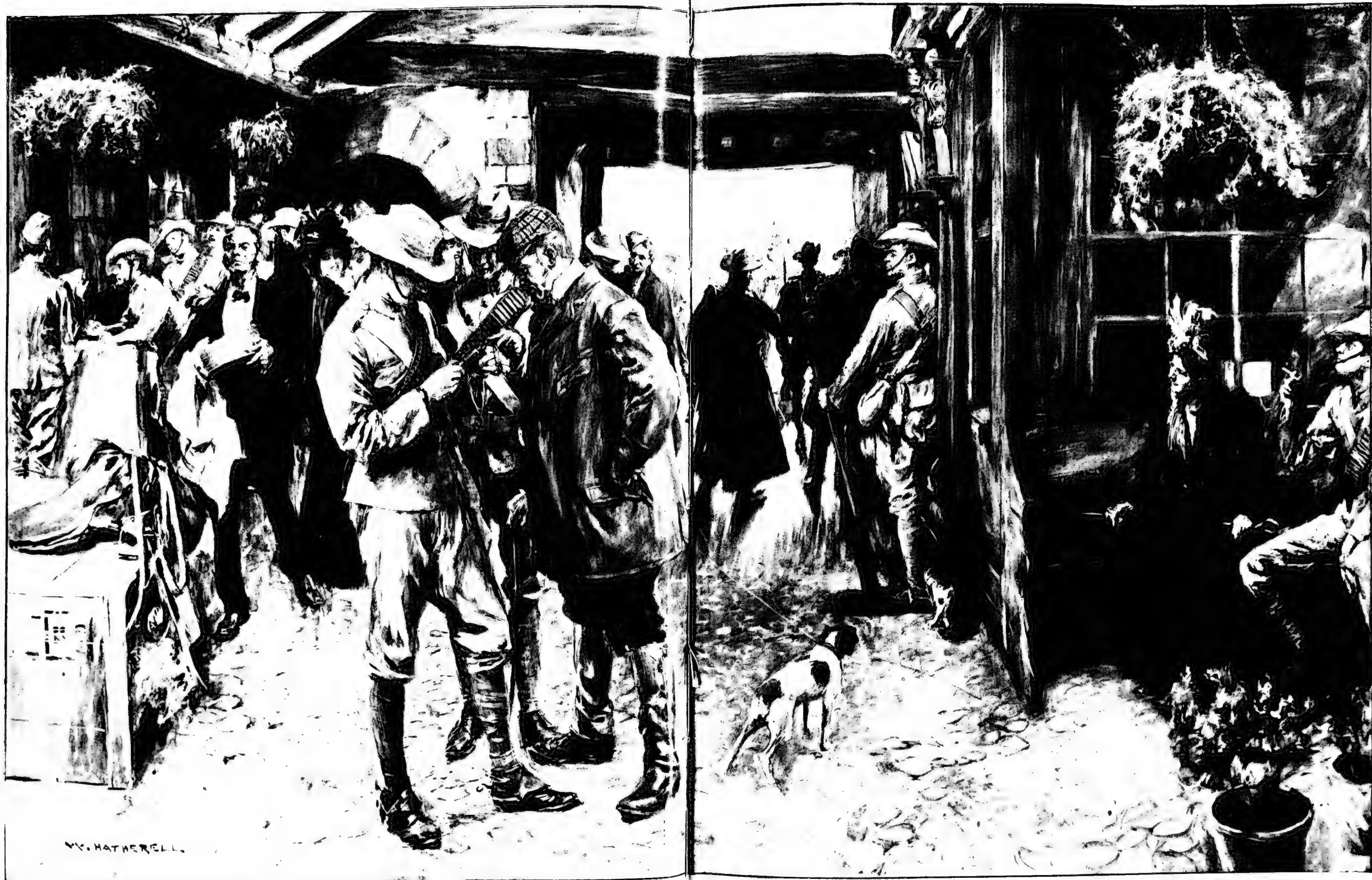
Another member of this gifted family is Major B. F. Smyth Baden-Powell, of the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards, whose particular penchant is for aeronautics. He is the inventor of the war kites for observation purposes, and of a folding war bicycle which comes into three parts, is folded and slung over your shoulder in the twinkling of an eye. Were the major anywhere near Mafeking with his war kites there is not the slightest doubt but that he would sail into the town to see his gallant relative, and then sail out again with the latest news from the garrison. But before long let us hope the advancing column of Colonel Plumer will have brushed aside the force that has been besieging Mafeking, and given freedom and relief to "B.P." and his gallant colleagues.



HONEYCOMB IN FORM OF A BICYCLE MADE BY
MISS BADEN-POWELL'S BEES



MISS BADEN-POWELL AND HER BEES



W. HATHERELL.

The call has gone out to the country has met with a magnificent response. In London we have seen the City Imperial Volunteers raised and despatched, while in the provinces companies

of Volunteers to reinforce regiments at the front have been organised. Then, too, the mounted men has been splendidly answered by the formation of the Imperial Yeomanry, a

several thousands strong, recruited from all parts of the kingdom. The various detachments have been rapidly raised, and have been regularly trained and drilled while awaiting orders to sail. In

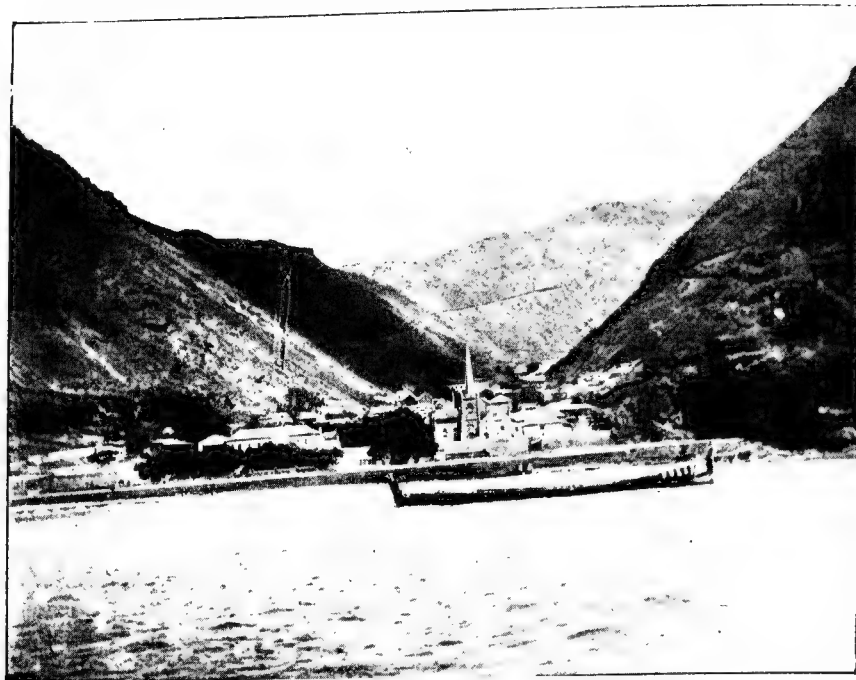
some cases they have been billeted in country towns, and have excited great interest and enthusiasm. Our illustration depicts a scene at the Mail's Head, Norwich.

AWAITING ORDERS FOR THE FRONT. A DETACHMENT OF IMPERIAL YEOMANRY AT NORWICH

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



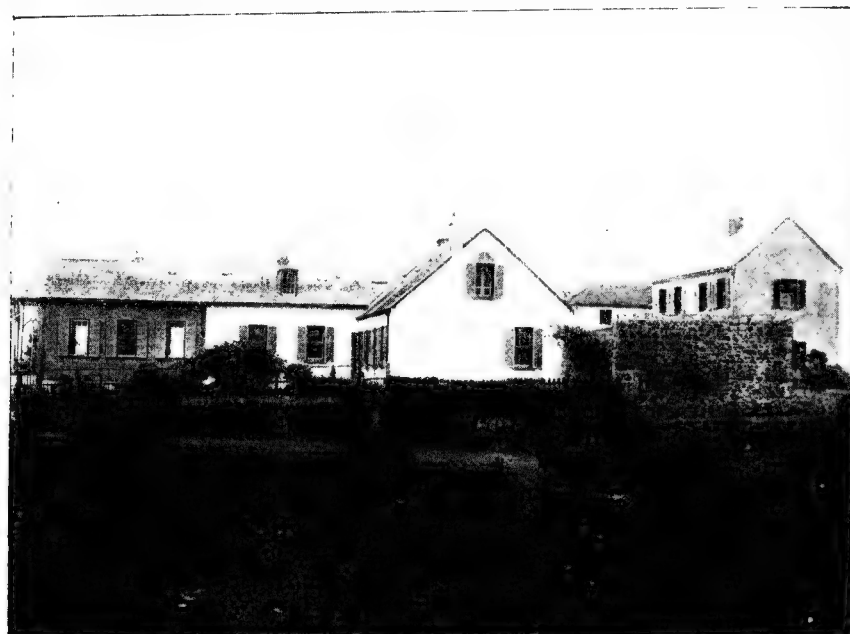
A WOODED VALLEY INLAND



A VIEW FROM THE HARBOUR LOOKING TOWARDS THE TOWN



LOOKING OUT ON TO THE HARBOUR



THE HOUSE IN WHICH NAPOLEON THE GREAT LIVED

THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA, THE DESTINATION FOR THE TRANSVAAL BOER PRISONERS

From Photographs by A. L. Innes

General Cronje at St. Helena

IN spite of some slight protest, and after considerable delay, it has been decided to send the Transvaal prisoners taken by Lord Roberts at Paardeberg to St. Helena. The Free Staters are to remain at Simonstown, pending further orders, and there may be a chance for them to return to their farms, but General Cronje, Commandant Schiel, and the Transvaal Boers, will, by the time these lines are in print, be on their way to that island prison where another great historical enemy of England—Napoleon I.—ended his days in captivity. The reason for this deportation, as given by Sir Alfred Milner, was the inability to find sufficient accommodation and guards in the colony, a reason doubtless given additional force by the discovery of a well-arranged plot by which a number of the prisoners might have regained their liberty.

With regard to the island of St. Helena, Lieutenant-Colonel F. Palmer, R.A., furnished some time since a very interesting sketch. He writes: "This small dependency of the British Empire, formerly so well known as a place of refreshment for homeward bound East Indians, and from being the scene of the captivity of the Emperor Napoleon, has lost much of its commercial importance since the opening of the Suez Canal. Its situation, however, with regard to the African Continent seems to point at no distant period to the advantages it offers, not only as a base of operations for missionary and commercial enterprise, but as a health resort for the Europeans employed in the factories on the Congo, for which last-named purpose it is admirably fitted, both from enjoying a remarkably fine and healthy climate, and being within four days' steaming of Banana at the mouth of that river. St. Helena is 4,277 miles from Plymouth, 1,160 from Cape Town, and 1,200 from the coast of Africa. It is oblong in form, its general direction N.E. to S.W., 10½ miles in length, 6½ in breadth, with an area of forty-five square miles, or

about one-third the size of the Isle of Wight. Although within the Tropic of Capricorn, the constant S.E. trade wind renders the climate mild and equable; and being traversed by a mountainous range, varying from 2,700 feet to 1,500 feet in height, any variety of climate may be obtained. Since the discovery of the island by the Portuguese in 1502, it has undergone many vicissitudes. Abandoned by that nation about 1600, it became a bone of contention between the Dutch and English, which finally resulted in the capture of the island by Sir Richard Munden in 1673. It was then granted by charter to the English East India Company, who retained it until 1836, and subsequently transferred it to the Crown for 100,000/. The history of the captivity of the Emperor Napoleon from 1815 to 1821 is too well known to be dwelt upon here. Captain Cavendish appears to have been the first Englishman who visited the island, where he called to recruit his sickly crew when homeward bound in 1588. His account of the place is very interesting. He describes it as "well planted with fruits and herbs, the hills abounding with wild goats, pheasants, partridges and turkeys, with great store of swine." The narrative seems fully borne out by the engravings in an old Dutch work of 1641 in the British Museum, in which parties of Dutch seamen are depicted hunting goats and pigs, gathering lemons in a fruitful orchard, and drawing their nets in a stream abounding with fish. The island is surrounded by precipitous cliffs, broken here and there by deep ravines, affording in some places a precarious landing. The prospect from the sea is most desolate and forbidding, far different from that presented to the early navigators, when forests of ebony clothed its now barren and denuded heights. James Town, the seat of Government, with a population of 2,500, is situated in a valley on the N.W. (leeward) side of the island, its main street, with its bright-looking houses and trees, forming a pleasing contrast with the gloomy hills rising on either side. Two good roads lead up these heights into the country, and the barren outskirts of the island are soon exchanged for the wooded hills and valleys of the interior,

crowned with pine woods; the lofty peaks of the main ridge, clothed with the luxuriant vegetation of the cabbage wood and tree fern, forming a suitable background to the picture. The present prospects of the island, owing to the falling off in the visits of shipping, are far from encouraging. Many of the farmers have emigrated to the Cape and elsewhere; and nothing is more depressing than to see the country houses falling into decay, and the land overgrown with briars. The terrible destruction caused through the introduction of the white ant in 1840 in some Brazilian timber out of a broken-up slaver, inflicted a loss upon the Colony of 70,000/., from which it has scarcely recovered. Still a better day may be dawning for St. Helena. Mr. Morris, in his report to the Colonial Office in 1884, enumerates what he considers might be productive industries for the island, amongst others the cultivation of the English aloe, for its valuable fibre, New Zealand flax, ditto, Barbadoes aloe, tobacco—Vanilla, Guinea grass, with many fruits, especially the Spanish olive, pineapple, &c. He also places great stress upon the fisheries, there being no doubt that "the expenditure of a small capital on good boats and tackle, with hardy fishermen, would be attended with great success."—(Melliss.) There are cod banks close to the island, and no less than seventy-three descriptions of fish are known to exist, many of a valuable nature (tunny, mackerel), and easily caught, either at sea or off the rocks. The great drawback to the prosperity of the island is doubtless the want of efficient and organised labour. The "native," whose wants are easily supplied by a meal of fish and rice, is of a naturally indolent disposition, and not alive to the necessity of "working" for his daily bread. It has occurred to the writer that were St. Helena garrisoned by a West Indian regiment, a considerable portion of the men's time might be devoted to the cultivation of the Government lands, and the maintenance of the original forest, the disappearance of which is gradually affecting the water supply of the island.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

WITH A BOER COMMANDO AT THE FRONT: LOOT AFTER VICTORY

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD

This photograph, which was sent to us by Mr. Paul Furstenheim, who has just returned from the front, is interesting in that it is one of the few that have been sent to this country of the enemy. Here we see some typical Boers in camp, overhauling stores which they have captured. All is fish that comes into the Boer net. Uniforms, articles of clothing of every kind, whiskey—anything that falls into the hands—are eagerly divided by the enemy



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL L. SANDWITH
Commanding a Battalion



MAJOR G. W. FORBES
Second in Command of 9th Battalion



CAPTAIN J. R. HARVEY
Suffolk Contingent



MAJOR W. H. WYNDHAM-QUIN, M.P.
Glamorganshire Contingent



MAJOR S. B. MOORE
Second in Command of the Base Depot



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. M. BROOKFIELD
Commanding a Battalion



CAPTAIN LORD A. H. GROSVENOR
Cheshire Contingent



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. M. RIDLEY
Commanding a Battalion



CAPTAIN W. K. HAMILTON-CAMPBELL
Ayrshire Contingent



CAPTAIN E. FREWEN
East Kent Contingent

OFFICERS OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY



Lourenço Marques is a truly cosmopolitan town, and members of many nationalities are to be seen there. English, French, Germans, Portuguese, Arabs, Chinese, Japanese, Indians and Kaffirs all jostle each other at every corner. The English gather together in Levy's Kiosk to discuss the progress of the war and to hear the latest news.

DISCUSSING THE LATEST NEWS OF THE WAR: A CORNER OF A KIOSQUE IN LOURENÇO MARQUES



DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT

When the Boers invaded Natal, they commandeered all the cattle of the farmers in that part of the colony which they overran. During the advance to Ladysmith our men could sometimes get a sight of a drove of these captured cattle, and the gunners would try to make the animals stampede by sending a shell just between them and the enemy's lines, and so make them bolt headlong towards our lines in order to capture as many as possible.

ONE WAY OF CAPTURING CATTLE FROM THE ENEMY: A SCENE DURING THE BOER INVASION OF NATAL

FROM A SKETCH BY H. LEA

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

"THE Squares of the City" was the title of a series of papers that I at one time intended to write. I am sorry to say I never got further than the first, which appeared under the title of "Sideboard Square" in *All the Year Round* a good many years ago. At one time the City abounded in the quaintest of squares of all sizes and descriptions. Many of these have been spoiled by modern buildings, and some have disappeared altogether. Bartholomew Close has been threatened, and the doom of Jeffrey's Square is sealed. This square may be discovered if you go to Bevis Marks and attempt to discover the abode of Sampson Brass—you won't find it now, but I could have shown it to you years ago—and then take your way along St. Mary Axe. Somewhere near where Fascination Fledgeby carried on his disreputable business under the disguise of Pubsey and Co. may be found an archway, through which you reach an open space, with fine old houses of the earliest Georgian period on two sides of it. These are all remarkable for their harmonious proportions, their dignified character, and the soundness of their ancient, finely toned, red brickwork. The upper side of the square has been spoiled by the impertinent intrusion of a modern building which somewhat detracts from the old-world repose of its surroundings.

I am inclined to think that Dickens had this square in his mind when he described the establishment of Cheeryble Brothers. The square, he says, "has no enclosure save the lamp-post in the middle; and has no grass but the weeds which spring up round its base." In this and many other particulars the moribund Jeffrey's Square answers the description in "Nicholas Nickleby," and I have but little doubt that this is the scene of Tim Linkinwater's labours for forty-four years of his life, and that he worshipped on Sundays at St. Andrew-Under-Shaft just round the corner. A hundred years ago it must have been a pleasant residential quarter, and here lived Sir Astley Cooper at the beginning of his career. Other City squares occur to me. There is St. Helen's Place, which I traverse when the most hospitable Master and Wardens of the Leather-sellers' Company bid me to their banquets, but as my visits usually take place after dark I can scarcely be expected to know much about the square. There is Great St. Helen's, which still retains its picturesqueness; there is Crosby Square, with its one tree, though the destroyer is approaching closely, still remains one of the quaintest bits of the old City; there is Devonshire Square, with one or two dignified houses and a single tree protesting against the havoc that has been wrought within its boundaries; there is Lime Street Square, that used to be a veritable backwater amid the bustle of the City, with its fountain and quaint garden, through which you could take a short cut to Leadenhall Street, has three or four avenues running through it—an avenue in the City is not generally associated with picturesqueness or repose—and not a vestige of its original character remaining. A good deal of the old-world flavour of Bridgewater Square has departed, and Charterhouse Square, which used to look like the quiet corner of some sleepy cathedral town, has lost something of its dignity since it became a thoroughfare. On its northern and eastern sides, however, there still remain some fine old houses which recall the ecclesiastical repose which used to pervade the place in the old days. Altogether the City squares seem to be in a parlous state

public in the least. But I can imagine the influence the aforesaid garment might have on the weather would be of considerable importance to my numerous readers. I should inform them that aforesaid coat was thick and well lined and heavy, and in every way suitable for the detestable weather we experienced at the time of the order being given. It so happened there were not a few delays before the commission was completed, and all this time the murky weather, the perpetual rain, and the chilling blast continued. Directly the coat came home and I put it on the weather changed altogether. It became mild, sunny and genial, and at the present time I am going about the streets panting, and altogether overpowered with the weight and the thickness of my new acquisition. I am, however, rather pleased to think the prophecy I made some weeks ago has been fulfilled.

Why is there not a policeman on duty at the bottom of Waterloo Place to insist upon all the vehicles going north keeping close to the left kerb on turning instead of hugging the Guards' Monument? All the omnibuses err grievously in this respect. The other day, when crossing at this spot, when trying to avoid a cyclist coming on the wrong side, I was nearly run down by a hansom coming on the right side, and in avoiding him I was nearly juggernauted by a motor-car which was many yards out of its proper course. I have spoken of this matter over and over again, but no one seems to take any notice of it. A policeman should always be on duty at



The splendid way in which the Bluejackets have moved their guns over rough country, and the admirable manner in which the brigade operating in the advance to Kimberley has done its work, has excited general admiration. One of the features of the campaign, on both sides, has been the hauling of big guns up heights which had been hitherto considered inaccessible to artillery.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE WITH LORD ROBERTS: HAULING UP A BIG GUN

this point. But probably nothing will be done in the matter till the Bishop of Budleigh-Salterton is knocked down and severely shaken on his way to the Athenaeum Club, and then possibly some steps may be taken to ensure the safety of foot-passengers at this particular crossing.

What is the law with regard to public sales? A friend of mine tells me that he took a great deal of trouble and no little expense to attend a sale the other day, wishing to buy an especial article. He waited wearily while the greater part of the sale was accomplished, and then he was all attention of his lot. When this came the auctioneer briefly stated that the lot had been withdrawn. Now, my friend wishes to know if he can claim damage from the auctioneer, as agent for the owner of the property, for loss of time and personal expenses. I rather fancy he can do nothing of the kind. I am not aware that the matter has ever been tried in a court of law, but the frequency with which such affairs take place leads one to imagine there is no legal remedy. As a general rule such a circumstance in a sale room passes without comment, and I have known several instances where important sales have been altogether abandoned a few minutes before the sale was to have begun. Auctioneers often suffer from the indecision of their clients, and it would be well that it should be understood that any lot printed in the catalogue is bound to be offered for sale.

Some weeks ago I mentioned that I had ordered a new great-coat. Now I do not suppose that this fact can interest the British

The Music of St. Patrick's Day

IRISH concerts have for a long time past been given in London on St. Patrick's Night, though of late years the attraction seemed to have rather fallen off. This year, however, St. Patrick's Concerts have received a special filip, owing, no doubt, to the Queen's order to the Irish troops to wear the shamrock, and to the pride felt by every section of the community in the gallant deeds of Irish soldiers under Roberts and his fellow Irish officers in South Africa. This was when the mere singing of "Harvey Duff," or the "Shan van Vugt" was punished by transportation, when the shamrock was "forbid by law to grow on Irish ground, and there was an edict against "The Wearin' of the Green." That once seditious ditty was, however, on Saturday sung everywhere, in one of half a dozen new versions, all of them either in praise of the Queen or of the Irish regiments. It is, of course, quite in accordance with the sardonic course of history that, according to those who have investigated the origin of folk and national songs, the Irish derivative of "The Wearin' of the Green" is quite a matter of dispute, and, in fact, it is boldly claimed that it is Scotch, and not Irish at all. The tune was, beyond much doubt, adapted from a song entitled "The Tulip," which is included in the "Airs for the Spring," licensed to George II., in 1747, to James Oswald, the Scottish composer and music-seller. From the same air the Scotch song, "Sae Will We Yet," is also said to be derived. It is, indeed, alleged that the latter is a much older, and is, in fact, a traditional one. "The Wearin' of the Green," however, began its modern development towards the end of the last century, and, according to one writer, in its oldest form the latter part of the first verse ran:—

I met with Bonaparte, who
Took me by the hand,
Saying how is old Ireland,
and how does she stand?
'Tis the most distress'd
country that ever I have
seen,
They are hanging men and
women for the wearin'
of the Green.

In other last century versions an unknown individual, called "Napper Tandy," is substituted for Bonaparte, but later on the followers of Robert Emmet and the Fenians used it for illicit purposes, and for very many years this seditious song was sung on the sly by every peasant in Ireland. Now, thanks to the gracious common sense of the Queen, the rebel ditty has become loyally patriotic, and new versions, by Miss Sullivan, Mr. A. P. Graves and others, have replaced lines which were almost as pathetic in their way as the Psalm of the Jewish exiles, "By the Waters of Babylon." Details of the numerous St. Patrick's Day Concerts are not necessary. They most of them drew large audiences, and at any rate on Saturday evening the Albert Hall, St. James's Hall and Exeter Hall were all full. At the Queen's Hall Ballad Concert in the afternoon also there were many Irish songs, including Mr. Graves's version of "The Wearin' of the Green," sung by Mr. O'Mara, and a new version of

the old Irish song, "The Beautiful City of Sligo," splendidly rendered and encored by Mr. Plunket Greene. Irish music also on Sunday figured in the programmes of the Crystal Palace, South Place and other concerts.

The management of Covent Garden have issued a special prospectus for the two Cycles of *Der Ring Des Nibelungen*, which will be given in the first and last weeks of June. M. Jean de Reszké will this year not take part in the *Ring*, the performances, indeed, being almost exclusively German, and both series being conducted by Herr Mottl. Many of the artists who have already appeared here have been re-engaged, among them Madame Galski, for Brünnhilde, Mesdames Ternina and Mottl for Sieglinde, Madame Heink for Fricka, Van Rooy for Wotan, Friedrichs for Alberich, Mühlmann for Donner, and Lieban for Mime.

The general subscription at Covent Garden this year is the largest that has been known in the history of the Opera House. In all, including the three Royal boxes, forty-eight private boxes, and over 200 stalls have been taken for the entire season; so that, when the German subscription is added, something like 45,000*l.* will have been contributed by opera lovers to the expenses of a season of sixty-seven nights, before the house is even open. M. Jean de Reszké hopes to be here in June, and Madame Melba will come early in the season.



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENE

Owing to the enormous extent of the British lines during the pursuit of Cronje, many little actions passed almost unnoticed. A very brilliant piece of work, for example, was performed by

the Gloucesters, while the colon was being drawn round the doomed force. During the nightfall, when 120 men charged the kopje with the bayonet, and drove off the Boers with loss, laying off the enemy until

A NIGHT ATTACK ON A KOPIE DURING THE INVESTMENT OF CRONJE

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

"MISSING"

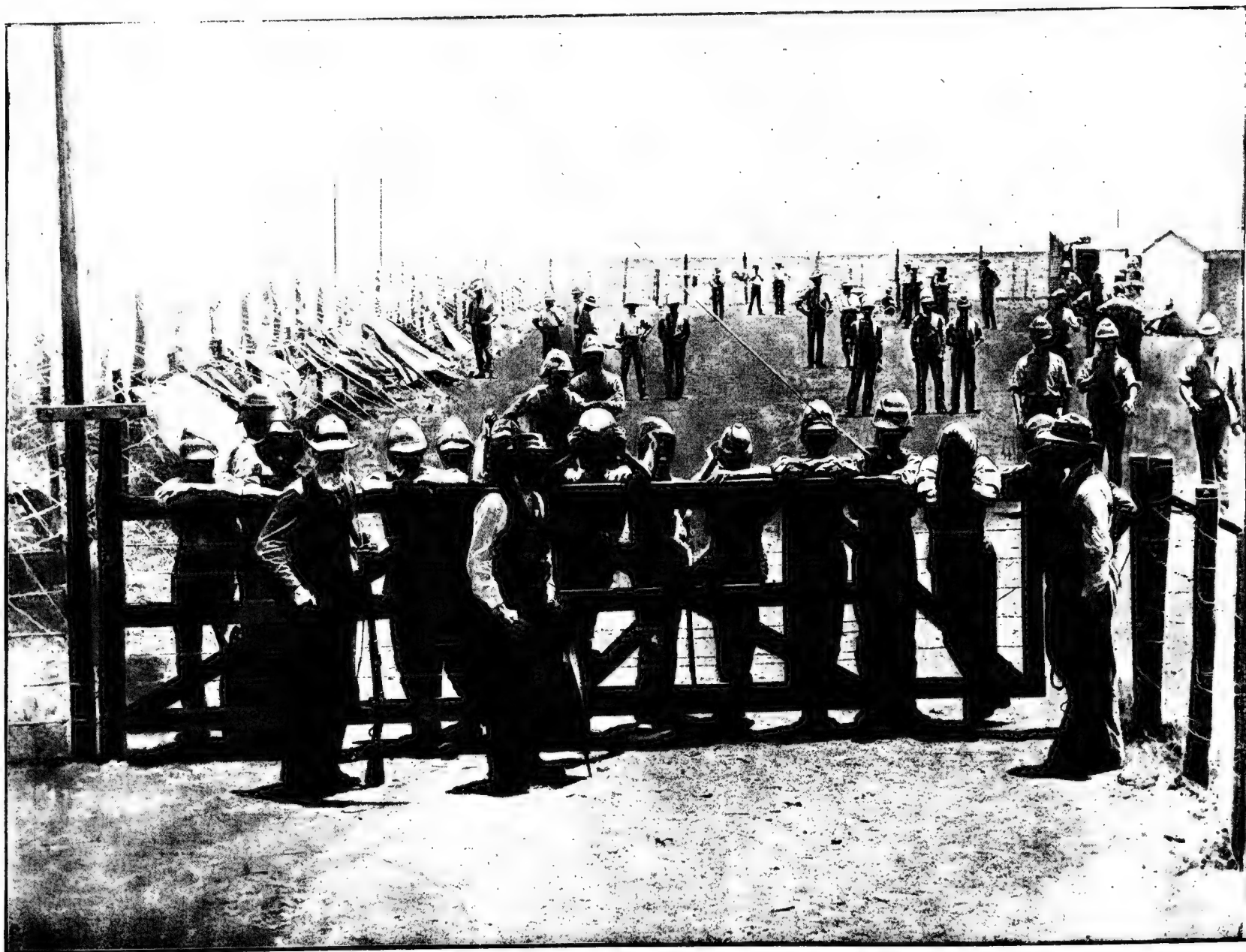
THE casualty lists are drawn up under the headings Killed, Wounded, and Missing, and in the majority of cases "missing" means taken prisoner. The total number of such men reported up to the 3rd inst. was 138 officers and 3,191 men. The captured officers, who have been taken to Pretoria, are housed in the State Model School, from which it will be remembered that Mr. Winston Churchill made his escape. The school is a modern and well-built building, having many large and lofty rooms, and surrounded by a broad, cool verandah. The officers have their own cooks and servants. The bath-rooms are commodious, and books can be procured from the State Library. The rations supplied to the prisoners are of much the same quantity and quality as those issued to the wives and families of burghers throughout the State. The great bulk of the captured men are in camp at Waterval, the new military prison camp outside Pretoria. Their quarters consist of a series of long galvanised iron sheds. In them the soldiers make themselves comfortable and seem to have settled down to a regular garrison existence. The large enclosure is surrounded by a barbed wire entanglement. Each corner is protected by stockades, on which Maxim guns are mounted. Each stockade is in electric communication with the others, and the whole camp seems to form an absolutely secure detention ground for the prisoners.



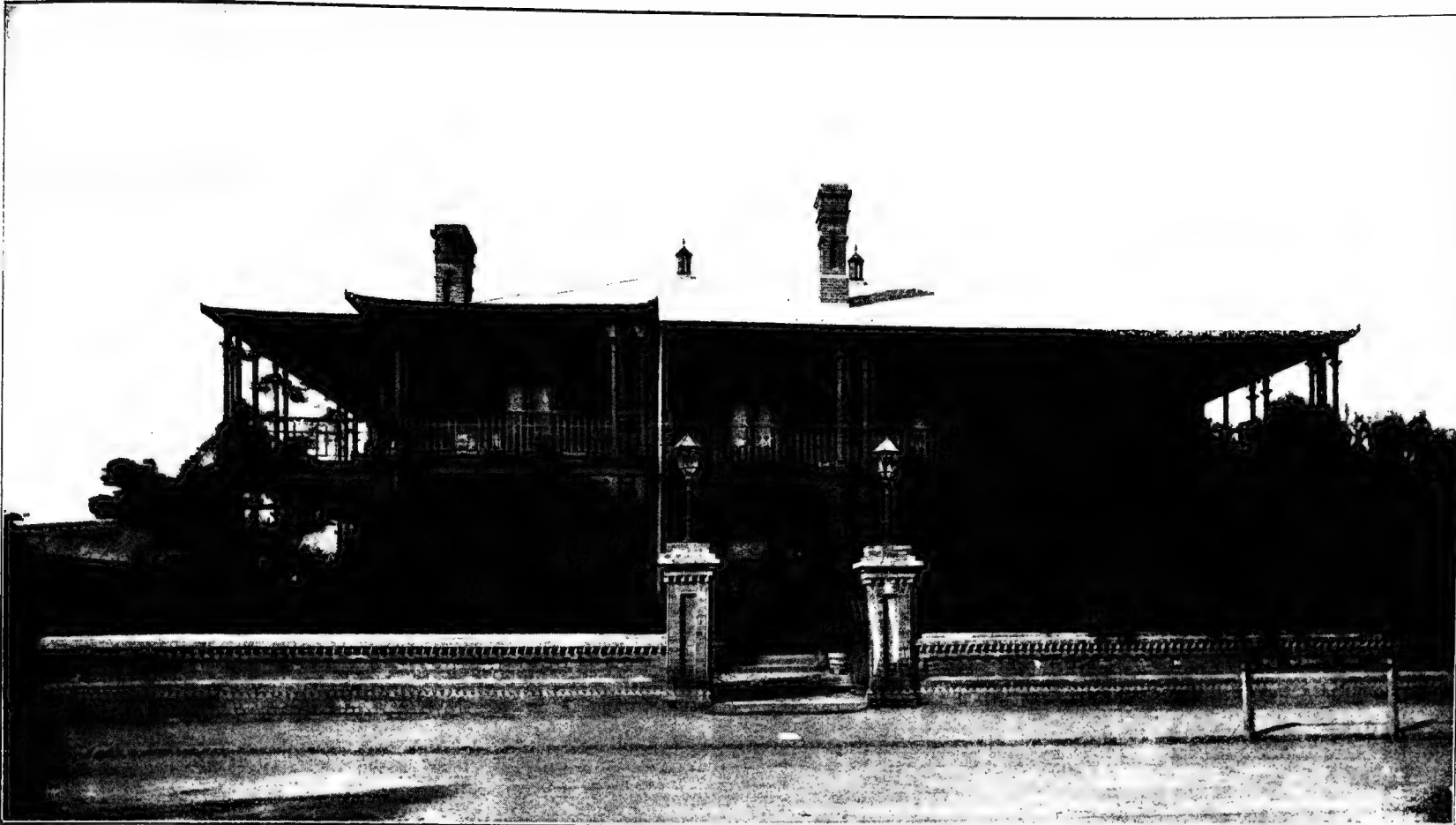
This photograph, which was sent to us by a British officer, was taken at Zwartkop, a height south of the Tugela, opposite to Vaal Krantz. The soldiers in the picture are Colonials, who are sniping, and thus putting in practice a lesson they have learnt from the Boers.

TAKING A LEAF OUT OF THE ENEMY'S BOOK

The sentry appear to be men of middle age. They are in everyday muti, and look anything but military, the only evidence of soldierly duties being their rifles and bandoliers. It is a matter for congratulation that many of the prisoners have expressed their appreciation of the treatment meted out to them. They were for a time fed upon the rations captured by the Boers at Dundee, and were allowed to purchase fruit and vegetables. The hospital arrangements are said to be excellent, but complaints had been made that the water supplied to the camp was unsuitable. The Government, therefore, is now sending a daily supply of fountain water in tanks from Pretoria. One prisoner, when asked by a correspondent how he fared, replied, "Why, they treat us here like gentlemen. There has not been a hard word spoken to us since we were taken prisoners." This is as it should be. But, with the British advance in the enemy's country, it is impossible not to feel some anxiety with regard to the ultimate treatment of the prisoners. As the struggle grows towards the end, there is abundant evidence that the Boers are becoming less courteous in their conduct. A released prisoner, writing home, mentioned some of the wounded prisoners. He says: "One man has nine bullet wounds on the left side of his body. Trooper Wier, of the 18th Hussars, got seven shell wounds in his body, one piece of metal, about the size of a pipe, having been taken out of his ankle. He has been nicknamed the 'Living Marvel.' Another poor fellow has got five shell wounds and two bullet wounds."



IN THE SCHOTZ VEK AVENUE IN THE WATERVAL MILITARY PRISON CAMP NEAR PRETORIA
BRITISH PRISONERS IN THE HANDS OF THE BOERS



The Club at Kimberley is in the Du Toit Pan Road. It was rebuilt after the fire in 1895. Our photograph is by Bennett, Kimberley

THE CLUB AT KIMBERLEY WHERE MOST OF THE OFFICERS LIVED DURING THE SIEGE



This photograph shows the Christiania Commando on parade. Christiania is the last Boer village in the south-western corner of the Transvaal. The Commando, which is commanded by Bosman, it will be seen, consists of men of all ages, from sixteen to sixty, and of all sorts and conditions of men. There is no attempt at uniformity of costume, even the bandolier being worn on either shoulder. Our photograph is by Bennett, Kimberley

THE MEN WE ARE FIGHTING: A TYPICAL BOER COMMANDO

At the Front

MAJOR HUNTER-WESTON is the officer who, with ten men, passed through the Boer lines and succeeded in cutting the telegraph lines, and also in blowing up the railway to the north of Bloemfontein—a daring act, which was productive of great advantage to Lord Roberts in cutting the enemy's line of communication. Major Aylmer Gould Hunter-Weston is in his thirty-sixth year, and is the son of an officer who served with distinction through the Indian Mutiny. He has seen sixteen years' service in the Royal Engineers, participating in the first Miranzai Expedition in 1891, and being wounded in the Waziristan Expedition of 1894-5, when he won his brevet of major. He was on special service in Egypt in 1896, and did excellent work in the Dongola Expedition. Our portrait is by A. Ellis, Baker Street.

Trooper Clifford Turpin, of the Imperial Light Horse at Ladysmith, distinguished himself for bravery in the field at the battle of Flanders Laagte. Colonel Chisholme was shot, and Trooper Turpin caught him in his arms and was carrying him away to a place of safety when the poor colonel received a bullet through his brain while in Turpin's arms. He put the body down and rushed on in the fight, and he and one of the Gordon Highlanders were the first to get in the Boer laager. Our portrait is by Hepburn and Jeames, Grahamstown.

Mr. J. G. Fraser, who met Lord Roberts on his entry into

Colonel Hore raised a troop of horse at the beginning of the war, which was subsequently embodied in the Protectorate Regiment. In the disastrous sortie from Mafeking on Boxing Day, known as the fight at Game Tree Hill, Colonel Hore had command of the guns. Our portrait is by John Hawke, Plymouth.

Major-General Ralph Arthur Penrhyn Clements, commanding the 12th Brigade of the South Africa Field Force, is the officer who, after driving the enemy back from Rensburg and Colesberg, has now crossed the Orange River at Norval's Pont. General Clements first sent some of his men over in boats, and then erected a pontoon bridge, across which passengers and baggage can be passed. It will take some time to execute the repairs to the railway bridge at Bethulie, but, as rails can be laid over the waggon bridge at Bethulie, preserved from destruction by General Gatacre's men, General Clements, advancing in the Free State, will be on a through line of railway from the Cape Colony, having now joined hands with General Pole-Carew, sent south along the line of rail by Lord Roberts, and with General Gatacre, who has been advancing through Stormberg and Bethulie. Our portrait is by Chancellor and Son, Dublin.

Surgeon-Major Stonham, R.A.M.C., Chief Surgeon and Military Commandant of the Imperial Yeomanry Field Hospital, is senior surgeon at Westminster Hospital. Our portrait is by Jerrard, Regent Street.

Surgeon-Major Hale, A.S.O., R.A.M.C., is Military Commandant of the Imperial Yeomanry Bearer Company. Our portrait is by Lombardi, Sloane Street, S.W.

Without its gates Paris is preparing to do its duty. The streets and boulevards, which have been in a chaotic condition for a year past owing to the works of the metropolitan or new underground railway, which now traverses Paris from the Bois de Boulogne to the Bois de Vincennes, are being hastily relaid, and the hotels and restaurants are being painted and decorated inside and out. It would be well, however, in view of the probable influx of English visitors, that the Prefect of Police should take some measures to stop the sale of the outrageous caricatures now being hawked on the boulevards, in which the English and their Sovereign are portrayed in every insulting fashion that malice can suggest.

The *Figaro* the other day entered a strong protest against the sale of these blackguardly inventions, which it declares have neither artistic skill nor wit, but are merely coarse and gross designs, "made in Germany."

The theatres are looking forward to a golden harvest, and are putting forth their most attractive programmes. The Chatelet, the home of spectacular pieces, is about to revive the *féerie*, *Le Poudre de Perlimpintin*, with a gorgeousness of mounting and *mise-en-scène* such as has never been seen in Paris. The Cigale, the leading Montmartre music hall, has already produced its Exhibition piece, *Les Petits Croisés*. The costumes and scenery are among the most beautiful ever seen in Paris, but I should only recommend the piece to such English visitors as do not understand French.

Cabarets Artistiques, modelled more or less on the *Chat Noir*



MAJOR-GENERAL R. A. P. CLEMENTS
Who seized Norval's Pont



MAJOR HALE, R.A.M.C.
Military Commandant of the Bearer Company
Imperial Yeomanry Field Hospital



MAJOR STONHAM, R.A.M.C.
Military Commandant of the Imperial Yeomanry
Field Hospital



LIEUTENANT MCLEAN
Canadian Officer, who has been given a commission
in the Royal Artillery



TROOPER CLIFFORD TURPIN
Who tried to rescue Colonel Chisholme



COLONEL HORE
Of the Protectorate Regiment in Mafeking



MR. J. G. FRASER
Member of the late Executive Government, Orange
Free State, who gave up the keys of Public Offices
to Lord Roberts



MAJOR HUNTER WESTON
Who destroyed the telegraph and railway north of
Bloemfontein

Bloemfontein, is descended from a Scotch family. His father, who came from Inverness-shire, settled in the Orange Free State many years ago, and married a Boer lady. Of the two sons of this union one is the father of President Steyn's wife. Mr. J. G. Fraser was first elected to the Orange Free State Volksraad in 1880, and four years later became its chairman, a position which he continued to fill after his defeat at the Presidential election in 1896. By profession, like Mr. Steyn, he is a lawyer. He began life as a Government official, subsequently served as clerk to the Landdrost (or Mayor) of Philippolis, returned to Bloemfontein as a Government clerk a few years later, and eventually rose to be Secretary to the Volksraad. He thus came into close contact with President Brand, and assisted that statesman in his negotiations with the Transvaal in 1881, and again in 1887. He has ever been regarded by his fellow-citizens with respect, and they have reposed great trust in him on several occasions. Our portrait is by B. Kisch, Dublin.

Lieutenant McLean, of St. John's company "G," Royal Canadian Regiment, who has resigned to join the Imperial Field Artillery, was much commended by Lord Methuen for his maps of the country. Lord Methuen was highly impressed with Lieutenant McLean's efficiency, both as cartographer and as officer, and promised to endorse his application for a commission in the Imperial Army. Lord Methuen carried this out, and thus the Royal Canadians lose one of their most promising subalterns. Our portrait is by H. Climo, St. John's.

Exhibition Gittings

(BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT)

FOR the last week or two the war and the Exhibition have been competing with one another as topics of public interest. Up to the relief of Ladysmith it was "honours easy" for the war, but since the lull that has followed that event the great show on the banks of the Seine has got the upper hand in the public estimation. As only a few short weeks now separate us from the inauguration ceremony on April 14, there is little chance of any falling off in the interest taken in it.

"Will it be ready in time?" is the question heard on all sides, and certainly a cursory inspection of the state of the works would lead the uninitiated spectator to reply in the negative. There still seems months of work remaining instead of weeks. But in such matters outward appearances are often deceptive, and once the main part of the work has been done the final "straightening out" of the show does not take long. However it can safely be said that the exhibition of 1900 will not be finished on April 14. It will, however, be so far completed that the opening ceremony will take place, and the admission of the public can begin. One thing is already certain, and that is that it will be the most gorgeous and most beautiful exhibition ever seen in Europe, and is worthy to put the seal on a century of effort.

of famous memory, are also springing up in all directions. These, however, are probably intended more for the French "country cousins" than for the foreigner, as the songs sung and the *piécettes* played generally make demands on a thorough knowledge of French current topics as well as of *argot*. They are generally witty in the extreme, but the text of the songs raises serious doubts as to the existence of that much abused official, the Censor.

The latest artistic event has been the production of M. Rostand's new piece, *L'Aiglon*, by Madame Sarah Bernhardt. The act contains no fewer than fifty-three parts. The author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, I am told, more than satisfied with the results of the production. Nothing has been left undone to make the piece a success, and the scenery and costumes are such as have never before been seen in Paris.

Madame Bernhardt has just introduced an innovation which will earn her the gratitude of the male sex at least. A ukase has been issued to the effect that in future no lady wearing a hat will be admitted to the orchestral stalls or balcony. One will, therefore, be tolerably certain of seeing something of the play, and not be forced to spend the evening admiring that horticultural display from the Rue de la Paix yeilded a theatre hat, or speculating on where the apparently inexhaustible supply of ostrich leathers is derived from.

"My Ideal of Perfection. No Better Food."—
DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

FRY'S **PURE** **CONCENTRATED** **COCOA**
300 Gold Medals, Etc.

Elkington's
Spoons & Forks.
Made in their Special Quality of Electro-plate.
CATALOGUES SENT ON APPLICATION.
ELKINGTON & CO. Ltd. Originators & Patentees of Electro-plate, 22, Regent Street, S.W., and 73, Cheapside, E.C.; Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Glasgow; and at Calcutta.

Benger's Food
FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.
Is Sold in Tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.
"Retained when all other Foods are rejected. It is invaluable."—*London Medical Record.*

Entirely free from Drugs,
Alkali, or any foreign substances.

Cadbury's
Cocoa

"For Strength, Purity, and Nourishment, nothing superior to be found."
—*Medical Magazine.*

YOU CANNOT BE SURE THAT IT IS
GALLAHER'S
"TWO FLAKES"
TOBACCO

YOU ARE BUYING UNLESS YOU INSIST ON GETTING IT IN THEIR 1, 2, OR 4oz. DECORATED TINS, SECURED BY PATENT BAND.

MARTELL'S "Particularly suitable for Medicinal Purposes."—*The Lancet*, July, 1899.
THREE STAR
BRANDY.
Genuine Old Brandy made from
Medical Press, Aug., 1899.

BROWN & POLSON'S
Corn Flour | **Paisley Flour**
An old friend of 40 years' standing. | A new friend of equal promise.

Estd. COGNAC 1755.
GAUTIER'S BRANDY.
"Highly suitable for general use or for medicinal purposes."—HOSPITAL.
GAUTIER'S BRANDY.
"Genuine grape spirit."—LANCET.
GAUTIER'S BRANDY.
Obtainable, if ordered, of all Wine and Spirit Merchants and Dealers.

BRINSMEAD **JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS, Limited,**
PIANOS
Pianoforte Makers to T.R.P. the Prince and Princess of Wales, H.M. the King of Italy, His Holiness the Pope, H.M. the King of Norway and Sweden, and H.M. the King of Portugal.
18, 20 & 22, WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.
LISTS FREE.

TYPHOID FEVER.
OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT
"Wherever the PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER has been introduced
TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."
Sold Everywhere.
Sole Makers: J. DEFRIES & SONS, Ltd., 147, HOUNDSDITCH, E.C.

ST. RAPHAËL
QUINQUINA.
TONIC WINE.

BORWICK'S **MAKES THE SWEETEST**
BAKING POWDER **BREAD, CAKES and PASTRY.**
IS THE BEST MANUFACTURED. PURE AND FREE FROM ALUM.

NESTLÉ'S **THE BEST OF ALL FOODS**
FOOD **FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS**
Very Nourishing & Palatable. Does not Curdle in the Stomach. Invaluable for Babies at time of Weaning.
Sample Tin, with Testimony of the highest Medical Authorities, post free in the British Isles on application to H. NESTLÉ, 48, Cannon Street, E.C.

BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE. **GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND**
KROPP RAZOR
ALWAYS READY FOR USE. NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.
WARRANTED PERFECT

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE
Black Handle . . . 5/6
Ivory Handle . . . 7/6
A pair Ivory Handle Razors in Russia . . . 21/-
Kropp Strop Paste . . . 6d.
Kropp Shaving Stick . . . 6d.
Kropp's Badger-hair Shaving Brushes, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6 each

KROPP "DUPLUX" RAZOR
MADE OF SPECIALLY PREPARED RUSSIA LEATHER & CANVAS FOR HOLLOW-GROUND RAZOR.
7/6
WRITE FOR PAMPHLET, "SHAVER'S KIT AND OUTFIT," POST FREE.
Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

THE FRAUD of having other tyres palmed off as genuine

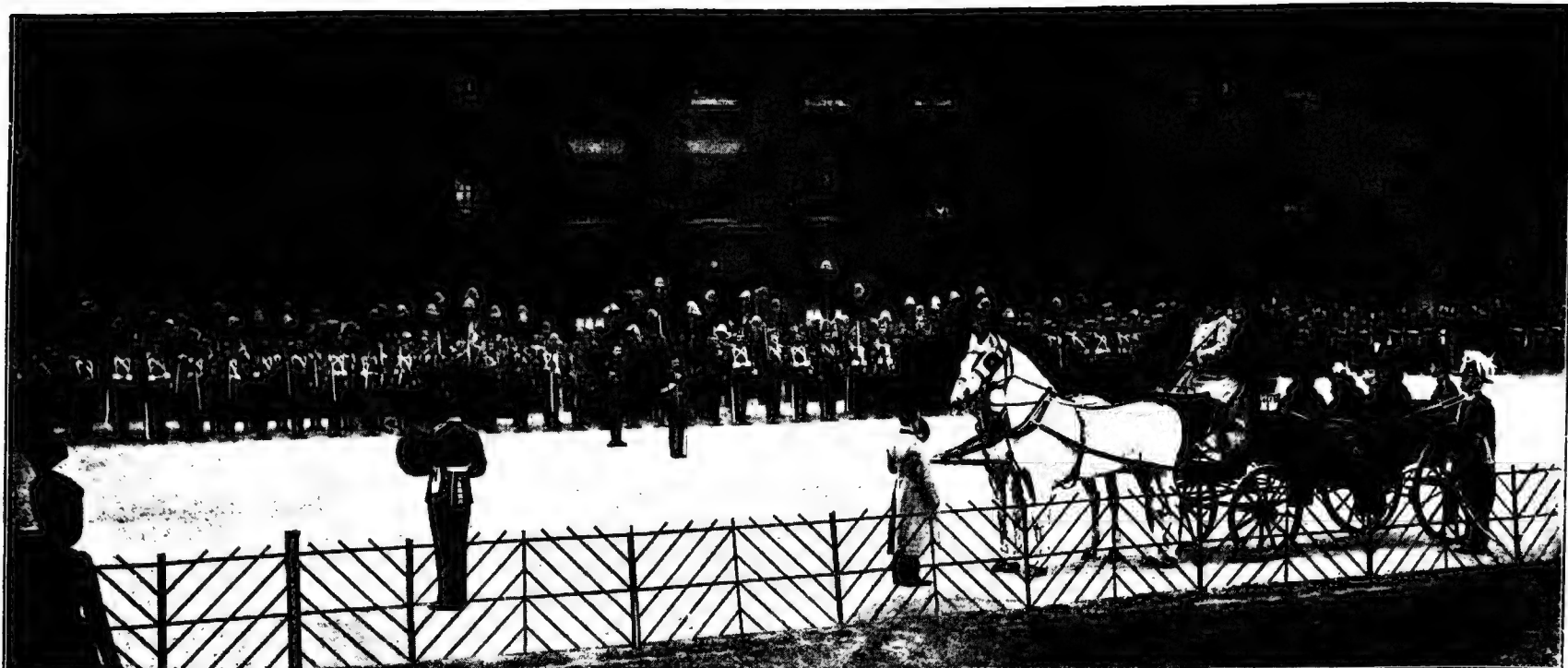
DUNLOP TYRES

can be prevented by forwarding doubtful tyres to any of our depots.

Examination and report free of charge.

The DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO, Ltd.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S Gold Medals, Paris, 1878: 1889.
PENS
Of Highest Quality; and Having Greatest Durability, are therefore CHEAPEST.
Numbers for use by Bankers, &c.—Barrel Pens, 225, 226, 262.
Slip Pens, 332, 309, 287, 166, 404, 601. In Fine, Medium, and Broad Points.



The Queen last week drove from Windsor Castle to the Victoria Barracks, to inspect a draft of the 3rd Grenadier Guards, temporarily attached to the 1st Battalion, and who have been detailed for service in South Africa. The men, 100 in number, all in khaki, were drawn up at the east end of the barrack square, under the command of Second Lieutenant Hermon Hodge. On the right of the contingent was the Queen's company of the 1st Battalion. Her Majesty left Windsor Castle in an open landau, and with the Queen were Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Major-General Trotter received the Queen on her arrival, the battalion giving the Royal salute. The inspection over Lieutenant Hodge was then presented

to the Queen, who, subsequently addressing the men, said:—"You are going on a long voyage to a distant part of my Empire: emulate the deeds of your brave comrades, and I feel that I can look to you with confidence to uphold the honour of the gallant regiment to which you belong." Major St. Aubyn, in command of the 1st Battalion, duly replied. The Queen bowed her acknowledgment, and the ceremony ended. As the Royal carriage drove off the parade ground Major St. Aubyn again called for three cheers for the Queen, which were lustily given. Our illustration is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, Windsor.

THE QUEEN AND HER GUARDS: INSPECTION AT WINDSOR OF GRENADIERS ORDERED TO THE FRONT

Books of Reference

"DEBRETT'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTAGE" (Dean and Son), which is now published for the 187th successive year, is in the proud position of being not only the oldest "Peerage" extant, but also of being the only one which can boast of bearing, together with its name, the index dates of three centuries on its pages (seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen). "Debrett" has a time-honoured reputation for accuracy, and the new volume, which contains over a thousand pages, has been corrected down to December 5, the death of Sir Henry Tate on that date being duly recorded. No fewer than 275 honours have been conferred since the last issue of Debrett. Seven new Peers have been created, Baron Cromer has been raised to a Viscounty, and three Peerages have become extinct. The Baronetage has received an addition of eleven names, and two Baronetcies have become extinct. Eight gentlemen have been added to the Privy Council, ninety-four new

Knights have been created, and 136 Companions or Members have been added to the various Orders. The work of producing a volume like "Debrett" must be enormous, and it is wonderful how trustworthy a book which deals with so many thousands of names can be. The coats of arms with which the volume is illustrated are carefully engraved, and certainly add to the worth of the work.—"Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" (Sampson, Low, Marston, and Co.) has attained its sixtieth year of issue. Its great merit is its easiness of reference. Collected in one general dictionary are Peers, Peeresses, Bishops, Baronets, Scottish Judges (Lords of Session), Privy Councillors, Knights, and widows of Baronets and Knights. In another part of the work will be found a list of the sons and daughters of Peers bearing courtesy titles. Details are given of the titles, parentage, and descent, ages, education, marriages, professions, residences, and public offices of holders of titles. "Dod" has been corrected down to December 11. The question of precedence is fully discussed in "Dod," which also contains some twenty-nine illustrations of insignia. The

volume is a very handy and trustworthy work of reference, and has the additional merit of being cheap.—"Whitaker's Peerage" (J. Whitaker and Sons) is the new title adopted for the work which for two years we have known as "Whitaker's Titled Persons," the new name being adopted on the amalgamation with the old "Windsor Peerage," formerly published by Whitaker and Co. The introductory portion of the book is very valuable, containing, as it does, an historical account of the Peerage, and the history of the Baronetage and Knightage. The Royal Family and other relatives of the Queen are given in an admirable manner. We find that Her Majesty has 233 living blood relations, besides sixty-one brought in by marriage. It may be added that the 233 comprise twelve married couples who are related to the Queen on both sides. Her Majesty has seven children living, thirty-two grandchildren, and thirty-three great-grandchildren. The body of the book contains an alphabetical directory of Peers, Baronets, Knights, and Privy Councillors, together with holders of courtesy titles, Bishops and Companions of Orders. Under the heading of each Peerage will be found titled relatives of the holder of the title.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

Mappin & Webb

Ltd.

TO H.M. THE QUEEN.

CITY (Facing the Mansion House)—
2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON, E.C.

WEST END—
158 to 162 OXFORD ST.
LONDON, W.

MANCHESTER :
ST. ANN'S SQUARE.

NICE :
12,
AVENUE FÉLIX FAURE.

PLATE CHESTS
fitted with their
STERLING SILVER
OR
PRINCE'S PLATE
(Guaranteed to last a
lifetime)
AND
FINEST CUTLERY,
with their Patent
Screw-Fast Handles.

ALL SIZES
In stock, and Chests
made
TO ORDER
In a few days to
Customers'
own requirements.

**SPECIAL LISTS
FREE.**



The Public supplied
direct by the
ACTUAL MAKERS,
saving all
intermediate profits.

Inspection invited of
Manufacture and
Showrooms.

**THE
ROYAL WORKS
SHEFFIELD**

The "HAVERSTOCK" Plate Chest, completely fitted with the celebrated "Prince's Plate" Table Requisites and finest Ivory-handled Cutlery. Complete in Iron-bound Polished Oak Case, £600 10s. 4d. Fitted in Sterling Silver, £154 10s. 11d.



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES.

A critical moment was reached when General Cronje's long line of wagons had already crossed it, and in a very few minutes they would have been away. To cover our guns, which had to at once come into action to shell Cronje's wagons, we were obliged to seize some strong kopjes on our right, and a squadron of the 10th Hussars carried out this task in the most brilliant manner. About 200 mounted Boers raced for it at the same moment, but the 10th were too quick for them, and seizing the kopjes soon drove off the Boers with a heavy carnage, having only one man wounded.

A DASH FOR LIBERTY FOILED: HEADING OFF GENERAL CRONJE AT THE MODDER RIVER ON FEBRUARY 17



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

On Sunday, February 11, the cavalry column detached to relieve Kimberly left Modder River. It consisted of three regiments of only two guns. The last of these was under Lieutenant-General Potter, commanding the 1st Cavalry Brigade. On Sunday, February 12, the 1st Cavalry Brigade, the 1st Infantry

The first Brigade, the New South Wales Lancers, and the New Zealanders. The second Brigade, the 1st Colonial Broadwood, was made up of the composite Household Cavalry Regiment, the 1st and 2nd Colonial Light Horse, the 12th Lancers. The third Brigade, under Brigadier General Patton, the

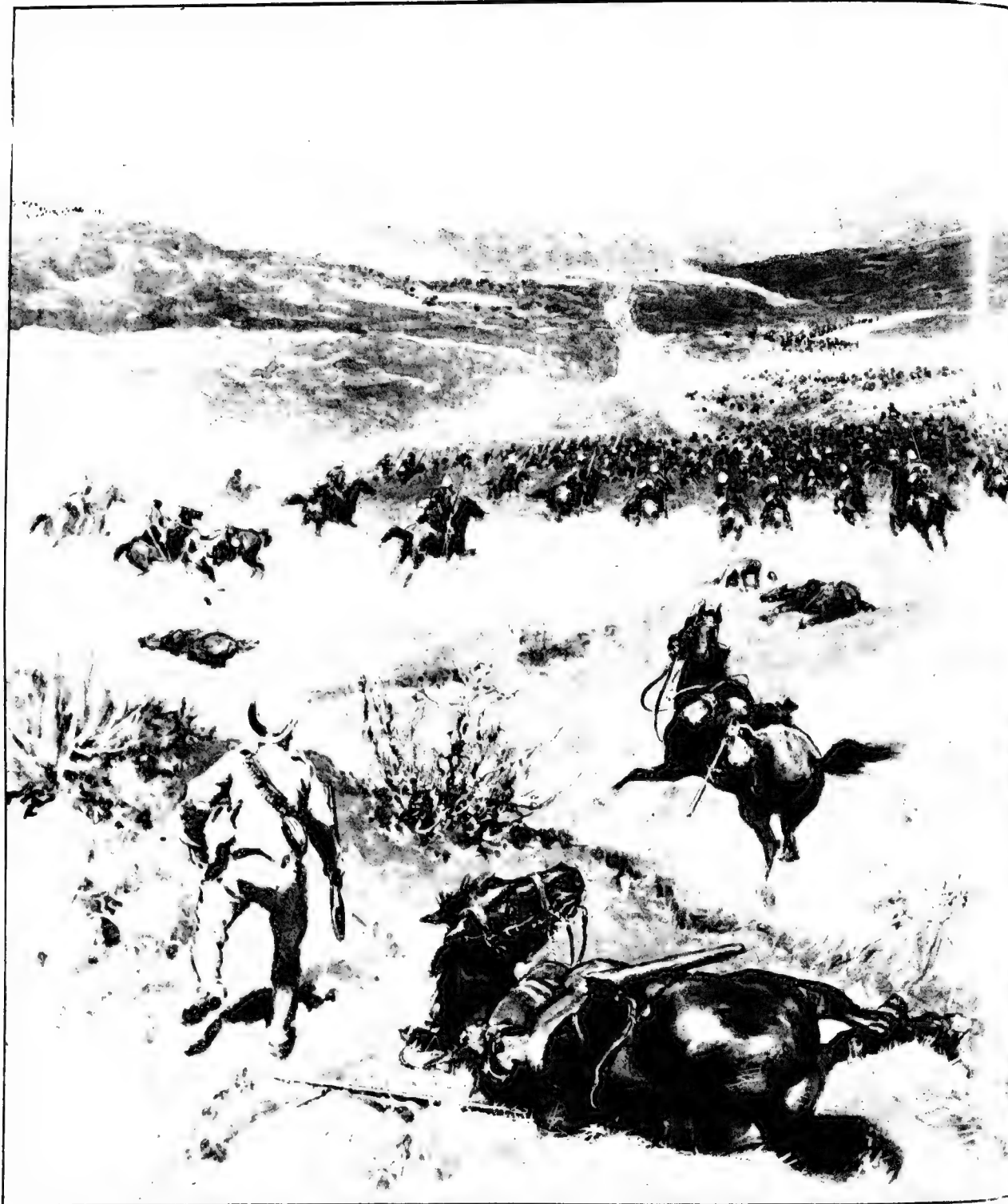


J. M. A. K. & J. L. O. N. (Eds.), *Nationality, Nationalism, and the State*.

and 10th Lancers, and a large number of Mounted Infantry. On the 13th the troops moved on to Jidda, passing Jacobbad about five miles to the east, and crossed the Khip Dint after a long march of twenty-seven miles. Although about 2,000 *Loos* were seen in the neighbourhood

15th, which our medical company was doing at the time. I don't know if I got

THE RUSH TO KIMBERLEY: THE 1st HUSSARS CROSSING KLIP DRIFT



10TH LANCERS

KOPJE HELD BY THE BOERS



THE 9TH LANCERS

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE LAST STAND MADE BY THE BOERS BEFORE KIMBERLEY

The Boers were at Modder River with six batteries of Field Artillery, which had been detached from the infantry, and were in a strong position. Artillery fire commenced at 11 a.m. The Boers gave up their guns in action. Our artillery took up

a position on the hills to the east of the camp at Klip Drift, and were heavily shelled by the Boers who were about 2,000 strong and appeared to have the range to an inch. The Boers also shelled over the guns, wounding several artillerymen. Two naval 12-pounders then came into action, and one of these long-range weapons was mounted on the kopje due north of the camp.

The most dangerous Boer gun was steadily brought to silence. The cavalry then advanced on the right flank, fighting a two-tailed battle, and the Boers, who were standing in a line, were completely broken. The Boers were then driven back to the hills, and the cavalry charged and killed many of them. The Boers were then driven back to the hills, and the cavalry charged and killed many of them.

where it was the worst. The Boers were then driven back to the hills, and the cavalry charged and killed many of them. The Boers were then driven back to the hills, and the cavalry charged and killed many of them.

THE LAST STAND MADE BY THE BOERS BEFORE KIMBERLEY

OUR CAVALRY CHARGING IN THE ENGAGEMENT AT KLIP DRIFT

EXTREME OBESITY IS BECOMING A THING OF THE PAST.

INCREASING POPULARITY OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

MANY of our readers are, doubtless, familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been wrought by the original researches of that now eminent expert, Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is evident that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been recognised in a very large degree among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. Keen observers who have an opportunity of judging inform us, through the pages of society papers and otherwise, that, owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment, extreme obesity is becoming as much a thing of the past as fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and, no doubt, it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful. The issue of an eighteenth edition of the author's singularly convincing little text-book, "Corpulency and the Cure," however, serves to remind us that the popularity of the system has now reached spheres far more remote from those of West End fashion. The book of 256 pages may be had by sending four penny stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, as above; and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden of fat—not merely because it is unseemly and adds enormously to the apparent age of the sufferer—but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary, in these days of competition, to make one's way in the world, or even to earn a very modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents refer to their delight at being enabled—within a very brief period and without any irksome conditions implying semi-starvation—to attack their accustomed tasks with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, doubtless, to the English hatred of mystery, which is utterly swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his modus operandi and supplies the recipe for his preparation.—*Bicester Herald*.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS,
PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS to
BRINSMEAD T.R.H. the Prince and
Princess of WALES,
PIANOS. H.M. the King of ITALY &c.
Legion of Honour.
Many Gold Medals.
BRINSMEAD Pianos Let on Hire.
PIANOS. Pianos Exchanged.
Pianos Repaired.
Pianos Tuned.
JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS,
LIMITED,
18, 20, and 22, WIGMORE STREET,
LONDON, W.
Lists Free.

THOMAS OETZMANN & CO.,
Only address—
27, BAKER STREET, W.
All Makers. Write for Lists.

D'ALMAINE and CO.—PIANOS
and ORGANS. All improvements.
Approval carriage free. Easy
terms. Ten years' warranty.
Second-hand good cottages
from seven guineas, iron-framed
full trichord pianos from 12/6
per month, organs from 5 guineas.
Full price paid allowed within
three years if exchanged for a
higher class instrument.
D'ALMAINE & CO. (estd. 115 years), 91, Finsbury
Pavement, E.C. Open till 7. Saturdays, 3.

BORD'S 25 PER CENT. DIS-
COUNT FOR CASH, or 10s.
per month (second-hand
10s. 6d. per month), on the
THREE YEARS' HIRE
System. Pianos Exchanged.
Lists free of
C. STILES and CO.,
42, SOUTHAMPTON
ROW, HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C.

BECHSTEIN CHARLES STILES and
CO. offer these magnificent
PIANOS on the THREE
YEARS' SYSTEM, at most
advantageous prices and
terms.
Apply to
42, SOUTHAMPTON
ROW, HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C.

MOORE and MOORE PIANOS.
ESTAB. 1835.
Iron-framed, Trichord and Check-action
Latest development of Tone, Touch, and Design.
18 to 96 Guineas.
Three Years' System, from 31s. 6d. per Quarter.
Carriage free. PRICE LIST post free.
104 and 105, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

EPPE'S COCOA. The most
nutritious.
EPPE'S COCOA. Grateful and
comforting.
EPPE'S COCOA. For breakfast
and supper.
EPPE'S COCOA. With natural
flavour only.
EPPE'S COCOA. From the
finest brands.

WHERE TO DINE.

LANGHAM HOTEL, Portland
Place, W. Unrivalled situation in
the most fashionable and convenient
locality. Easy access to all theatres.
Table d'Hôte 6.30 until 8.15, open to
non-residents.
Private Apartments for Regimental
Dinners, Wedding Breakfasts, &c.
Moderate tariff.

OETZMANN and CO.,
62, 64, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, and 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.
(Continuation North of Tottenham Court Road),
60 and 61, GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN.
75, UNION STREET, RYDE.
202, RUE ROYALE,
12, RUE DE LA POMPE, } BRUSSELS.
Factories: EAGLE WORKS, HAMPSTEAD
ROAD; ALBION WORKS, DRUMMOND
STREET; STANHOPE WORKS, WITHAM
STREET; CAMDEN WORKS, HIGH ST.,
CAMDEN TOWN.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES
for INEXPENSIVE ARTISTIC FURNISH-
INGS, HALL AND DINING-ROOM FURNI-
TURE, DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE,
LIBRARY, OFFICE, AND ANTIQUE FURNI-
TURE, BEDROOM FURNITURE, BED-
STEADS AND BEDDING, CARPETS AND
FURNISHING DRAPERY, IRONMONGERY
AND ELECTRO-PLATE, CYCLES, STER-
LING SILVER GOODS, CHINA AND GLASS,
PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS, &c.,
POST FREE.

J. A. PREECE & SONS, LD.,
JOBMASTERS, &c.
Head Office:
250, FULHAM ROAD, S.W.
(Telephone No. 891, Kensington), and
9, CRAVEN RD., PADDINGTON
(Telephone No. 557, Paddington).
Telegraphic Address: "Princillon," London.
Carriages of every description to Let by the Hour
Day, or Week.
Superior JOB HORSES and PARISIAN-
SHAPED CARRIAGES by Monthly, Quarterly,
or Yearly Contracts.
RIDING SCHOOL. Largest and best ventilated
in London. Entrance, Hollywood Road, Redcliffe
Square, S.W.
YEOMANRY, &c. Chargers to be Let on Hire,
with option of purchase.

**THE AMERICAN TOOTH
CROWN COMPANY,**
24, OLD BOND STREET, W.
(Corner of Burlington Gardens).

**THE LEADING EXPERTS IN
DENTISTRY IN ENGLAND.**

**THE OBJECTS OF THIS OLD-
ESTABLISHED COMPANY are:**
The Treatment of
DECAYED TEETH
By the most Approved Principles of Preservation,
including Tooth-Crowning, Gold-Filling, &c.
The Treatment and Utilisation of Decayed Roots
for the Adjustment of Artificial Teeth without
Plates, thus avoiding Extractions.
The Adjustment of Artificial Teeth by Suction.
To give SKILFUL ATTENTION, and do all that
Dentistry can do to save Teeth, at the Most
Moderate Fees.

**THE OPERATORS IN ATTEND-
ANCE ARE GRADUATES OF THE
LEADING AMERICAN DENTAL
COLLEGES.**
No Fee for Consultation.
Illustrated Book post free from the Secretary.
A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge.
Most agreeable to take.

**TAMAR
INDIEN
GRILLON**
FOR
CONSTIPATION,
HÆMORRHOIDS,
BILE, HEADACHE,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
GASTRIC AND INTESTINAL TROUBLES.

LONDON:
47, Southwark Street, S.E.
Sold by Chemists, 2s. 6d. a Box.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only
thoroughly harmless Skin Powder. Prepared
by an experienced Chemist and constantly prescribed
by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Send
13 or 36 Penny Stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

THE HOTEL TARIFF BUREAU, 96, REGENT STREET, W.

Agencies at Cannes, Florence, Geneva, Lucerne,
Nice, Paris, Rome, Venice, Zurich, &c., &c.
Write for the Hotel Tariff Guide 14d., which gives
the rates of the leading Hotels.
Any Tariff Card separate, One Stamp.

LONDON HOTELS.
HORREX'S HOTEL. NORFOLK STREET AND
STRAND W.C.
MAISONNETTE'S HOTEL. DE VERE
GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W.
KENSINGTON HOTELS
(Op. Kensington Palace)
KENSINGTON HOTELS
(Lift. Electric Light)
KENSINGTON HOTELS
(Everything up to date)
KENSINGTON HOTELS
(Tariff on application)
HOTEL DE L'EUROPE. LEICESTER SQUARE.
Moderate Charges. 100 Magnificent Rooms
QUEEN'S HOTEL. LEICESTER SQUARE. Mod.
Charges. Every Comfort and Convenience.
THACKERAY HOTEL. (First-class Temperance)
FACING THE BRITISH MUSEUM
ST. JERMS. WESTMINSTER. High-class
Residential Hotel
ST. JERMS. WESTMINSTER. Unexcelled for
Luxury, Comfort, Cuisine. Moderate Tariff.

PROVINCIAL HOTELS.
ARMOUTH (First-class. Facing Sea) CORS-Y-
GEDOL AND MARINE HOTELS
ELFAST (Innest in Ireland. Telegrams "Grand
Central, B. fast.") GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
JEXHILL (S. a Front. Opposite Band Stand)
BRIGHTON (New Management of Cockburn
Hotel) WENTWORTH HOUSE
BOURNEMOUTH (Hotel de Luxe of the South)
ROYAL BATH HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH. BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO
Facing Sea. Turkish and every variety of Bath.
BROMLEY (Near Chislehurst. Electric Light.
Sanitation Perfect) ROYAL BELL HOTEL
DROITWICH (Brine Baths)
DUBLIN. THE WORCESTERSHIRE HOTEL.
HOTEL METROPOLE
EASTBOURNE (Splendid Views on East Cliff.
Week-end terms) EASTBOURNE HYDRO
EASTBOURNE (Finest Position facing Sea)
QUEEN'S HOTEL
EXETER (Facing the Cathedral)
ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL
EXMOUTH (S. Frontage. Faces Sea. Chef kept.
Inclusive terms arranged) IMPERIAL HOTEL
FRINTON-ON-SEA (50 Rooms. Golf Links
adjoin) GRAND HOTEL
GRANGE-ON-SEA (Winter Resort)
HAZELWOOD HYDRO
HERNE BAY (Grand Sea Views)
ST. GEORGE'S CLIFF HOTEL
ILFRACOMBE (Splendid Sea Views)
IMPERIAL HOTEL
JERSEY (St. Heliers). (Golf, Fishing, &c.)
(Louise T. Wade, Lessee) ROYAL HOTEL
LEIGH-ON-SEA (Splendid Sea Views)
GRAND HOTEL
LIVERPOOL (Church Street) THE COMPTON
HOTEL
LIVERPOOL (Mount Pleasant, Near Station. 100
Rooms) SHAFTESBURY TEMPERANCE HOTEL
LYNDHURST (New Forest. Golf, Hunting,
Shooting) GRAND HOTEL
OXFORD (Elec. Light. Billiards) MITRE
FAMILY HOTEL
PLYMOUTH (On the Hoe. Facing Sea and Pier)
GRAND HOTEL
SIDMOUTH (Facing full South. Golf Links,
Tennis, Hunting) BEDFORD HOTEL
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA (Facing Pier Gardens)
GRAND PIER HOTEL
SOUTHPORT. (On the Parade. Facing Sea)
PALACE HOTEL
SOUTHPORT (Opposite the Pier) VICTORIA
HOTEL
SOUTHSEA (Facing Sea and Common)
IMPERIAL HOTEL
TORQUAY (Facing Sea) VICTORIA AND ALBERT
HOTEL
TUNBRIDGE WELLS (Inclusive winter terms)
WELLINGTON HOTEL

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.
BRUSSELS (Near Park, Palace, Musées)
HOTEL GRAND BRITANNIQUE
DRESDEN (Unique Position on the Elbe)
BELLE VUE HOTEL
DRESDEN (Hotel de Luxe of Saxony. Suites
with Baths) SAVOY HOTEL
FLORENCE (Late Continental de la Paix)
THE GRAND HOTEL
GOSENSASS (Tyrol. Skating, Tobogganing,
Curling. Alt. 3,600 ft.) GROBNER HOTEL
INNSBRUCK (Write for Pamphlet. Open all
the year round) TYROL HOTEL
INNSBRUCK (Opp. Station. Elect. Lt. Cent.
Heating. Mod. terms) HOTEL GOLDEN SUN
INNSBRUCK (Open all year. Electric Light.
Lift. Mod. terms) HOTEL KREID
KREUZNACH (Leading English and American
House. Lift. Electric Light) ORANIENHOF
KISSINGEN. KURHAUS HOTEL
LOCARNO (Best Resort on Lake Maggiore)
GRAND HOTEL
MADEIRA (3½ days' Voyage. Magnificent
Gardens. Billiards. Tennis) REID'S HOTEL
MERAN (South Tyrol. Strictly 1st-class. Finest
Position on Promenade) SAVOY HOTEL
MONTREUX (Magnificent Situation. Moderate
Terms) HOTEL CHATEAU BELMONT
MUNICH (First-class. Unique Position)
CONTINENTAL HOTEL
MUNICH (First-class. Newly Rebuilt)
HOTEL BAYERISCHER HOF

MACASSAR
Preserves, Strengthens, Beautifies the Hair is most
DELIGHTFULLY
PERFUMED.
Bottles 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., equal to four small; also
sold in a
GOLDEN
COLOUR,
which has the same nourishing properties
as the red, but does not darken or stain
the hair or linen.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL.
Known for 100 years as the best Preserver
and Beautifier of the hair; prevents hair
falling off or turning grey, eradicates scurf.

ROWLANDS' Macassar Oil.
Known for 100 years as the best Preserver
and Beautifier of the hair; prevents hair
falling off or turning grey, eradicates scurf.

ROWLANDS' Macassar Oil.
Known for 100 years as the best Preserver
and Beautifier of the hair; prevents hair
falling off or turning grey, eradicates scurf.

ROWLANDS' Macassar Oil.
Known for 100 years as the best Preserver
and Beautifier of the hair; prevents hair
falling off or turning grey, eradicates scurf.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL
is the best Preserver of the Hair. All
scientists assert that oil is absolutely necessary for
the preservation of the hair, and Rowlands' Macassar
Oil is the best. Sizes, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. equal to
four small. Sold by Grocers and Chemists.

HOTEL TARIFF BUREAU (continued)

NAPLES (Splendid View South). PARKER'S
HOTEL
PARIS (ENGLISH PROP.) (Near Exhibition,
Avenue d'Iena, Champs Elysees) HOTEL D'ENA
PARIS (Place Rivoli. Overlooking Tuilleries.
200 Rooms, 40 Baths) HOTEL REGINA
RIVA (Lake Garda, S. Tyrol. Opening Spring,
1900) PALACE HOTEL LIDO
ROME (Healthiest part. Full South)
QUIRINAL HOTEL
ST. BEATENBURG. HOTEL VICTORIA
ST. MORITZ (Skating Season. C. Badrut)
THE PALACE HOTEL
ST. MORITZ (Best known House. First-class
Cuisine) KULM HOTEL
ZURICH (Near Post. Enlarged and Renovated.
Lift. Electric Light) BAUREN VILLE HOTEL

AMERICAN AND CANADIAN.
NEW YORK, U.S.A. BUCKINGHAM HOTEL
PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A. (Chestnut Street)
ALDINE HOTEL
WASHINGTON, U.S.A. SHOREHAM HOTEL

ESTABLISHED 1851.
BIRKBECK BANK,
Southampton Buildings, London, W.C.
Invested Funds,
£10,000,000.
THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK,
With Particulars, post free.
FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION,
RHEUMATISM, and PAIN and WEAK-
NESS in the BACK, speedily relieved and cured
by HALE'S IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELT.
One and Two GUINEAS. Medical References,
Pamphlets and Consultations free.
HALE and SON, 105, REGENT STREET, W.

**REVOLUTION IN
FURNISHING.**
By GRADUAL REPAYMENTS.
NORMAN & STACEY, LD.,
118, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
Call and view the Largest and most Varied Selection
before Furnishing Locally.

**DON'T COUGH—USE
DON'T COUGH—USE
DON'T COUGH—USE**
There is absolutely no remedy so speedy
and effectual. One Lozenge alone gives
relief; can be taken by the most delicate.

KEATING'S LOZENGES.
KEATING'S LOZENGES.
KEATING'S LOZENGES.
If you cannot sleep for coughing, one
Keating's Lozenge will set you right.
Any Doctor will tell you they are
UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.
UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.
UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.
Sold everywhere in tins 13d. each, or free on receipt
of stamps from THOMAS KEATING, Chemist
London.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL
preserves and strengthens the hair, prevents it
falling off or turning grey, is the best brilliancy.
ROWLANDS' Macassar Oil.
ROWLANDS' Macassar Oil.
ROWLANDS' Macassar Oil.
Known for 100 years as the best Preserver
and Beautifier of the hair; prevents hair
falling off or turning grey, eradicates scurf.

MACASSAR
Preserves, Strengthens, Beautifies the Hair is most
DELIGHTFULLY
PERFUMED.
Bottles 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., equal to four small; also
sold in a
GOLDEN
COLOUR,
which has the same nourishing properties
as the red, but does not darken or stain
the hair or linen.

ROWLANDS' Macassar Oil.
Known for 100 years as the best Preserver
and Beautifier of the hair; prevents hair
falling off or turning grey, eradicates scurf.

ROWLANDS' Macassar Oil.
Known for 100 years as the best Preserver
and Beautifier of the hair; prevents hair
falling off or turning grey, eradicates scurf.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL
is the best Preserver of the Hair. All
scientists assert that oil is absolutely necessary for
the preservation of the hair, and Rowlands' Macassar
Oil is the best. Sizes, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. equal to
four small. Sold by Grocers and Chemists.

REMNANT CARPETS. REMNANT CARPETS. REMNANT CARPETS.

ALL SIZES. BEST QUALITY.
TRELOAR and SONS.
TRELOAR and SONS.
TRELOAR and SONS,
LUDGATE HILL,
ARE NOW OFFERING A
LARGE SELECTION of
CARPETS.
LARGE SELECTION of
CARPETS.
LARGE SELECTION of
CARPETS.

Which have been made up from REMNANTS and
from OLD PATTERNS, and are
SOLD AT VERY LOW PRICES.
These Carpets are bordered all round and are
ready for laying down. On application, if sizes
required be given, prices and particulars of stock
will be sent.

**WILTON SEAMLESS
SQUARES.**
**WILTON SEAMLESS
SQUARES.**
**WILTON SEAMLESS
SQUARES.**

A LARGE PURCHASE of these splendid
CARPETS has just been completed which enables
the firm to offer a few sizes at a GREAT REDUC-
TION in PRICE.

SIZES.		PRICES.		SIZES.		PRICES.	
Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
13	6 by 9	0	6	14	0 by 11	0	8
11	0 by 10	0	5	15	0 by 11	0	8
12	0 by 10	0	5	13	0 by 12	0	8
13	6 by 10	0	7	14	0 by 12	0	8
12	0 by 11	0	7	16	0 by 12	0	10
13	0 by 11	0	7	12	6		

TURKEY CARPETS.
TURKEY CARPETS.
TURKEY CARPETS.
TRELOAR and SONS
beg to announce an
IMPORTANT SALE of
TURKEY CARPETS.
TURKEY CARPETS.
TURKEY CARPETS.

**THE SIZES and PRICES of a
few Carpets are given as a guide to intending
purchasers, viz:—**

SIZES.		PRICES.		SIZES.		PRICES.	
Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
7	6 by 5	2	2	11	10 by 8	3	6
7	9 by 5	2	14	12	8 by 8	1	6
7	6 by 6	3	2	11	3 by 9	5	6
9	6 by 6	0	3	11	10 by 9	5	10
8	7 by 7	0	3	12	2 by 9	1	7
8	10 by 7	1	3	11	10 by 10	7	3
9	5 by 7	3	4	12	11 by 9	6	7
10	4 by 7	5	4	12	4 by 11	7	11
10	4 by 7	7	5	12	11 by 10	2	14
11	0 by 8	0	2	13	1 by 11	8	7
12	2 by 6	11	5	13	11 by 10	1	9
9	7 by 8	6	3	14	11 by 10	8	9
10	11 by 7	11	5	14	0 by 11	6	10
11	5 by 7	3	5	14	11 by 12	2	11
12	4 by 7	9	12	15	4 by 12	3	11
11	5 by 9	0	6	15	11 by 11	7	11
12	2 by 7	11	6	3	0		

TRELOAR and SONS.
TRELOAR and SONS.
TRELOAR and SONS,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON,
E.C.

A CATALOGUE of ALL the BEST FLOOR
COVERINGS POST FREE.

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

NEVER let any one say the English are not a people of sentiment, after the exhibition of emotion the whole nation has recently been guilty of. A pretty coloured ribbon, a little bit of a flower, can inspire either civil war or universal brotherhood, the cause of it all, too, St. Patrick's Day and the shamrock (the origin of the worship of which is lost in the mists of antiquity), being as hazy as indefinite and legendary as possible. No one knows exactly whence St. Patrick hails, but it is pretty nearly certain the Irish Saint was born in Dumbartonshire, and that his mother was a French-woman, which gives him, of course, a delightfully Celtic origin. The shamrock, too, was regarded as a pagan emblem in the Middle Ages, and made use of by St. Patrick, when he found it venerated in Ireland, as a symbol of the Trinity. Such appropriations and arrangements were constantly made by the saintly missionaries, and formed a distinct proof of their capacity for proselytism. The shamrock is a simple little emblem, easily obtainable, and thus suitable for the national trophy of a poor country. Green, too, the colour of the fairies, and by some staid English people considered unlucky, is *par excellence* the hue likely to be chosen by our impressionable, superstitious and rural people. It is the colour of the fairies and sprites who inhabit the glens and mountains, the forests and fields, and all the surroundings the Irish hold dear. There is something inexpressibly touching in the Celtic love of home and country—a feeling which is shared, though in less sentimental fashion, by the English, who are moved to tears when "Home, Sweet Home," is sung.

Sentiment has been at a discount lately. It is considered fashionable to show cynicism and indifference. Our young men and young women have made it their business to kill pretty fancies and delicate attentions and cultivate hard common-sense. Yet sentiment is the power, while common-sense is the sturdy tree of life. A little bit of sentiment will remove mountains, where bushels of good advice and practical sense can avail nothing. Tact and sentiment are women's weapons, and it is well when they avail themselves of them to smoothe the rugged paths and remove the thorns and stones of our pilgrimage here below. The Queen understands this thoroughly, and her graceful act has perhaps done more to cement good fellowship between Ireland and England than all the ponderous laws of well-meaning legislators.

This is the Holy Year in Rome, and the Pope, notwithstanding his advanced age, is busy receiving the pilgrims who arrive daily from all parts. During last week alone it is reckoned that over a thousand devout persons paid their homage to the Holy See. It is not likely that any of them will see the Pope again, now that he has reached the age of ninety. A very interesting picture of him, by the only English artist to whom he has ever given sittings, is now exhibited at Mr. McQueen's Gallery in the Haymarket. This picture, by Mr. H. J. Thaddeus, represents the ceremony of the

Obœdienza, or the Pope receiving the oaths of obedience from the Cardinals. Fine, indeed, is the contrast of the Cardinals' red robes and the shimmering purity of the Holy Father's figure, crowned with the great jewelled mitre, and bearing an expression of spiritual power, clear intellect and composed piety on its features. The picture, one naturally dear to Roman Catholics, is, it is said, destined eventually to adorn the walls of the new Cathedral.

Another venerable lady has passed away, Lady John Kate Spottiswoode, a typical, shrewd, clever old Scotchwoman, who died at the age of ninety. She lived on her estates, spent lavishly on her tenants, encouraged all the old customs, preferred thatch as a covering for her cottages, and loved antiquities. She was almost the last of the dour, original and kindly natured Scotch ladies. She was accomplished as were all those of her generation, played and sang beautifully, and finally is known as the author of the music of many popular songs, including the delightful "Annie Laurie." She could discourse on all Scotch subjects, knew the legends and stories connected with most places, loved the Scotch character and the Scotch people, and indulged in a great passion for antiquities, of which, and national curiosities of all kinds, she owned a vast collection.

Boyhood and manhood have much in common to the last. We are reminded of this when we hear that our grim and bearded heroes in South Africa enjoy nothing so much as the delicacies and sweatmeats sent out to them by good wives and mothers. One officer writes home to his mother: "You would laugh if you could see officers and men sitting on big stones munching bull's-eyes and peppermint drops with the greatest delight. A plum cake, too, cut up and divided amongst us all, created as much enthusiasm as a similar gift at school, while the little soft pillows we spread out on a rock seemed the most heavenly luxury. Like great big boys these hard men revelled in their small comforts, and enjoyed their moments of relaxation and rest from toils. It is cheering to think how many pleasant hours the women at home have been able by their forethought to give those they love.

Though London is one of the most prosperous and civilised of cities, it still leaves much to be desired in the matter of cleanliness. Our streets are very insufficiently purified, and our pavements seem to grow dirtier daily. A very unpleasant habit of expectoration appears to be on the increase. In omnibuses, railway carriages, on the footways, it has now become almost impossible for a woman to walk without lifting up her skirts. Placards and requests seem of no avail; there is nothing to be done but to appeal to public opinion to stop this intolerable nuisance.

Another disagreeable feature of London, and which could surely be obviated, is the presence of ugly, unsavoury dust-carts stationing at the doors even of first-class houses during the afternoon. Such receptacles should ply their dirty trade only during the early morning hours, and not offend our eyes and taste at a time when ladies are dressed in their prettiest clothes and paying ceremonious visits. The particles of dirt and dust that fly about on these occasions are extremely annoying, and surely also deleterious to health, as also are the odours emanating

from them. At present dust-carts call only once a week, which is not sufficiently often for the removal of garbage.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who has just scored another success in a new play of M. Rostand, the talented author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, seems to revel in masculine dress. This is the third big part she has essayed lately. Hamlet, Lorenzaccio, and now the Duc de Reichstadt, form a triad of complex variety few actresses could undertake; but in all the feminine element predominates in the masculine nature, and in a manner obscures the virile character. It is this, no doubt, that enables the parts to be so successfully performed by a woman.

Books for the Housekeeper

"THE HOUSEWIFE'S MANUAL OF DOMESTIC COOKERY," with special reference to cooking by gas, edited by Mrs. H. M. Young (Fletcher, Russell and Co.), is exceedingly concise and clear in giving directions for the preparation of fancy dishes and sauces of all kinds, many of the recipes being accompanied by photographs of the entrées when ready for table.—"Ten Shillings a Head for House Books," by Mrs. C. S. Peel (Constable, Westminster), should be very useful to the caterer in keeping down expenses while providing wholesome and appetising fare for families of six or more.—"Dainty Meals for Small Households," by Marguerite Ninet (Sampson Low and Co.); "Cookery for Two and More," by Ellis Peyton (Innes and Co.); "Dainties, English and Foreign," by Mrs. H. C. Davidson (L. Upcott Gill), all give valuable advice and hints for small establishments; while "Dinners of the Day," by Mrs. Praga (C. A. Pearson), with special dinner menus, enters fully into all the economic mysteries of feeding, from the purchase of the food to its appearance on the table.—"Queen Cookery Books," series three, collected by S. Beatty Pownall (Horace Cox), consists of the reprint of recipes for pickles and Preserves already published, and "Leaves from our Tuscan Kitchen," by Janet Ross (J. M. Dent and Co.), gives details for the preparation of soups, vegetables, and sauces somewhat new to English tables.



A new patent knife, with original cartridge handle, on which is engraved either "Gallant Ladysmith," "Gallant Kimberley," or "Gallant Mafeking," is being manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, Sheffield. The price of the knife is 3s. 6d. each, and 10 per cent. of the proceeds will be devoted to the Lord Mayor's War Fund. The knife can only be obtained at Messrs. Mappin and Webb's, Limited, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, and Oxford Street, W., and St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

A SOUVENIR OF THE WAR



"I thoroughly concur with the verdict of the Jury, that Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa is the 'Strongest and Best' that can possibly be produced."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED
300 GOLD MEDALS **Cocoa**
Etc.

The MEDICAL PRESS, including the "LANCET," "BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL," and "MEDICAL ANNUAL," testifies to its

ABSOLUTE PURITY.



"French is scouring The Country"
Lord Roberts' Dispatch

To scour the land Use Monkey Brand.

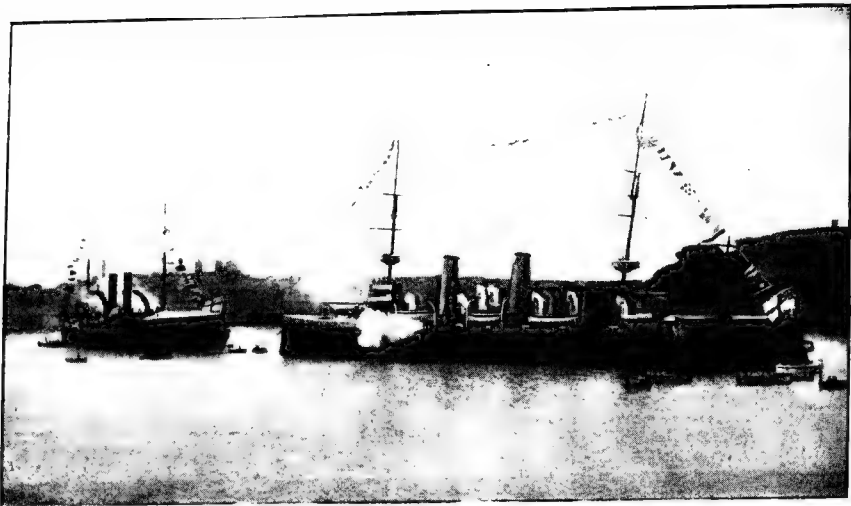
INVALUABLE FOR
 Scouring Kitchen
 Tables and Floors,
 Paintwork, Linoleum,
 and Oilcloths.

BROOKE'S SOAP
MONKEY BRAND
 SCOURS AND POLISHES THE WORLD.
WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

UNRIVALLED FOR
 Polishing Brass,
 Copper, Tin,
 Steel, Iron,
 Metals, Marble, and
 Earthenware.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Soapmakers to the Queen, Port Sunlight.

Makes COPPER like GOLD, TIN like SILVER, BRASS like MIRRORS, CROCKERY like MARBLE, WINDOWS like CRYSTAL.



The news of the relief of Ladysmith was received at Malta late on March 1, and, as soon as it became generally known, great enthusiasm was everywhere manifested. The following day, at twelve o'clock, each of the warships belonging to the Mediterranean Fleet lying in the harbour fired a salute of twenty-one guns and dressed ship with flags "in honour of British victories in South Africa," as the Admiral's signal had it. Next morning about 2,000 bluejackets, with half a dozen field guns, landed from the fleet, and, in conjunction with some 3,000 troops belonging to the garrison, marched through the principal streets of Valetta. The Governor, Sir F. Grenfell, and Vice-Admiral Fisher, accompanied by Lord Charles Beresford, took part in the procession. Our photograph is by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

"LADYSMITH" DAY AT MALTA

New Novels

"LAO-TI THE CELESTIAL"

IN reading stories of China and the Chinese, it is always needful to turn the mind more or less upside down; it is to be hoped to its due enlargement. The hero of Mr. Bird's "Lao-Ti the Celestial" (Hutchinson and Co.) is a young gentleman of Hangchow, who, in the course of his varied adventures, finds it his duty, as a man of honour, to persuade the woman he loves, his brother's widow, to hang herself in order that her departed husband's ghost may be comforted by hers. He moreover—also as a point of honour—carries out an atrociously fiendish piece of vengeance on a drunken German sailor by whom his brother had been killed in a scuffle in an opium den. But he is a fine fellow—in his peculiar Celestial way—all the same, and makes one ask whether his is the only country in which honour has been answerable for equally curious consequences. The story is interesting as a picture of Chinese manners and modes of thinking and feeling by an author who knows his subject, and certainly cannot be charged with any insular prejudices against whatever seems strange.

"THE CHILLINGFIELD CHRONICLES"

Hélène Gingold (Mrs. Laurence Cowen) tells, in "The Chillingfield Chronicles" (T. Fisher Unwin) how Dimonda Verulam, a very

naughty little girl, was spoiled by everybody because she was pretty, grew up to break every male heart that came in her way, eloped from her husband with one lover, and died penitently kissing another. Subordinate to hers is the story of her sister Mary, who did not know how to be naughty, and was rewarded with as much of a good young cousin's heart as Dimonda had not broken to atoms. The ostensible period is that of "Esmond," to whom there is a perceptible family likeness in the hero and narrator, Frank Chillingfield, while the leading traits of Beatrix are recognisable in Dimonda. But a young Englishman engaged in plotting the French Revolution would seem to belong to a later time than Queen Anne's, and a nobleman who intends to vote against a Bill for the Education of the Masses to a more advanced period still; while Frank's College at Oxford belongs to no-when and no-where at all. In short, there is a general slap-dash about Mrs. Cowen's work which certainly obtains effects of a dramatic order hopelessly beyond the attainment of a less courageous imagination or a greater regard for historic colour.

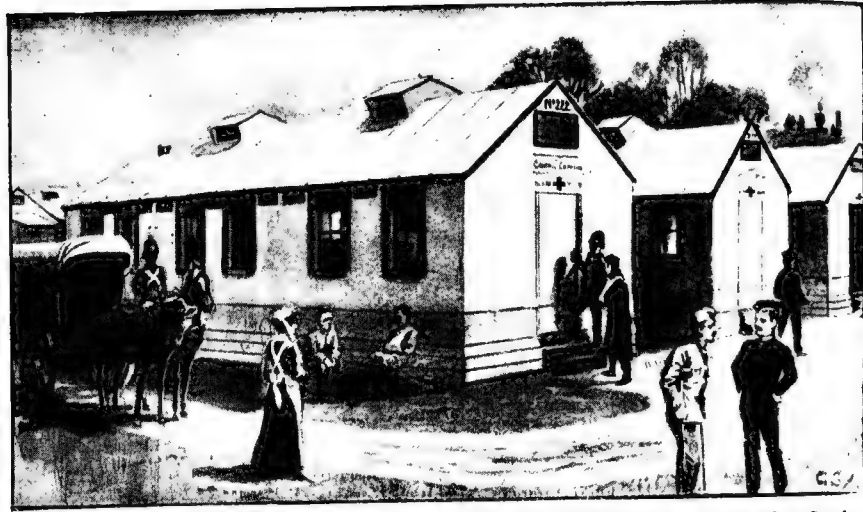
"THE PROGRESS OF PAULINE KESSLER"

The semi-Semitic lady whose progress is chronicled in Mr. Frederic Carrel's novel (John Long) had but one physical defect, but one intellectual, and but one moral. The first was a "little amble in her gait, due to a slight arch of the legs." This she had corrected in the course of her marriage to a future Viceroy of India (her second) by careful study. Her solitary defect of intelligence

consisted in overrating her power of managing, all at once, two husbands—actual and divorced; a lover, who was also the son of the latter; another lover, of whom little is heard but that his name was on her dying lips; and as many other people as could give her a help up the social ladder she had set herself to climb. Her moral defect was solitary, because it was exhaustive. The result was that she did very well indeed, from her point of view, until all at once she lost her head—with the result that she lost her life into the bargain just when the crown of her ambition was within her hands. It you cannot keep your legs or your conduct from being crooked, at any rate keep your head straight, is unquestionably a useful maxim. The story is interesting enough to maintain the reader's attention; while such words as "vanitous," "suggestionised," and "precipitous" (for "precipitate") should attract that of Dr. Murray.

"IN THE YEARS THAT CAME AFTER"

Mrs. Fred Reynolds has written, under the above title, a gentle, idyllic sort of anecdote (Hutchinson and Co.) concerning a young girl's first novel. This was so singularly "strong" that her father, in ignorance of its authorship, forbade her to read it—thus reversing the older anecdote of Dr. Burney and *Evelina*; while it became the happy cause of breaking off her engagement with a Curate for whom she did not care. There are other matters, but the main point is the evolution of a lady novelist—about which another successful lady novelist should naturally know a good deal.



The Doecker Hospital Huts recently purchased for the accommodation of the wounded sent home from South Africa, were last week visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales. These huts were purchased by the Central British Red Cross Committee from the Central Committee of the German Red Cross Society, for whom they had just been constructed. It has been stated that they were lent to the British Committee, but that is a mistake, as they were purchased from the German Society, who kindly postponed the fulfilment of their order to the manufacturers. Our illustration is from a photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

DOECKER HOSPITAL HUTS AT NETLEY

S. FISHER, 188, STRAND, BAG MAKER.

FISHER'S GLADSTONE BAG.



£5 to £50.
FOR MEN ONLY.



I HAVE
SOLD THIS
TRUNK
FOR
30 YEARS.

Uncommon
Shape.
Most
Convenient
Ever
Invented.



PERFECT
As an Empty Bag.
As a Fitted Bag.
FOR CONTINENTAL
TRAVELLING.



WONDERFUL
For its Strength.
For its Lightness.

FISHER'S "EIFFEL."
£5 to £100



FISHER'S KIT BAGS.



£5 to £50.

FISHER'S TEA BASKETS

42/-

CATALOGUES
FREE



FISHER'S
CRYSTAL FLASK.

No Top to Lose.
No Leather to Smell.
Strong and Clean.

Electro-plated Cup and Cap. Free for
10/6, 12/6, 14/6, 16/6.



OUR
DAUGHTER'S
BAG.

SILVER,
£3 3s.



DO
NOT
CRUSH
YOUR
HATS.
35/-



WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.
FISHER'S KIT BAGS.



30s. to £10.

S. FISHER, 188, STRAND, BAG MAKER.

MESSRS. HARMSWORTH'S GREAT NEW PATRIOTIC PUBLICATION

WITH THE FLAG TO PRETORIA.

WITH THE FLAG TO PRETORIA.

This superb production appears fortnightly in Sixpenny Parts and, when complete, will make the most sumptuous volume published in recent years. The letterpress is by Mr. H. W. Wilson, joint author of "Nelson and His Times," and every care is being taken that the record of the War shall be complete and accurate. The best Art Paper is being used, and the printing is undertaken by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Her Majesty's Printers, and other Printers in the first rank.

WITH THE FLAG TO PRETORIA.
In FORTNIGHTLY Parts, Price 6d.

WITH THE FLAG TO PRETORIA.
In FORTNIGHTLY Parts, Price 6d.

Since the issue of the Ultimatum, Messrs. Harmsworth's Correspondents in South Africa have been collecting authentic Photographs and Drawings concerning the great struggle. The Illustrations, superbly produced and printed, give an additional charm to this fascinating work. The Letterpress, assisted by the Illustrations, will set out with panoramic effect all the incidents and battles of the campaign, and will remove from the mind confusion incidental to the day-to-day history of the War given by the newspaper press. As a memento of the last year of the century, "With the Flag to Pretoria" will be unequalled.

THE HEROIC DEEDS OF BRITAIN'S SONS

THE HEROIC DEEDS OF BRITAIN'S SONS

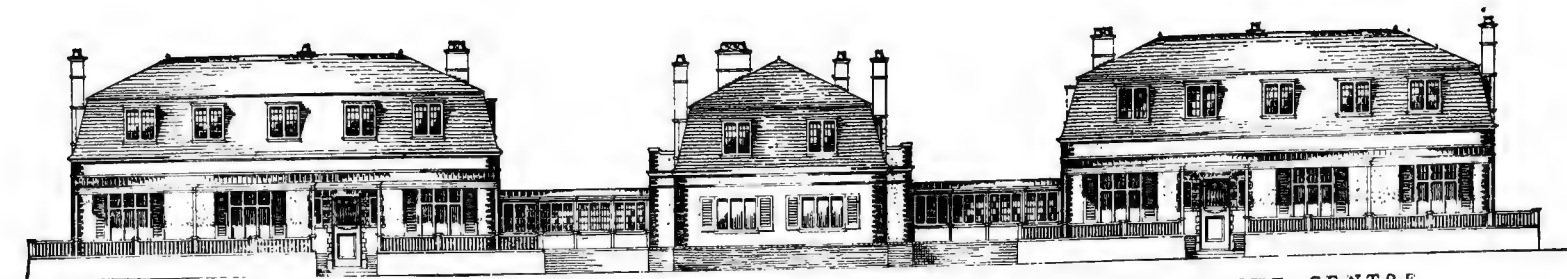
at Ladysmith, Mafeking, and Kimberley, will quicken the pulse and thrill the heart long after the close of the present War, and we can conceive no more pleasing emotion than turning over the pages of this patriotic work and having brought back to remembrance the great and stirring events of 1900. Every parent should see that his boy has a copy of "With the Flag to Pretoria" placed in his hands.

WITH THE FLAG TO PRETORIA, PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY.

Number 1 can be obtained by ordering from any Newsagent or Bookseller. Number 2 is now on sale everywhere. With No. 1 is given away a handsome Coloured Map.

Published Fortnightly. Price 6d.

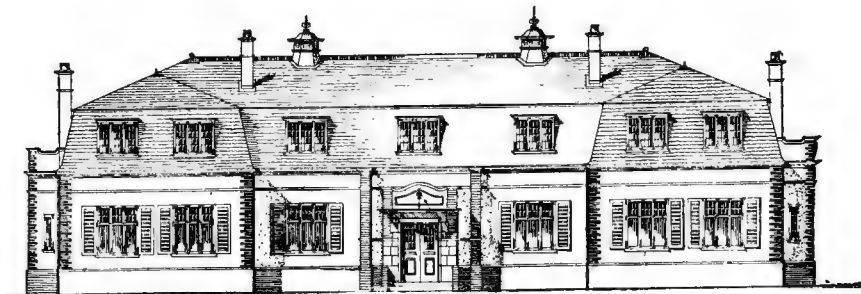
WITH THE FLAG TO PRETORIA.



FRONT ELEVATION OF TWO OF THE HOMES WITH SERVICE BLOCK IN THE CENTRE

A Gift to the Nation

MANY efforts have been and are being made to meet the requirements of wounded soldiers, so that men leaving hospital may have an opportunity to regain strength before resuming their military duties, but one of the most interesting is designed especially to aid the discharged and often permanently invalided soldier. This is a gift made by the Building Trades to the nation, and it takes the form of six homes of rest for discharged soldiers, together with the recreation house and all the necessary offices. The buildings in question will be erected on an extensive freehold site near Bisley, presented by Lord Pirbright, and the homes will be maintained under a scheme organised by H.R.H. Princess Christian, known as the "Bisley Home Scheme." The arrangements for the "Building Trades' Gift" were originally made by Mr. Edwin O. Sachs, the well-known theatre architect, who has been assisted by a small executive of colleagues and an influential committee, representing the builders and builders' merchants throughout the country. Mr. T. F. Rider, Past President of the National Association of Master Builders, has been acting as honorary secretary. The gift takes its form, partly in a collection of materials, partly in the collection of money. Regarding materials, the makers of materials and the builders throughout the country have been contributing their quota, while, as far as money is concerned, a number of cheques have been received, and a very pleasant feature has been the contribution of workmen, who, with their sixpences and shillings, have added a formidable amount towards paying for the labour. The total value of the gift is 25,000/., and in the short space of seven weeks nearly 14,000/., worth of material and money has already been brought together. The homes presented by the builders are prettily grouped, according to a design by the architect, in a semicircle, the recreation house standing in the middle, and the various homes and the recreation house are connected by covered ways. The style of design adopted in the buildings is that of the bung lo v, i.e., buildings of con-

COTTAGE HOMES FOR DISCHARGED SOLDIERS, BISLEY
RECREATION HOUSE, WORKSHOPS, & COMMANDANTS HOUSE

siderable superficial area comprising the ground floor and a first floor surrounded by large verandahs. Each home contains accommodation for sixteen men, and each pair of homes has a middle service block for the offices, matron, &c. The recreation house contains a hall which will seat 300, and it also has all the necessary workshops and a residence for the commandant. In connection with the Builders' Gift, Mr. Sachs is now also organising the installation of the electric light for the whole of the homes, which are to have their own small electric light station, and he is also arranging for a mechanical laundry. The homes are the only permanent institution resulting from any war funds and constitute the only gift by a single trade in which masters and men co-operate.

There is, perhaps, one final feature regarding the gift which is deserving of particular reference being made to it, namely, that the discharged soldier who can show that he has for some years been working in the building or allied trades prior to service with the colours, or has been connected with these trades whilst a Reservist, will have precedence when an election has to be made for a place in the homes so that the institution will always be identified with the interests of the donors.

Guards at the Tower

THE Coldstream Guards have their two first battalions serving in South Africa both under Lord Roberts. The 1st Battalion is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Codrington, and the 2nd by Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. A. Henniker - Major. The 3rd Battalion is at Chelsea Barracks. The Coldstream can be distinguished from the other Foot Guards by the red plume in their bearskins and by the arrangement of their buttons in twos. At the Tower the guard is frequently furnished by the Guards, and one of the prettiest sights of everyday London is the change of guard each morning. The regiment of Coldstream Guards was formed in 1650 under General Monk, who afterwards became the Duke of Albemarle. The 1st Battalion served with great distinction

in the Crimea. "The conduct of the Coldstream Guards at Inkerman should immortalise their name," said the *Times* of November, 1854. The battalion went into action with seventeen officers and 400 men. Of that number eight officers were killed and five wounded, and upwards of 200 of the rank and file were killed. At Waterloo, the 2nd Battalion won praise from Wellington. It was not until 1897 that a third battalion was added to the regiment. In South Africa the Guards' Brigade, under Lord Methuen, rendered good service, and Lord Roberts has promised to lead them into Pretoria.

Our portraits of officers of the Imperial Yeomanry are by the following photographers:—Lieutenant-Colonel L. Sandwith by Gillman and Co., Oxford; Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. R. dley by H. W. Salmon, Winchester; Captain Lord A. H. Grosvenor by Russell and Son, Baker Street; Major W. H. Wynham-Quinn, M.P., by Bassano, Old Bond Street; Captain E. Frewen by Lambert, Weston, and Son, Folkestone; Captain J. R. Harvey by Albert E. Coe, Norwich; Major G. Wentworth Forbes by Kate Pragell, Sloane Street; Captain W. K. Hamilton-Campbell by Bara, Ayr.

ANOTHER LUNG FOR LONDONERS. Lambeth Palace gardens are to be opened to the public as a recreation ground, through the kindness of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

ALFA-LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS.

USERS SAY THEY PAY FOR THEMSELVES IN SIX MONTHS.

HIGHEST CAPACITY COMPATIBLE WITH CLEANEST SKIMMING.

(BEWARE OF IMITATIONS).



Over 400
Medals &
Diplomas

Over
180,000
Machines
Sold.

Every "Alfa-Laval" is Guaranteed to perfectly separate the quantity stated, and requires LESS POWER TO WORK than any other Separator.

AWARDED FIRST PRIZE AT EVERY COMPETITION (BUT ONE) IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Principal Agencies—(Full List of Agents will be sent on application):

Great Britain, Ireland, and British India—DAIRY SUPPLY CO., Ltd.,
28, Museum Street, London, W.C.

Victoria—J. BARTRAM & SON, King Street, Melbourne.

South Australia—A. W. SANDFORD & CO., Adelaide.

New South Wales and Queensland—WAUGH & JOSEPHSON, Sussex
Street, Sydney.

New Zealand—MASON, STRUTHERS & CO., Christchurch.

South Africa—HOWARD FARRAR & CO., Port Elizabeth.

AKTIEBOLAGET SEPARATOR,
STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

[Please mention this paper.]

BENNETT'S £5

WORLD-FAMED

"Cheapside"

WATCH

THE BEST VALUE FOR

£5 NETT CASH.

The "Cheapside" Silver Keyless 3-plate English Lever, in Strong Crystal Glass Case, Jewelled in 13 Actions, Chronometer Balance, Air, Damp, and Dust Tight. The Cheapest Watch ever produced.

CASH PRICES.

CASH VALUE.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,
WATCH, CLOCK, & JEWELLERY MANUFACTURERS,
65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.

For Furniture, Brown Boots, Patent Leather, Oil Cloths, and all Varnished and Enamelled Goods.

VICTORIA PARK WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

"Having made a fresh trial of its virtues we feel no hesitation in recommending its use to all housewives."—*The Queen*.

Pearls & Diamonds Purchased.

SPINK & SON,

DIAMOND MERCHANTS, beg respectfully to intimate that they purchase or exchange valuable Jewels and Plate from £5 to £10,000.

17 & 18, Piccadilly, London, W., and 1 & 2, Gracechurch Street, E.C. Established 1772.

Private Show-rooms for Ladies wishing to exchange or dispose of Jewels, &c. Valuable Bijouterie, &c., can be sent in absolute safety by registered post and is returned at once, post free, if offer be not accepted. Competent Valuers sent by appointment if desired.

TRIUMPH
CYCLES
£10:10:0
£15:15:0

Works:
Coventry.
London:
96, Newgate
Street.

No better food exists.
LONDON MEDICAL RECORD.

The Allenburys' Foods.

The most successful and rational system of feeding Infants,
is with Foods adapted to the growing digestive powers.

Pamphlet on Infant Feeding & Management, FREE.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., **PLOUGH COURT LOMBARD ST., London.**

ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES. DESIGNS ARE EXACT SIZE AND ALL GOODS SENT FREE AND SAFE BY POST. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY SILVER AND ELECTRO PLATE (4000 ILLUSTRATIONS) POST FREE.

SPECIAL—THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, Ltd., 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C. Give Highest Prices for Precious Stones Second-hand Jewellery and Old Gold. Anything sent to them receives attention by Return of Post. An Assortment of Second-hand Goods always in Stock.

New Arrow and Tie Brooch or Hair Ornament, Set with Choice Brilliants, £52.

New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s.; or, with Diamond Centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s., and £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 6s.

New Double Heart Brooch containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires, Brilliants, £6 6s.

Pendant or Brooch Choice White Brilliants, £35.

New Diamond of Hearts, Ruby whole Pearl Brooch, Centres and Sapphire, ends, £4 4s.

Choice Brilliant Half-Hoop Bracelet, £52 10s.

New Best Gold Bracelet, containing 13 Brilliants and 3 Rubies or Sapphires, £8 17s. 6d.

New Moonstone interchangeable Brooch, and Diamond Fangle and £3 3s.

All Brilliants, £15 15s., £33 15s. Larger and smaller sizes in stock.

18-ct. Gold Ball Scarf Pin, £15s. 6d.

Choice Brilliant Cluster Pendant, forming also Brooch, Bracelet, or Hair Ornament, £9s. Others in stock up to £500.

Fine Diamond Pendant, £35.

Heart Pendant, Brilliants, Other sizes in Can be Emerald, Ruby, or Centre.

choice White stock up to £106, madewith Pearl, Sapphire

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF HEAD ORNAMENTS IN STOCK.

Diamond and Enamel Pike Scarf Pin, £4 16s.

All Gold, 35s.

New Head Ornament, Choice White Brilliants and whole Pearls, or Turquoise £52 10s.

Trout, Perch, Salmon, and Salmon Trout, same prices.

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS, LTD.,
DIAMOND CUTTING FACTORY: AMSTERDAM. 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "RUSPOLI, LONDON."



The desire to recover

can be imparted to the patient by a bottle of Hall's Wine.

After fever, influenza, or other illness, it is the first nourishment that should be thought of.

It cheers the mind.

It strengthens the body, and builds up a natural appetite.

Hall's Wine

is rich old port, the original Liebig Company's Extract, and the extractive principle of coca leaf.

Sold by licensed grocers, chemists, and wine merchants.

Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London, E.

No. 255.

HENNESSY'S

BRANDY.

GENUINE BRANDY.
BOTTLED IN COGNAC.



THE LATE SIR F. W. BURTON
Late Director of the National Gallery



THE CROWN PRINCESS STEPHANIE



COUNT LONYAY



THE LATE SIR W. S. LOCKHART
Commander-in-Chief in India

A ROYAL WEDDING

Our Portraits

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM STEPHEN LOCKHART, who was possibly our best authority on Indian frontier warfare, was born in Lanarkshire in 1841. He entered the Indian army in 1858 as lieutenant of the 44th Bengal Native Infantry. In 1859 he served with the 5th Fusiliers in Oude, and throughout the Bhootan Campaign of 1864-6 was adjutant of the 14th Bengal Lancers. Gazetted a captain in 1868, he served as aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General Merewether in the Abyssinian Campaign, and was present at the action of Arogee and the capture of Magdala. From 1875 to 1880 he was assistant-quartermaster-general in Bengal, obtaining the rank of major in June, 1877, and that of lieutenant-colonel in April, 1879, and in 1879-80 he served in the Afghan war. From 1880 to 1885 he was deputy-quartermaster-general in the Intelligence Branch, Bengal, having obtained his colonelcy in 1883, and in 1885 and 1886 he had charge of the mission to Chitral. In 1886-87 he was in command of a brigade in the Burmese expedition, when he received the thanks of the Government of India, K.C.B. and another clasp. After the conclusion of the Burmese campaign he was in command of a brigade in Bengal, and was appointed assistant military secretary for Indian affairs at the Horse Guards in 1889 and 1890. In 1892 he was in command of the force of the Isazai Expedition, and from

then until March, 1895, was a major-general in Bengal. He was then given the command of the forces in the Punjab, and reached the rank of General in 1886. In 1894-5 he had command of the field force in the Waziristan Expedition, being again mentioned by the Government of India in despatches. He was created a K.C.S.I. in May, 1895, having received the Companionship of the Order in February, 1887. In 1897 the rising of the Afridis occurred, and Sir William Lockhart found it necessary to take the field against them with a force of 40,000 men. The success of his campaign is still well remembered, and the manner in which he won the hearts of the foemen whom he conquered is a splendid tribute to his character. In 1897 Sir William succeeded Sir George White as Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in India; and in the following year he was promoted to the rank of G.C.B. Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

Sir Frederick William Burton was born in 1816 in County Limerick, and was elected an Associate of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts at the age of twenty-one. In 1839 he was elected a full Academician. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1842, at their annual show in the National Gallery, and then for some years was much in request as a portrait painter. In 1855 he was elected as an Associate of the old Water-colour Society, now the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and in the following year became a member, re-

signing in 1870. In 1874, having for the preceding quarter of a century been an enthusiastic student of the Old Masters, he was appointed by Mr. Gladstone director of the National Gallery, and ten years later received the honour of knighthood. He retired in 1894. Our portrait is by W. Lawrence, Dublin.

The betrothal of the Crown Princess Stephanie to Count Lonyay is now officially notified, with the approbation of the Emperor Francis Joseph, as chief of the Imperial family. The Hungarian Government has dispensed Count Lonyay from the legal necessity of a public announcement of the banns prior to the marriage. Count Lonyay now being sufficiently recovered from his indisposition, the wedding was announced to be celebrated this week at Miramare, where the ceremony was to be performed by Father Mayer, the Emperor's confessor and chaplain, in the private chapel of the castle in the presence of two witnesses. The newly married pair are to leave for the Riviera, and later take a summer residence in the neighbourhood of Vienna. In spite of the most influential intervention, the King of Belgium has not given his consent to the union. It is believed, however, that the King will later on be induced to agree to it, and thereby add considerably to the private fortune of the Archduchess. At present she is dependent on the appanage of 100,000 florins given her by the Emperor Francis Joseph. The income of Count Lonyay is only about a third of the allowance of the Princess.

SHOPPING W-A-N-T-S

(With Apologies to PUNCH).

What a lady wants is the article she orders, not something else, "just as good."

B-E-E-F spells beef, the most nutritious of all animal foods.
B-E-E-F gives stamina and strength. The Roast Beef of Old England has made England's sons the strong men they are.

Remember when you order beef, you insist on having it, and will not take something else you do not want instead.

L-E-M-C-O spells the initials of Liebig's Extract of Meat Co., manufacturers of the genuine Liebig Company's Extract of Beef, signed J. v. Liebig in blue.

L-E-M-C-O is the only meat extract certified by Justus von Liebig and his successors. It is scientifically manufactured from the best beef, each pound containing the concentrated essence of 40 lbs. of beef.

L-E-M-C-O is now placed on all jars of the genuine Liebig Company's Extract, to distinguish it from meat extracts which have no connection with the Liebig Company.

Lemco is spelt **L-E-M-C-O**. Insist upon having it. You may be offered something else that you do not want instead.

Lemco

NEW NAME FOR
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

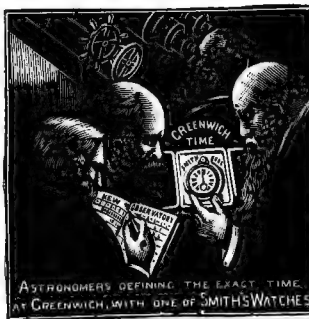
Signed

J. Liebig

in Blue.

S. SMITH & SON, LIM., 9, STRAND.

ESTABLISHED 1849. INCORPORATED 1899.



OUR 1900 BROOCH

Registered No. 550,921.

35 Clear Set Diamonds and 2 Whole Pearls, in Fine Gold Mounting. Splendid Value and Very Strong.

£5 5 0

ALL OUR WATCHES and JEWELLERY can be had upon "THE TIMES" ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA SYSTEM OF PAYMENT BY MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS.

Full particulars and a copy of our Book "E" "GUIDE TO THE PURCHASE OF A WATCH," will be sent Post Free on Application.

Record, Kew Observatory for 1899, 887 marks out of a possible 100.

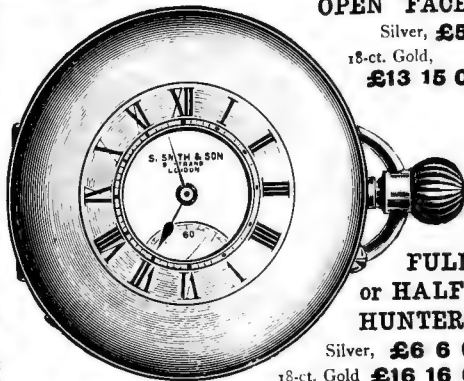
Our Exhibit at the Paris Exhibition will be in Group 15, British Section.

LIST OF SPECIALITIES IN JEWELLERY ON APPLICATION.

Watchmakers to the Admiralty.
9, STRAND.
JEWELLERS & CLOCKMAKERS.

OPEN FACE

Silver, £5
18-ct. Gold, £13 15 0



FULL or HALF HUNTERS

Silver, £6 6 0
18-ct. Gold, £16 16 0

SPECIAL "STRAND" WATCH.

ALL ENGLISH. FINEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.

3-plate Lever Movement, Half-Chronometer, Compensated Balance, Fully Jewelled, Heavy Cases. Watch for hard wear. With our Registered Cap, preventing damage from Dust or Damp.

NON-MAGNETIC, £1 1 0 EXTRA.
ONLY MAKERS OF THIS WATCH.

WORK-BENCH TOOL CABINET

Fitted Complete with our Famous TOOLS in Wainscote Oak, Polished, Best Workmanship, £17.14.0.

All Closed Up.

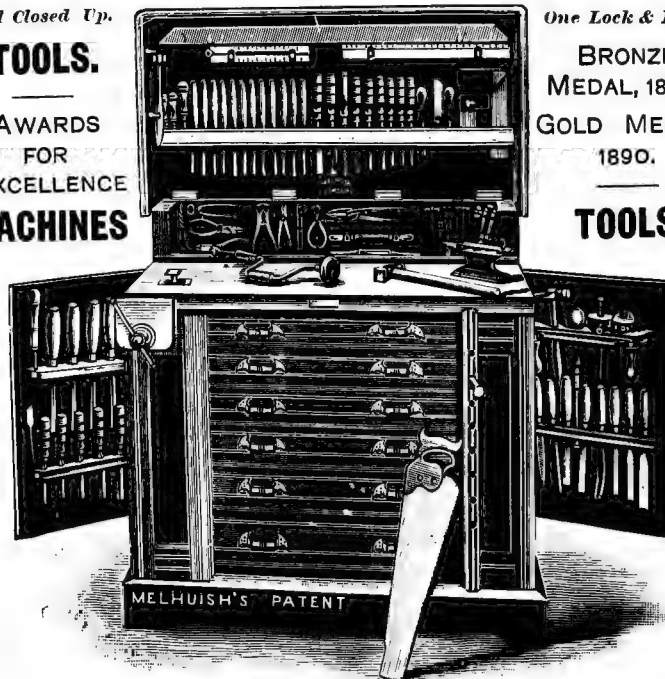
TOOLS.

AWARDS FOR EXCELLENCE
MACHINES

One Lock & Key.

BRONZE MEDAL, 1884.
GOLD MEDAL, 1890.

TOOLS.



MELHUISH'S PATENT

OUR FAMOUS ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF ALL TOOLS—FREE-POST.
MELHUISH, SONS & CO.,
84, 85, 87, FETTER LANE, HOLBORN CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.

WAR ATLAS.—The Daily Telegraph says of NELSON'S TRANSVAAL WAR ATLAS that "Among the many aids to a proper understanding of the geography of South Africa none is more helpful." It contains 24 Maps specially prepared from the latest surveys; a History of the Boers and Boerland, illustrated; and a short list of Dutch names. It will be of advantage not only in following the present war, but in acquiring an intelligent appreciation of the great problems which will await solution in South Africa when the war is over. Price 1s. net, postage 2d. T. NELSON AND SONS, 25, PATERNOSTER ROW, London; Parkside, Edinburgh; and New York; and of all booksellers.



What Experienced Smokers say
OF THE "MASTA" PIPE:—

"Respecting the 'MASTA' I had last spring, I never had a better smoking pipe in my life, in fact none so good.—R. ELEV, ESQ., The Gardens, Campsall Hall, Doncaster."

Prices from 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., upwards; all Tobaccoists. List free from "MASTA" P.P. Co. (Dept. 4), 150, Fleet St., London.

Obtainable on **"The Times"** Novel Plan of
20 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF £1 5s.
20 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF £1 5s.

FOR
 HOME, INDIAN, OR
 COLONIAL WEAR.

£25



BENSON'S £25
 Renowned Gold Keyless
'FIELD' WATCH
 Half-Chronometer, English
 Lever, Breguet Sprung,
 and Adjusted.

IN HUNTING, HALF-HUNTING, OR
 CRYSTAL GLASS 18-CT. GOLD CASES
 A Warranty is given with each Watch.
 SELECTIONS ON APPROVAL.

18-ct. Gold Chains (London Hall-marked), £10, £15, and £20. Largest Stock in London

62 & 64, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; & 25, Old Bond St., W.
 SPECIAL NOTICE: WATCHES, CHAINS, JEWELLERY, CLOCKS, and PLATE can be obtained upon *The Times* Novel Plan of Monthly Payments of £1 and upwards.

SALE NOW PROCEEDING.

Hewetsons Furniture

ALL GOODS CARRIAGE PAID
 EVERYTHING MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES

DURING THIS
Great Sale
 (THE FIRST IN OVER 70 YEARS)

Many choice specimens of Antique Furniture—some of them absolutely impossible to replace or reproduce—have been secured by connoisseurs and collectors at attractive prices. Included in the Catalogue (sent free upon receipt of Post-card) are hundreds of other examples of rare bargains in Furniture of the Early English and French Renaissance schools of decorative art, at prices which are only warranted by the imperative necessity of at once making room for contemplated alterations in the premises.

An early personal inspection will be found interesting and profitable. A few Sale Catalogues are still left and will be sent upon receipt of Post-card.

204-212, TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON, W.
 (Opposite GOODGE STREET.)

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



The Stolen Razor


A half century of unrivalled popularity has demonstrated that **WILLIAMS'** are the **ONLY REAL SHAVING SOAPS.**
 Sold by chemists, hairdressers and perfumers all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, 1s.
Williams' Luxury Shaving Tablets, 1s.
Williams' American Shaving Tablets, 6d.
Williams' "Jersey Cream" Toilet Soap, 6d.
Trial Tablet Williams' Shaving Soap for 1d. stamp by addressing—
 The J. B. Williams Co., 64 Gt. Russell Street, London, W. C. or 161 Clarence Street, Sydney.
 Head Offices and Laboratories,—Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

COLT'S
 New "Service"
 .45 Cal. as supplied to
 Her Majesty's War
 Department.
 New "Pocket"
REVOLVER
LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES
 Price Lists Free.
COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO.,
 24, GLASSHOUSE STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS,
 LONDON, W.

THE BOAT RACE.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S
CELEBRATED
BINOCULARS



Unrivalled for
 Power
 and Definition.

THE LADY'S
 FIELD GLASS.
 In Aluminium.
 Very light, 2 1/2 lbs. in
 weight. Sling, Case,
 & Carrying Bag.



Illustrated PRICE LISTS FREE BY POST TO
 ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA,
 Scientific Instrument Makers to the Queen.
 38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

DR. CLÉRY, MARSEILLES, FRANCE.

from this mo-
 ment. Awarded
 one hundred
 gold and silver
 medals, and
 admitted to be
 un-
 riv-
 alled. Particu-
 lars gratis
 and post free
 from

**AITCHISON'S PATENT
 POCKET BINOCULAR
 FIELD GLASS.**

THE BEST GLASS FOR SOUTH AFRICA, Because

IT ONLY WEIGHS FIVE OUNCES
 IT IS ONLY ONE INCH THICK WHEN CLOSED
 IT IS AS POWERFUL AS MANY GLASSES FIVE TIMES ITS SIZE
 IT IS THE MOST PERFECT RAPID FOCUS GLASS MADE

THE ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE (the leading Service paper), Feb. 24th, 1900, says:—
 "The question of bulk as well as weight should be well considered when selecting a glass for service. Many of the glasses which are now being taken out to South Africa will never be used at all, owing to the nuisance of having a big leather case bumping about on the shoulders. The Patent Pocket Field Glass, however, which Messrs. Aitchison, the opticians, have made, will prove one of the most useful accessories which a scout can possess, as it can be carried readily in the pocket, can be brought into use very quickly owing to the system of rapid focus used, and is at the same time more powerful than many glasses three times its size."

AS SUPPLIED TO THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY, LORD LOCH'S CONTINGENT, HONOURABLE ARTILLERY CO. SEVERAL THOUSANDS ARE NOW IN USE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Complete in Soft Leather Purse Case.
 Hard Leather Sling Case, 5s. Extra.
 POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

AITCHISON & CO., 428, Strand, 47, Fleet Street, LONDON.
 6, Poultry, and 46, Fenchurch Street.

THE GUN OF THE PERIOD

HONOURS
 Paris, 1878.
 Sydney, 1879.
 Melbourne, 1880.
 Calcutta, 1883.

As per Engraving, from 30 Gs.
 Best Material and Workmanship.
 Anson & Deely's NON-EJECTORS from 10 Guineas.



Shooting and Endurance
 Guaranteed.

Only Ejects Exploded Cartridge

G. E. LEWIS,
 GUN AND RIFLE MAKER,
 32 & 33, Lower Loveday Street, Birmingham.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue,
 200 pages, of Finished Stock.

Established 1850. THE LARGEST STOCK IN ENGLAND.

A NEW KODAK.

The No. 2
 Folding Bull's-Eye
KODAK

Marvellously light and compact. Takes pictures 3 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches yet folds up so as to slip into an overcoat pocket. Price £2 2s. Kodak photography is readily mastered by anyone in a few minutes by the aid of the manual supplied free to every purchaser. KODAK, Ltd., 43 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. Retail Branches: 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford Street W.; 171-173 Regent St., W.

**ANDERSON & McAULEY
 BELFAST.**

**IRISH DAMASK
 TABLE AND
 HOUSEHOLD
 LINENS**

Damask Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2 11; 2 yds. by 2 1/2 yds., 3 11; 2 yds. by 3 yds., 5 6. Fish Napkins, 2 6 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5 6 per doz. Embroidered Linen Bed Spreads, 21. Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 19. Filled Linen Pillow Cases, 13. Hemstitched Linen Towels, 6 6 per doz.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS
 Per doz. Per doz.
 Children's Bordered, 1 1. Gents' Bordered, 3 6.
 Ladies' Hemstitched, 2 3. Hemstitched, 3 11.

SHIRTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS.
 Dress Shirts, Linen Fittings .. 3 9
 Gents' Linen Collars .. 5 6 per doz.
 Gents' Linen Cuffs .. 8 6
 Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs .. 5 11

Monograms, Crests, &c., Embroidered.
 Samples and Price List post free.
 Address as above.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

At four p.m. on Saturday last snow was falling briskly in many parts of the Home Counties, at the same time that the sun was shining with considerable brightness. This interesting contrast between the influences contending for the mastery at the vernal equinox serves to remind us at once that the spring is already with us, and that the winter is not wholly past. It has been remarked that this is a backward spring, but the almond flowered on 15th inst., and both lilacs and elders are in full leaf-bud. The dates of the chief shrubs leading do not look like being late, but the fields are clearly behindhand. Wheat is looking rather starved as well as backward, and seldom have barley and oat sowings been more behind the time than they are at the present moment. The health of live stock is not very satisfactory, but the farming interest complains that the Government makes too much of foot and mouth disease. If the cattle are helped through that ailment very few die.

The Government throw no light on the cause of the present outbreak. This is unfortunate, for the closure of many East Anglian markets, including Norwich, is a serious step, and serious inquiry is really needed. The Government assure agriculturists that much must be sacrificed for the sake of that prevention which is so much better than cure. Agriculturists assent to the drastic laws which follow, and then, when the disease breaks out, are put off with a Government "ignoramus" and professed inability to trace the trouble. We hear from country correspondents that the birds are by no means late this year. A chaffinch's nest had eggs in it as early as the 6th inst.

PLOUGHING

An amazing doctrine, highly favoured by agrarian Socialists at home and abroad, is that if the ground is only dug or ploughed deep enough it will yield a treble, or, at least, a double crop. The experiments made by practical farmers are, of course, destructive of the idea, and, in fact, the steam plough has not made headway very fast mainly because it often ploughs too deep. If we turn up too much crude soil and mix it with the surface soil, the result is to reduce

the yield, and no seeds do so well in such soil as in that which is composed of surface soil thoroughly broken up and aerated. What are called "shallow steam ploughs" are now quite the rage in mechanical appliances for the farm, and they yield excellent results.

AN AGRICULTURAL "NEW GALLERY"

There is a good deal to be said for the adoption in agricultural circles of an idea long since familiar to the world of art. The Grosvenor Gallery of 1877-87, and the New Gallery, which is the Phoenix arising from the ashes of the older Society, have for a good many years been familiarising the public with the advantages of a show by invitation. In agriculture the leading breeders of fine animals, the chief growers of pedigree and fine corn, are as well-known as are the leading artists and sculptors in the art world. Why should we not have a society inviting the best farms and breeding establishments to their annual show? There would obviously be a very great educational value in such an annual show, and if it were well managed by proper experts a few years would suffice to give to its simple invitations a *cachet* equal to a prize elsewhere.

BEAUTIFUL SKIN

Soft White Hands

Luxuriant Hair

Produced by
Cuticura
SOAP

The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery. The only preventive of pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, red, rough hands with itching palms and shapeless nails, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes, because the only preventive of the cause, viz., inflammation and clogging of the PORES.

Sold everywhere. Foreign depots: F. NEWBURY, London; L. MIOY, Paris; R. TOWNS & CO., Sydney. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

THE SWIFT CYCLE CO. LTD.
CHEYLESMORE WORKS, COVENTRY,
WILL BE PLEASED TO SEND, POST FREE,
FULL PARTICULARS REGARDING

SWIFT
CYCLES

WITH PERFECT FREE WHEELS

MACHINES OF THE CO.'S MANUFACTURE MAY
BE OBTAINED AT CASH PRICES

FROM **TEN GUINEAS.**
OR FOR GRADUAL PAYMENTS.

London Depot:

15, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

PIESSE & LUBIN
RARE & PRECIOUS
PERFUMES
SWEET SCENTS
From every flower that breathes a fragrance
Complimentary Presents
GIFTS
OR
Souvenirs of Affection
2 NEW BOND STREET LONDON

CATALOGUE, ILLUSTRATED in COLOR, Post Free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST,

And 164, 166, & 170, REGENT ST., W.

Irish Linen & Damask Manufacturers and Furnishers to
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe,

Supply the Public with Every Description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

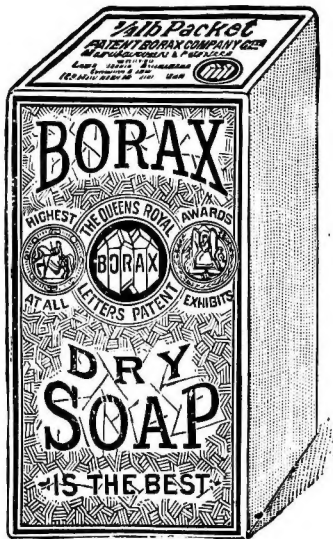
From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the World, which, being Woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

FULL DETAILED ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES POST FREE.

N.B.—To prevent delay all Letter-Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

Borax Dry Soap.

White things, coloured things, flannels and special fabrics, may all safely be washed with Borax Dry Soap.



Face's mile packet.

Sold in ¼-lb., ½-lb., and 1-lb. packets,
by grocers, oilmen, and stores.

By Special Appointment



Makers to Her Majesty.

Write for booklet.

The Patent Borax Co., Ltd., Ladywood, Birmingham.

No. 144.

Of all Chemists.

Lanoline

TRADE MARK

Natural Toilet Preparations.

Toilet 'Lanoline,' in collapsible tubes, 6d. & 1s. per tube.

Makes rough skins smooth, and protects delicate complexions from wind and sun.

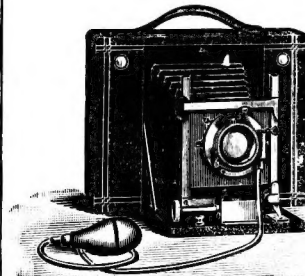
'Lanoline' Toilet Soap, 6d. per tablet; 5 in box, 1s. 6d.

Never irritates; cleanses and keeps the skin supple.

Wholesale Depot—67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

THE BEST LENS

Fitted on the Lightest Camera



Folding-Pocket, Cartridge,
Special Bullet & Bull's-Eye.

KODAKS

OF
EASTMAN KODAK,
Ltd.

FITTED WITH

GOERZ DOUBLE ANASTIGMATS

Price List may be obtained free on application (if this paper is mentioned) to any good Photographic Dealer throughout the kingdom, or to

C. P. GOERZ,
4 & 5, HOLBORN CIRCUS,
LONDON, E.C.

Kept in Stock in London at
The London Stereoscopic and Photographic Co., Ltd.,
105 & 108, Regent Street, W., and 54, Chancery Lane, E.C.
G. Houghton & Son, 89, High Holborn, W.C.
J. Fallowfield, 146, Charing Cross Road, W.

PIONEER



TOBACCO

MANUFACTURED BY
THE RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO.

The only Filter proved to afford complete protection against the communication of waterborne disease, "which gives a quick and large supply sufficient for all household requirements," is

THE BERKEFELD FILTER

Adopted by H.M.'s, the Indian, the Egyptian, and
Many Foreign Governments.

VISIT TO SHOW-ROOM and CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

Illustrated Price List and Testimonials Free on Application.

OFFICES AND SHOW-ROOMS—

THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO., Limited,
121, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

City Depot: SCHACHT, WARNER, and CO., 55, Fore Street, E.C.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

Brown's
Bronchial
Troches
for
Coughs,
Colds,
Influenza,
Catarrh,
&c.



Brown's
Bronchial
Troches
for
Coughs,
Colds,
Influenza,
Catarrh,
&c.

Cure COUGH, COLD, HOARSENESS and INFLUENZA.
Cure any IRRITATION or SORENESS of the THROAT.
Relieve the HACKING COUGH in CONSUMPTION.
Relieve BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH.
Clear and give Strength to the VOICE OF SINGERS.
And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Ask for and obtain only "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which, after forty-seven years' experience, have proved their value, having received the sanction of Physicians generally, and testimonials from eminent men throughout the country.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND CHEMISTS AT 1/12 PER BOX.

"RONUK"

(SANITARY)

POLISH.

Polishes,
Preserves,
and
Purifies
Floors,
Linoleums,
Marble,
and all
Furniture.



Special Kinds
for
Glacé & Brown
Boots,
and
Brown
and
Black
Harness,
&c.

HIGHLY CONCENTRATED. USE LITTLE AND RUB LIGHTLY.
In Tins, 3d., 6d., 1s., and 2s., Everywhere.

"RONUK" LIMITED, 83, UPPER THAMES STREET, E.C.

**GENERAL
DEBILITY**

DR. HOMMEL'S HÆMATOGEN

(English Patent No. 12,504).

Price 4/- per Bottle.

Literature with numerous Medical Testimonials on application to **NICOLAY & CO., 36, ST. ANDREW'S HILL, LONDON, E.C.**

J. H. S., M.R.C.P.I., L.R.C.S.I., Camberley, Surrey, writes:—"I have tried Dr. Hommel's Hæmatogen in a case of extreme debility following influenza, and my patient declares that it has made quite a new man of him, and that he can do double the work which he did before taking it."
Dr. Rosenfeld, Berlin:—"In the case of a patient who had become extremely reduced, and who had taken different preparations of iron for a considerable time without any benefit whatever, I prescribed Hommel's Hæmatogen with excellent effects. After the first bottle there was a return of appetite, which had previously been entirely lost, the patient obviously gained strength, and was loud in his praise of the agreeable taste of the preparation. After the second bottle he was in every way so much stronger, that he was able to resume the management of his business, from which he had for a long time been compelled to absent himself."
Dr. Oetger, Cologne:—"What particularly struck me in the action of Hommel's Hæmatogen was the fact that in every instance it greatly increased the appetite, and moreover in the case of elderly persons it gave renewed vitality to the system in general."

IS A BLOOD-FORMING TONIC of the utmost value in General Debility Anæmia, Chlorosis, Nervous Exhaustion, Rickets, Scrofula, Weak Heart, Wasting Diseases (Lungs, etc.), Loss of Appetite, Slow Convalescence.

OF ALL CHEMISTS. IF NOT OBTAINABLE, POST FREE DIRECT.

They "Touch" the **LIVER.**

CARTER'S

LITTLE LIVER PILLS

ABSOLUTELY CURE

**SICK HEADACHE,
BILIOUSNESS,
TORPID LIVER,
INDIGESTION,
CONSTIPATION,
SALLOW SKIN,
DIZZINESS,
FURRED TONGUE.**

Small Pill.
Small Price.
Small Dose.

ONE AT NIGHT.

Be sure they are CARTER'S.

RALEIGH CYCLES



FROM
£10 10s.
With Highest
Grade Tyres.

"THE ACME OF EXCELLENCE."

The drawings are most interesting and instructive reading for all classes of cyclists. The drawings are of the very best cycling experts of the kind in the world. Catalogues on application to Depot, 41, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., or to Local Agents in every town or post free from

THE RALEIGH CYCLE Co., Ltd., NOTTINGHAM.



KOKO FOR THE HAIR
Acts as a cleansing, invigorating tonic, eradicates scurf and dandruff, promotes growth, prevents hair falling and turning grey, contains no dye or colouring matter, and is an indispensable adjunct to the toilet. 1/-, 2/6, & 4/6, of all chemists, hairdressers, stores, &c.

THE "DUFF" GERM-PROOF FILTER

(BRITISH MAKE)

The most rapid GERM-PROOF filtering medium on the market.

Approved by the British Medical Association.

Prices and full particulars from

WITTY & WYATT, LTD., 88, LEADENHALL ST., LONDON, E.C.

ASTHMA CURE GRIMALT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in expectoration, Asthma, Catarrh, Nervous Coughs, Sleeplessness and Oppression immediately relieved by these CIGARETTES. All Chemists, or Post Free 1s. 9d. from

Wilcox & Co., 83, Mortimer St., London, W.

For upwards of FIFTY YEARS the
Premier Nursery Lamp OF THE WORLD.

CLARKE'S PATENT PYRAMID FOOD WARMER.



INVALUABLE IN EVERY HOUSE WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD SOLD EVERYWHERE 2/6 3/6 5/- AND 6/- EACH

N.B.—CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS are the only Lights suitable for burning in the above.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO., LTD., CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N. W.

Pattern Books of "CRICKLITE" Lamps sent Free on Application.

MARIANI WINE

4/- Per Bottle

45/- Per Doz.

A couple of wineglassfuls daily work wonders for sufferers from General Debility, Exhaustion, Want of Energy and the effects of Mental and Physical Overwork. Testimonials from 8,000 physicians. **QUICKLY RESTORES HEALTH, STRENGTH, ENERGY & VITALITY.** Wilcox & Co., 83, Mortimer Street, London, W.

Never Fails.

Established
25 YEARS.

Have you a Cough?
A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.

Have you a Cold?
A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.

Try it also for
Bronchitis, Asthma, Influenza,
Whooping-Cough, Consumption.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

**Owbridge's
Lung Tonic**

BE SURE YOU GET IT.

"I am happy to say that your Tonic constitutes my family medicine, and has for years. I have found it invaluable as a preacher and lecturer, and have constantly recommended it to my fellow-ministers."

(Rev.) JOHN MATTHEWS, Fabian House, Swansea.

"I think it my duty to let bathers know how valuable a medicine it is for the cure of colds. I have found invaluable benefit from it, and could not carry on my profession without it."

M. BIBBERO, Professor of Swimming, 416, Mile End Road, London.

Prepared by

W. T. OWBRIDGE, Chemist, Hull.

Sold everywhere
in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.,
4s. 6d., and 11s.

COPYRIGHT.

**ROYAL-CLARION
VOICE PILLS**

Standard Preparation of the International Health Association for

THROAT & CHEST

"The
ROYAL-
CLARION
VOICE
PILLS
are

MARVELLOUS"

(Signed) Sarah Bernhardt (from photo by W. & F. Downey, Every St. S.W.)

"I
TAKE
ONE
BEFORE
EVERY
PERFORMANCE"

Pleasing effect at once exerted when dissolved in the mouth, whilst entirely without action on the digestive organs.

Mme. BELLE COLE, Chevr. Odoardo Barri, Mr. W. S. Penley ("Charley's Aunt"), Miss Decima Moore, and many other distinguished persons, including Clergymen, Barristers, Army Officers, Teachers, Hospital Nurses, etc., etc., speak in praise of the Clarion Voice Pills for Throat and Chest Ailments.

500,000 FREE SAMPLES now being distributed. Send stamped envelope to INTERNATIONAL HEALTH ASSOCIATION, 110, Strand, LONDON. Makers also of the Clarion Pastilles and Clarion Cough Cure.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,
Sir Morell Mackenzie,
Oliver Wendell Holmes,
Miss Emily Faithful,
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,
and many other persons of distinction have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

**HIMROD'S
CURE FOR ASTHMA**

Established over a quarter of a century. Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.

A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In tins, 4s. 3d.
British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London.
Also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Son,
J. Sanger & Sons, W. Edwards & Son, May,
Roberts & Co., Butler & Crispe, John Thompson,
Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

HINDE'S

real hair
savers.

WAVERS

TO
Ladies
all the most
beautiful
women use

CREME SIMON

Mme. ADELINA PATTI says:

"Have found it very
a good indeed."

For all irritations of the skin it is unequalled. Chaps, Redness, Roughness, disappear as it by magic.—Price: 1/3, 2/6, and 4/- per Pot.

J. SIMON, PARIS
LONDON, MERTENS, 64, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers and Store.

MAKES THE
SKIN SOFT
AS
VELVET

**LAIT
SAROLA**

Regd

Will
Entirely
Remove
all

ROUGHNESS,
REDNESS, CHAPS,
IRRITATION, TAN, &c.

Bottles 6d. (post free 8d.)
1s., 1s. 9d., & 2s. 6d.,
post free in United Kingdom from the Sole Makers, M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham.

IS UNEQUALLED AS A SKIN TONIC AND EMOLLIENT.

As a Safe, Permanent, and Warranted Cure for Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Sores of all kinds, Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, and all Skin and Blood Diseases, we can with confidence recommend

Clarke's Blood Mixture

It is certainly the finest Blood Purifier that science and medical skill have brought to light. It has stood the test for 30 years, and the thousands of wonderful cures effected by it have stamped it as one of the most extraordinary medicines of modern times. Sold by Chemists, &c., throughout the world, at 2s. 9d. per bottle. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.



FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the Decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World. 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER,
In Glass Jars, Price 1s.

**Goddard's
Plate Powder**

NON-MERCURIAL.

Universally admitted to be the BEST and SAFEST ARTICLE for CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, &c.

Sold everywhere in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., & 4s. 6d.
SIX GOLD MEDALS

**REYNOLD'S
GOUT
SPECIFIC**

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

Dr. C. DE LACEY EVANS,
"BREWSTER, Paris,
"WATSON BRADSHAW,
"DALY,

FOR
GOUT,
RHEUMATISM,
SCIATICA and
LUMBAGO.

Price 2/6 per Bottle, of all Chemists, or post free from

REYNOLD'S GOUT SPECIFIC CO.,
47, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

SWANBILL CORSETS
(Registered.)



In White or useful French Grey, 21/-

A PROVED SUCCESS FOR EMBONPOINT

With Welding Belt, special arrangement of front bones and adjustable straps. Kept in two lengths for Long or Medium Waisted Figures.

In Black, in the long length only, 28/6
"Acts like magic on the figure."

Illustrated Key to Swanbill Corsets Post Free

ADDLEY BOURNE,
LADIES' WAREHOUSE,
174, SLOANE STREET, LONDON.

SEEGER'S

It dyes the Hair a Beautiful Blonde, Brown, or Black, by merely combing it through.
Annual Sale 270,000 Bottles.
Of all Druggists 2s., or plain sealed case post free, 2s. 2d.
HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London, E.C.

HAIR DYE

CIGARES de JOY
(Gipsy cigarettes)

IMMEDIATELY RELIEVE
ASTHMA

WHEEZING & CHRONIC BRONCHITIS even when most obstinate, their daily use effecting a complete cure. The contraction of the air tubes and consequent difficulty in breathing is at once lessened by inhaling the medicated smoke. People who suffer at night find them invaluable. Agreeable to use, certain in effect, and containing no tobacco, they may be smoked by the most delicate patients. Boxes of 35 2/6 of all Chemists, or post free from
Wilcox & Co., 83, Mortimer St., London, W.

Printed at 12, Milford Lane, by GEORGE ROBERT PARKER and AUGUSTUS FIDES THOMAS, and Published by them at 190, Strand, in the County of London.—MARCH 21, 1900.

"The Graphic"

**The Best and Brightest
Illustrated Newspaper.**

"THE GRAPHIC," in its now permanently enlarged form, deals picturesquely with all important events at Home and Abroad, thus forming an invaluable pictorial record.

The beautiful Series of Supplements in Colour, Tone, and Black and White, include Pictures by the most famous Old Masters and Modern Artists, chosen from the principal National and Private Collections of England and the Continent, and place a most delightful Gallery of Art within the reach of all.

"The Graphic" Stories are by the Foremost Writers of the day, fully illustrated by the Best Artists. Amongst others, arrangements have been made with the following Well-known Authors for forthcoming contributions: Rider Haggard, S. R. Crockett, S. Baring-Gould, H. S. Merriman, Bret Harte, Stanley Weyman, W. S. Gilbert, W. E. Norris, Maarten Maartens, Marriott-Watson, Levett-Yeats, E. F. Benson, W. W. Jacobs, and Gilbert Parker.

Offices: 190, STRAND, W.C.

"The Graphic" Gallery,

195, Strand, London, W.C.

There is now open next door to the "DAILY GRAPHIC" Office a Permanent Exhibition and Sale-room of Original Black-and-White Drawings and Pen-and-Ink Sketches by Well-known Artists, of the Illustrations which have appeared either in the pages of "THE GRAPHIC" or the "DAILY GRAPHIC."

The prices are arranged to suit every purse, and the subjects embrace every imaginable incident, including Illustrations of Military, Naval, Political, Social, Municipal, Legal, Scientific, Theatrical, Musical, and Sporting Events from every part of the world.

ADMISSION FREE.

Hours 10 to 5 p.m.

Saturdays 10 to 1 p.m.

"The Daily Graphic"

**The Most Popular
Home Newspaper of the Day.**

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC," now in its Eleventh Year of Issue, contains all the Latest Telegrams and News, illustrated with Sketches of Leading Events at Home and Abroad by Popular Artists, together with Articles and Reviews by the Best Writers of the day.

For Foreign and Colonial Readers the Weekly Mail Issue of "THE DAILY GRAPHIC" forms the very best Budget of News obtainable. It consists of Six Daily Issues bound in a wrapper, and is issued every Friday, price Sixpence. It can be obtained through any Newsagent in North and South Africa, North and South America, Australia, New Zealand, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, &c., or from the Publishing Office, Free by Post to any of the Countries mentioned for £2 3s. 6d. per annum.

Publishing Office: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

"The Golden Penny"

An Illustrated Home Weekly.

"THE GOLDEN PENNY," issued by the Proprietors of "THE DAILY GRAPHIC" and "THE GRAPHIC," contains Short Stories, Up-to-Date Articles, Interviews, &c., by Popular Writers, illustrated by Clever Artists. The hearty support accorded by readers of all classes has encouraged the Proprietors to enlarge the publication, and additional interesting features will be added from time to time.

"THE GOLDEN PENNY." Among Notable Contributors are S. R. Crockett, H. Rider Haggard, Bret Harte, Sir Walter Besant, Frank Stockton, W. Le Queux, John Oxenham, Fergus Hume, Fred Wishaw, and many other Well-known Writers.

"THE GOLDEN PENNY" COMPETITIONS, for which Cash Prizes are awarded every week, appeal to all Ages and all Classes. Special Prizes are offered to Colonial and Foreign Readers, and the extraordinary popularity of these is shown by the large number of replies received.

Offices: 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.